

WHERE' S LULU

by DANNY McCAHON

Fourth Draft
07 April 2018

CHARACTERS

LULU A 20-year-old pop star
BETTY Lulu's mother
MARION Lulu's manager

Stage dark.

A montage of images of LULU from 1965-1969 appear on a screen as To sir With Love plays (from disc or live).

LULU: (SINGS) Those schoolgirl days of telling tales
and biting nails are gone
But in my mind I know they will still live on
and on
But how do you thank someone who has taken you
from crayons to perfume?
It isn't easy, but I'll try

If you wanted the sky I would write across the
sky in letters
That would soar a thousand feet high 'To Sir,
With Love'

The time has come for closing books and long
last looks must end
And as I leave I know that I am leaving my best
friend
A friend who taught me right from wrong and
weak from strong
That's a lot to learn, but what can I give you
in return?

If you wanted the moon I would try to make a
start
But I would rather you let me give my heart to
sir with love

On the screen we mix to images (or video) from Madrid, March 1969 - the Eurovision Song Contest. (There is a documentary on YouTube at www.youtube.com/watch?v=5qLtYQQuadE)

The lights come up to reveal LULU, wearing a short pink dress with red and white flowers and pink shoes, in a dressing room with a dressing table (with scattered makeup and an open vanity case), a few scattered chairs and a monitor speaker. One wall is dominated by an official Salvador Dali poster for the 1969 Eurovision Song Contest.

As LULU nervously searches among the items of makeup on the dressing table, an announcement comes over the monitor.

LAURITA: (FROM MONITOR) . . . quatorzieme grand prix de la chanson de Eurovision. Spanish television has great pleasure in greeting you from the Royal Theatre in Madrid. We welcome all the viewers who are now looking in on the 14th Eurovision Song Contest. Guten abend . . .

LULU turns the monitor down. MARION sweeps in.

MARION: You're on seventh, sweetheart. Between Italy and the Netherlands. The Italian girl is a good singer but they've given her a ballad, very traditional, so bubbly as you like after her and you'll have the judges eating out of your hand.

LULU doesn't respond but continues searching the dressing table.

MARION: We have about an hour.

LULU searches in her vanity case.

MARION: What on earth are you hunting for?

LULU: My eyebrow pencil. That good Yardley one. I think I've left it in the hotel.

MARION picks up an eyebrow pencil from the dressing table.

MARION: This one?

LULU: Is the magic circle aware of your powers?
(COUGH)

LULU takes the pencil and touches up her makeup at the mirror.

MARION: Are you okay?

LULU: Yeah. Well I'm not sure. My throat's not right. I feel a bit...

MARION: It is very hot in here and the television lights won't be helping.

LULU: How many did you say would be watching?

MARION: They reckon it could be up to 250 million worldwide.

LULU: Wow! Terrifying or what?

MARION: Sing to the audience in the auditorium and television will look after itself.

LULU: (LIGHT) Can you imagine Bill Cotton's face if my voice gave out tonight of all nights - with the world watching?

MARION: (LAUGH) He'd choke on his cigar.

LULU laughs.

LULU: I can see the headline: BBC boss's heart gives out as Lulu's career goes Boom Bang-a-Bang.

MARION: Nonsense. It's much more likely to be: Lulu's career goes Boom Bang-a-Bang with runaway Eurovision triumph.

LULU: Do you really think they'll like the song?

MARION: Of course. I've never heard a song more suited to Eurovision.

LULU: Seriously, though, my throat is so dry, I ... I honestly don't know if I can do it.

BETTY arrives carrying a programme for the show and hangs her large handbag over the back of a chair.

BETTY: I've a feeling we're not in Dennistoun anymore. (PROGRAMME) Would you look at the state o' this eyes, ears and mooths all over the shop. It's like Sauchiehall Street at chucking out time.

MARION: That's the genius of Salvador Dali.

BETTY: (DRINKING GESTURE) Somebody's been on the Salvador Dali, alright.

LULU doesn't respond.

BETTY: Get it, Marie? The Salvador Dali, that's what your dad calls the bevy, the swally - Salvador Dali.

BETTY becomes concerned that LULU isn't enjoying the gag.

BETTY: What's wrong?

LULU doesn't answer.

BETTY: (TO MARION) What's up with her?

MARION: She's nervous.

LULU: I'm okay, mum. It's just...

BETTY: It's no' like you to be like this. I can practically hear your heart. It's like it's going Boom...

LULU puts up her hand to silence BETTY.

LULU: Mum!

MARION: I haven't known her to be this bad since we launched Shout. (TO LULU) I'd completely forgotten the little bundle of nerves I introduced to the world that night in Soho.

BETTY: She was only fifteen.

LULU: It was like my whole future depended on it and nobody was interested.

BETTY: Who wasnae interested?

MARION: We were in this chichi little bar. I had invited all the top showbiz journalists and tastemakers in London.

LULU: And laid on free drink.

BETTY: Going at it like gannets were they?

LULU: They'd have made my daddy look like a Wee Free on a Sunday.

BETTY: Uh-oh!

LULU: Marion claps her hands and...

MARION plays out the scene. She claps her hands.

MARION: Can I have your attention please?

LULU: The place goes quiet.

MARION: Thank you for coming along this evening and apologies for being so secretive. We wanted to have you all, the cream of Fleet Street, in the same room when we introduced the first single by Lulu and The Luvvers.

LULU: At the mention of the name they all get back to their chatting and drinking.

BETTY: Cheek o' them. What did you do?

LULU: I froze. I thought I was going to burst out crying.

MARION: I pulled a chair over, told Lulu to get on it and let them hear what she could do.

BETTY: Did You?

MARION: She clambered onto the chair and sang...

LULU: (SINGS, OPENING OF *SHOUT*) Weeeeeeee...

LULU can't finish the intro. She slumps into the chair at the dressing table.

LULU: Maan! My throat feels like a dry patch in the Gobi desert.

MARION: Stressing won't help it.

BETTY: (TO MARION) The poor wee thing needs a holiday.

MARION: She is only one performance away from a month off.

LULU: Yeah, for the honeymoon I've been putting off for a month.

BETTY: Think about that: singing about the man you want to spend your life with and you're going on honeymoon the morra. It's got winner wrote all over it.

LULU: Oh, mammy, I'm on a hiding to nothing tonight.

BETTY: Rubbish! I've checked the runners and riders. I've never heard o' a single one o' them.

LULU: That's the problem.

BETTY: You'll skoosh it.

LULU: That's what everybody's thinking. Lulu the international star up against acts that are hardly known outside their own countries. If I win they'll shrug and say 'of course she did'. If I get beat...it doesn't bear thinking about. Anything less than first place could leave my reputation in tatters.

MARION: That's nonsense.

BETTY: No, haud on. Hear her out. What's got you in this state, hen?

LULU: If I can't do my best, what's the point?

MARION: Put these doubts out of your head and you will be the best.

LULU stands up and looks herself up and down in the dressing table mirror.

LULU: Look at me, what do you see. Be honest.

BETTY: My beautiful wee Marie.

MARION: The hottest property in British light entertainment.

LULU: Wee, aye. But beautiful? Come on!

BETTY: Of course you are. Marion, tell her.

MARION: Your mother is right, you are gorgeous.

BETTY: Them swimming pool eyes, the perfect skin...

MARION: And a smile that would light up any room.

LULU: I'm not beautiful. Twiggy is beautiful.

BETTY: I bet she's not got your skin under all that
 make up and away frae they fancy lights.

LULU: But she'll still have the legs. The long skinny
 legs. No matter what you put me in - let alone
 this creation - I'll always just be wee cute
 Lulu.

MARION: Why this stress about your looks all of a
 sudden?

LULU: There's nothing sudden about it.

MARION: You don't get to be one of the most popular
 faces on television if you're not photogenic.

LULU: That's all because of my voice. Do you think
 they'd want to take my picture if I couldn't
 sing?

BETTY: But you can.

LULU: What do you two think of this dress?

BETTY: I think it's lovely.

LULU: Don't you think it's a bit ... well, school
 dancey?

MARION: It's gorgeous, sweetheart, and a perfect
 reflection of your bright, bubbly personality.

LULU: It's not exactly Biba, is it?

MARION: It's perfect for tonight.

LULU: It looks like a Mickie Most song.

BETTY: How d'you work that out?

LULU: All sweet and fluffy.

They all laugh.

MARION: A lot of people will be seeing colour television for the first time. It'll look spectacular in colour.

LULU: Maybe it'll take people's attention away from what I'm singing.

BETTY: Whit? It's a great wee song.

MARION: And it's already a winner. The British public voted for it in their thousands. And if they love it, so will the judges.

BETTY: Aye, folk wouldn't have gone to the bother of sticking down an envelope - how do they always taste so horrible, could they no' give them a fruit flavour or something - folk wouldn't have taken the trouble to walk to the post office in the pouring rain, put a stamp on it, first class, no less, to vote for it if it wasnae a wee cracker.

LULU: Oh, mum, you didn't.

BETTY: (TO MARION) It was a secret ballot, aye?

MARION: I believe so.

BETTY: (TO LULU) I don't need to tell you how I voted, one way or the other.

LULU: I wish you, and everybody else, had voted for that one by those sweet boys, what was it they were called? Something unusual.

MARION: Bernie and Elton.

BETTY: What one was that?

LULU: It's called 'I Can't Go On Living Without You.' That was my favourite. And the band thought it was the best of a bad bunch.

BETTY: I mind it, now. Awful gloomy. And slow. Boom Bang-a-Bang's a lot catchier.

LULU: Sometimes I wish I was still travelling up and down the country with the Luvvers. Just singing.

MARION: I don't believe that for a moment. I remember how you used to complain about that van.

LULU: It feels like that was the last time I really had fun. It was all about the music. Getting to choose my own songs and doing what I wanted, what I loved. It was exciting.

MARION: There will be families all over the world, tuning in when you take that stage tonight. What could be more exciting than that?

LULU: Singing a song I could love. If I'm not loving it why should the audience? Why would the judges? Why should anybody?

MARION: I think we could all be doing with a cuppa.

BETTY: Milk and two for me.

MARION: Usual, Lu?

LULU: Maybe with a bit of oil for my vocal chords.

MARION: I won't be long.

MARION goes.

BETTY: Now that I've got you to myself, what's put you in this mood?

LULU: It's the song. I don't know if I'll be able to put enough enthusiasm into it to get the audience on my side.

BETTY: Audiences love you. They always have. Mind that Punch 'n' Judy man in Blackpool?

LULU: (AMUSED) I'm not sure whether I do or if I've heard you telling the story that often I think I do.

BETTY: You're the height o' nothing and this spiv wi' slicked back hair and a singsong voice gives it (SINGSONG VOICE) Well now, little girl, and what's your name?

LULU: (WEE GIRL VOICE) Marie McDonald McLaughlin Lawrie.

BETTY: (SINGSONG VOICE) Do you come from Scotland, Marie?

LULU: (WEE GIRL VOICE) No! I'm frae Glasgow.

BETTY: The crowd was in uproar.

LULU: What age would I have been?

BETTY: About four, mibbe. I'll never forget the look on your face when he pinched your cheek.

LULU: Cheek of him.

BETTY: He got the full Glesga glare. Then he goes (SINGSONG VOICE) What are you going to sing for us today, Marie from Glasgow? The crowd was all on his side, laughing an' that, expecting you to come out with Baa Baa Black Sheep or something. But as soon as you opened your mouth and belted out (FINEST PUB SINGER) *The whee-al of fortune goes a-spinning* around. They were like putty in your hands. You could hear a pin drop. I swole up wi' pride.

BETTY carries on with the song and LULU joins in for a verse of Kay Starr's The Wheel of Fortune.

BETTY: (SINGS) Will the arrow point my way? Will this be my day?

LULU& BETTY: (SING) Oh, wheel of fortune, Please don't pass me by, Let me know the magic of a kiss and a sigh

LULU and BETTY end the song laughing.

BETTY: See, singing always gives you a smile.

LULU: When I can do it.

BETTY: You managed fine there.

LULU: Because there was nothing at stake.

BETTY: What's really going on here, hen. Has that Marion done something to upset you?

LULU: She's been a good friend to me, mum.

BETTY: Aye, and lined her pockets in the process.

LULU: No, it goes way beyond business. She's been more like, well like...family.

BETTY: She's nothing o' the kind and don't you let her kid you on otherwise.

LULU: I don't know what I'd have done without her when I first arrived in London. If it wasn't for her, I'd have been back in Glasgow without releasing a record.

BETTY: She knew she was on to a goldmine. She wasnae going to let you slip through her fingers.

LULU: I was scared, mum, and it was like Marion wrapped a big comforting arm round me.

BETTY: Once she'd chased your pals back up the road.

LULU: Pals? What pals?

BETTY: The Luvvers.

LULU: It was their choice to go home.

BETTY: Aye, after their so-called manager made it plain they werenae welcome. You were too young to notice how she was manipulating things but she had been trying to get you all to herself ever since that first contract you knocked back because the group wasn't included.

LULU: That was before I met Marion.

BETTY: That's as maybe, but she would've knew how much you wanted them with you.

LULU: I didn't.

BETTY: What?

LULU: I didn't care if the band was with me or not. Not really.

BETTY: So what was all that 'you take us all or I'm not signing' palaver about?

LULU: I didn't want to be in London all on my own.
And once I met Marion I wasn't.

BETTY: She dazzled you.

LULU: She reassured me.

BETTY: What was it you said about her? Gorgeous, like
a film star. And she even talked like one, you
said. You were that smitten. That's no' exactly
what a woman wants to hear when she's handed
her daughter over to somebody else.

LULU: Do you think I would ever have let anybody take
your place?

BETTY: That's what it felt like.

LULU: Not to me, it didn't. I would lie awake every
night, crying, staring at the ceiling in that
horrible little hotel room missing you. I swear
some nights I could feel my heart breaking.

BETTY: You never cracked a light to me.

LULU: I didn't want to worry you.

BETTY: Worry me? I was lying awake every night, an'
all. Wondering what you were getting up to away
doon there. I had to go and sit in the kitchen
to do my greeting so's I didnae wake your dad
up.

LULU: Thanks mum.

BETTY: What have you got to thank me for?

LULU: You know, what you gave up for me. What you put
up with for all of us. [BEAT] Those lonely
nights were tinged with guilt. It was like I'd
got away but you hadn't, like I'd abandoned
you.

BETTY: I'll tell you one thing now that you're married, Marie. See when weans come along, the marriage isn't yours anymore. Your life changes forever and you're not the most important person in it. That's how, even though it broke my heart, I had to let you go to London. And much as it hurt me to see you grow closer and closer to that woman, she could find you the chances you deserved.

LULU: Yeah, she's been great. And that makes these thoughts I'm thinking all the harder.

BETTY: What thoughts?

LULU: She's been making decisions without talking to me and I'm...I don't know, it's like I'm not doing what I believe in.

BETTY: Have you spoke to her about how you feel?

LULU: I keep hearing dad's advice from when I was wee.

BETTY: He's never been short of advice. What particular pearl are you thinking of?

LULU: It's all well and good mumping and moaning...

BETTY: (AS EDDIE) But if you want something to change, you have to dae something about it.

LULU: This is the first time I haven't had total trust in what she has me doing. I don't know who I am anymore. [BEAT] I think it might be time I stood on my own two feet.

BETTY: Don't forget you've got a family to lean on.

LULU: I feel lost, mammy.

BETTY: Oh, Marie.

BETTY hugs LULU.

LULU: I should really check what's happening out there.

LULU turns up the monitor.

LAURITA: (FROM MONITOR)...Luxembourg. Compuesto por Paul Mauriat y Andre Birgioli, interpretada por Augusto Alguero y cantada por Rouald: Catherine.

LULU: (NERVOUS) On the second song already?

LULU turns the monitor down.

BETTY: Look at me getting you ready from a competition just like the old days.

LULU: This is a long way from Rothesay Pier.

BETTY: I bet the chips are as good.

LULU has a little laugh.

LULU: Oh mammy, you cheer me up.

BETTY: All part of the service. See that song you sang in Blackpool when you were a wean and Shout, d'you know what they've got in common?

LULU: They're both great songs?

BETTY: They're both songs that show off the power o' your voice. And this was the night is the same.

LULU: Come off it, mum. It's not even in the same league.

BETTY: But it's fun. Folk like a song that gives them a smile. And you looked dead happy singing it on the telly. That's why people voted for it, 'cause you were looking so happy.

LULU: I need to move on from this kind of throwaway pop, mum. [BEAT] I should go for a word with Johnny and the backing singers.

BETTY: 'Mon, I'll chum you.

LULU: No, it'll be boring, all technical stuff. You wait here.

LULU goes. BETTY surveys the surroundings, singing to herself.

BETTY: (SINGS SOFTLY) Look my hand's jumpin'
Look my heart's thumpin'
Throw my head back
Come on now

BETTY, still humming Shout, sits at the dressing table. She looks in the mirror and touches up her lips with Lulu's lipstick.

BETTY: (TO MIRROR) Aye, you've still got it, Betty.

BETTY blows a kiss to the mirror then picks up the hairbrush and talks into it like it's a microphone.

BETTY: (INTO BRUSH/MIC) For one night only, live and direct from Meadowpark Street, the Dennistoun Diva ...

BETTY takes the floor with her brush/mic, clears her throat and sings Shout, throwing in a few dance moves.

BETTY: (SINGS) Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeelll

You know you make me wanna shout
Look my hand's jumpin'
Look my heart's thumpin'
Throw my head back
Come on now
Don't forget to say you will
Yeah, don't forget to shout
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Say you will
Throw your head back baby
Come on, come on
Throw your head back, ooh

Come on now
Say that you love me
Say that you need me
Say that you want me
Ain't gonna leave me
Come on now
Come on now
Come on now

Without BETTY noticing, MARION arrives with hot drinks on a tray and joins in on backing vocals.

BETTY (MARION): You know you make me wanna shout
Ooh, shout, ooh, shout, ooh, shout, ooh
Alright (shout)
Take it easy (shout)
BETTY notices her backing singer and halts her performance.

MARION: Very impressive.

LULU: Thanks.

MARION: So, there's more than one Lawrie with dreams of the stage.

BETTY: Nobody's going to ask me to sing for Britain.

MARION: I don't know, another time another place perhaps.

BETTY: I know, alright. No time, no place.

MARION: Where's Lulu?

BETTY: Marie's away for a word with the conductor.
BETTY takes a drink from Marion's tray and sits down.

BETTY: D'you think there's anything behind her worrying about her throat?

MARION: Nerves are perfectly understandable on an occasion like this.

BETTY: Nae biscuits?

MARION: Sorry, I didn't think.

BETTY: Not to worry.
BETTY goes into her bag, hanging on the back of a chair and brings out two digestive biscuits.

BETTY: They were handing these out on the plane.
She holds one out to MARION.

MARION: No thanks.

BETTY: (DUNKING BISCUIT) You promised me you'd make that lassie happy.

MARION: And I'm trying, believe me.

BETTY: She says you've been making plans behind her back.

MARION: She's not ready to live in the states, Betty.

BETTY: The states? America? What?

MARION: She hasn't told you?

BETTY: No.

MARION: We were offered the chance to host a series on American television.

BETTY: What, both o' youse?

MARION: Lulu, obviously.

BETTY: You remember that. It's all about Marie.

MARION: She's cross with me because I didn't accept the offer.

BETTY: Who wouldnae be if you knocked back a dream job like that without even asking them what they want?

MARION: I am more concerned about what she actually needs than what she thinks she wants.

BETTY: Can they no' be the same thing?

MARION: Betty, I had such a job helping her get over homesickness when she moved to London.

BETTY: She was only a wean at the time, she's a grown up married woman now.

MARION: Believe me, she's not ready to spend half of the year 5,000 miles away. I see her practically every day.

BETTY: She's still my daughter.

MARION: No one is disputing that.

BETTY: But you've gave it a good shot, eh?

MARION: Sorry?

BETTY: Moving her in with your mother and father, calling them (AS MARION) surrogate grandparents, if you will.

MARION: Would you rather she had remained in that miserable little hotel room?

BETTY: She already had all the family she needed.

MARION: Not close at hand.

BETTY: 'Cause you and that brother o' yours dragged her four hunner miles away from us.

MARION: She would have outgrown Glasgow sooner or later.

BETTY: That doesnae mean you had to buff up her teeth, fluff up her hair and puff up the way she talks. Trying to create her in your own image.

MARION: I was trying to make her a star, not a different person.

BETTY: You changed her name!

MARION: Putting your feelings for me aside, what do you really want for her?

BETTY: I want her to be happy.

MARION: We both know she is happiest when she is performing.

BETTY: Singing, aye.

MARION: My priority at the moment is getting her into a state of mind where she can get on that stage and give a performance worthy of her. And petty squabbles between us are not going to help.

BETTY: Holding on to my daughter isnae petty.

MARION: Betty, please. I have not tried to steal your daughter away from you. Yes, I love Lulu ...

BETTY: (INTERRUPTING) And I love Marie.

MARION: In here she's Lulu. [BEAT] You do love the Lulu side of her, don't you?

BETTY: Of course I do.

MARION: Then, put that love into action.

BETTY: What d'you mean?

MARION: No more squabbles, show her we are both pulling in the same direction. Send her on to that stage with a smile on her face and ready to do her best.

BETTY: That's easier said than done.

MARION: Yes, I've never known her to be so down before a performance. Maybe there is something she's not telling us.

BETTY: I've been thinking the same. But how are we going to weedle it out of her?

MARION: I don't know, but we'll need to get there soon.

LULU comes in.

LULU: There's an old man walking about out there like a union jack. Red white and blue from his top hat to his feet. And loads of folk waving British flags.

BETTY searches in her bag.

MARION: Yes, the whole nation is behind you.

BETTY produces two union flags and hands one to MARION.

BETTY: Wi' us among them.

LULU: If Franco has his way again we're all going home disappointed.

MARION: I wouldn't pay attention to any of that. It's nothing more than sour grapes and gossip.

BETTY: Franco? The guy in the uniform in all them gigantic posters?

LULU: The Prime Minister of Spain, yeah.

BETTY: How does he come into the equation?

MARION: He doesn't.

LULU: Did you watch Cliff last year?

BETTY: Aye, he was robbed. We were all going daft at the telly. Your daddy said it was a fix, chuntering on that the Gerries and Franco were at it.

LULU: He might've been onto something.

BETTY: He was on to his second bottle, if I remember right.

LULU: Johnny says the word among the band is that General Franco sent soldiers round all the voting panels with bundles of notes and threats of violence.

BETTY: He's got a country to run. Surely he's too busy to be bothering with some song contest?

MARION: Exactly.

LULU: Apparently he thinks it'll help get Spanish tourism back up off its knees.

MARION: Poppycock. If Johnny Harris can find that out surely the European Broadcasting Union would also know.

LULU: They're saying Austria have pulled out this year in protest.

BETTY: Them that's always last? That's like Partick Thistle saying they didn't want to be in the European Cup anyway.

MARION turns up the monitor and we hear the end of Salome delivering the powerful ending of Vivo Cantando.

BETTY: She's got a pair o' lungs, alright.

MARION: That's the Spanish entry.

There is rapturous applause on the monitor.

LULU: And the crowd love her.

LULU turns the monitor off.

MARION: This is her home audience, sweetheart. Their reaction will have no effect on the judges.

LULU: (HUMOUR) Unless El Generalísimo has been stuffing brown envelopes with pesetas.

MARION: Did you run through some vocal exercises with Johnny?

LULU: He offered but I didn't want to. My voice is too weak.

BETTY: What's the Spanish for honey and lemon?

MARION: Sorry?

BETTY: I'm going to get her some, see if it'll lubricate her tonsils a bit.

LULU: It can't do any harm.

BETTY: I'll be two flicks o' a wee lamb's tail.

BETTY goes.

MARION: Okay, Lu, what is it about tonight that's upsetting you so?

LULU: Oh, Marion, it's not just tonight. You know I've been thinking about taking things in a different direction for a while.

MARION: Yeah, it's great that you're absorbing all these new influences from Maurice and his brothers but you don't have to change overnight.

LULU: Having Jimi Hendrix on my show brought it all home. The most exciting moment on British TV for years and the BBC ban him for it.

MARION: He didn't play what he rehearsed and ran over time.

LULU: It was exciting. The fans loved it.

MARION: The BBC execs were furious.

LULU: It showed they don't see the world changing. The whole experience made me wonder about what I've become. About where I'm going. The music business is changing and I don't want to be left behind.

MARION: I won't allow that, but what has made it all so urgent?

LULU: I've had. I got a telegram.

MARION: What telegram?

LULU brings a telegram from her vanity case.

LULU: I wasn't going to show you it. Not yet, not with all this going on, but...

LULU hands the telegram to MARION who reads it

MARION: Atlantic records want you to record with Jerry Wexler? This is wonderful.

LULU: Do you really think so?

MARION: Yes! Why didn't you tell me about this sooner?

LULU: I didn't want you to say no.

MARION: What makes you think I'd say no?

LULU: America.

MARION: Why should that be prohibitive?

LULU: You dismissed the TV series out of hand.

MARION: That would have meant living over there, leaving our loved ones behind.

LULU: I've moved away from people I love before. I won't let anyone get in the way of what I really want. How many chances will I get to work with the man who coined the phrase Rhythm and Blues. He said my voice has (MALE AMERICAN) 'Raw power and soulful emotion.'

MARION: This invitation is a real feather in your cap.

LULU: We should be biting their hands off.

MARION: Of course I'll pursue it. But ...

LULU: (INTERRUPTING) I'd get a say in what songs I record.

MARION: And that would be great, but I will not let you throw away what you already have.

LULU: I don't want to throw away a chance to work with Jerry Wexler.

MARION: And I wouldn't dream of suggesting it.

LULU: So, why aren't you as excited as me.

MARION: I am, I assure you. [BEAT] Lu, you are still at the beginning of your career.

LULU: Really? I feel like I've been working nonstop for the last six years.

MARION: But you are still very young. You have many years ahead of you. Many opportunities will present themselves, my job is to work out the right time to take them.

LULU: What makes you think Jerry Wexler will be happy to wait for us?

MARION: I will deal with him as soon as I can, but I shall also have to work things out with the BBC.

LULU: The BBC that can't see the future coming at a hundred miles an hour?

MARION: The BBC that has made you the most popular teenager of the sixties.

LULU: I am not a teenager any more. And the sixties are over. Marion, you know this would be a dream come true for me. Maurice said he and his brothers would write songs for me.

MARION: A single written by the Bee Gees? Yes, we should also pursue that. That would cause a stir.

LULU: Not a single. Album tracks. It's all about albums these days. Look at the Beatles' White Album, it's like it's been designed for a night in.

MARION: Your audience and the Beatles' audience are two very different creatures.

LULU: The Bee Gees are going the same way. They won't be churning out a single every three months any more, but taking their time to craft a whole coherent piece of work for an LP.[BEAT] I hear Mo talking about going into the studio with Barry and Robin, it sounds wonderful, all cooried in bouncing ideas around.

MARION: They're songwriters, darling, it's a different process.

LULU: He said sometimes they're messing around and one of them comes up with a line that leads to a harmony then a chorus and, hey presto, they have a song. It sounds like magic happens in there and d'you know what allows them to make that magic?

MARION: What?

LULU: Time. They can spend all day going through one part for the rhythm section, but when I get in the studio it's wham, bam thank you ma'am. I could be doing three songs in a day. Imagine I had the time to work with the band and could choose my own songs. It would be like announcing a new Lulu to the world.

MARION: There's no need to reinvent the wheel.

LULU: The White Album being simply called 'The Beatles' is like them announcing that they are starting over. It's a new start for a new decade.

MARION: We'd need to consider what you'd be walking away from.

LULU: Maybe it's not only the BBC that's stuck in the past. [BEAT] This could be my last chance to do something great, Marion.

MARION: You have the whole nation tuning into your show every Saturday night, that's pretty great.

LULU: Yeah, it's amazing and I love the guests.

MARION: But?

LULU: People are walking in space and I'm still singing songs written for a lovesick teenager.

MARION: We can look at song choice, but as you've pointed out the world is changing. And the future is television. And you're about to star in the biggest TV show of the year.

LULU: With singers trotted out like show ponies waiting for the thumbs up or thumbs down from the emperor?

MARION: In this business, sweetheart, sometimes we have to bite our lip and use the opportunities at hand.

LULU: Like taking up Jerry Wexler's offer.

MARION: Yes. And sometimes also doing things we might not be so enthusiastic about, but we know will be popular. Doing commercial things not only earns us money but it also affords us the opportunity to indulge your passion. We never know where things are going to lead and often it's the most surprising things that lead to the best opportunities. Would you like to still be making music when you're 64?

LULU: Yes please.

MARION: Then, we must diversify to ensure opportunities continue to present themselves. I mean, what are the Rolling Stones going to do when they're too old to throw themselves around the stage? Stick with television and you'll have a fallback plan.

LULU: At least they'll have had a go and followed their dream.

MARION: Dreams change.

LULU: This is more than a dream, Marion. It's a ... a yearning. It's something buried so deep inside me I can't imagine it not being there. I guess that's why they call it soul music. [BEAT] My first memory is a song. My Dad snuggling me up in a blanket and shoogling me back and forward singing (SINGS) A -you're adorable, B - you're so beautiful, C - you're a cutie full of charms, D - you're a darling and E -you're exciting, F - you're a feather in my arms.

MARION: You paint an idyllic picture.

LULU: (CONTENTED) Yeah.

MARION: And your voice is sounding better.

LULU: Some people have a comfort blanket, I have music. You call it a passion, Marion. But it's more than that. It's part of me. Maybe the biggest part of me. As far back as I can remember it's the first thing I think of when I wake up and the last thing I think about going to sleep. Lying in bed singing all the latest songs in my head, singing them aloud with my wee brother in the other bed as my audience. Music has always been my escape.

MARION: Escape from what?

LULU: Bullies in school or Mum and Dad fighting or loneliness.

MARION: You do come alive on stage, and that's why you shouldn't be worried about tonight.

LULU: What if my voice gives up halfway through my performance?

MARION: It's never deserted you yet.

LULU: But the way I feel...

MARION: If I thought you weren't up to winning this contest I would never have let you take part.

LULU: I thought Bill Cotton forced you into it with promises of big viewing figures and hints that I could lose my show.

MARION: He was insistent and I thought...I still think it is a great way to promote Lulu the brand.

LULU: Lulu the what?

MARION: There's the television series, the films, the clothing endorsements. It takes a whole team to make those happen - producers, the band, drivers, secretaries. A lot of People depend on you, Lu.

LULU: And I don't want to let them down. Ever.

MARION: You never have. And the next step is giving a performance we can all be proud of tonight.

LULU coughs.

MARION: Let's see what's happening on stage.

MARION turns up the monitor to hear a snippet of the Irish entry: Muriel Day singing The Wages of Love

MARION: The Irish girl sounds quite strong.

LULU turns down the monitor.

LULU: I could be strong working with that band in Alabama.

MARION: Put Jerry Wexler out of your mind just for tonight.

LULU: I've thought about nothing else since that telegram arrived.

MARION: All I ask is that you don't throw away the good thing you have to gamble on finding something better.

LULU: You saw the telegram. He wants me. There is no gamble involved.

MARION: But we've been down the American producer road before.

LULU: And I made some of the best music of my career.

MARION: No one loved your version of Here Comes the Night more than I did, but it wasn't what the public wanted and the lack of sales definitely contributed to our losing the Decca contract.

LULU: Contracts, is that all you think about?

MARION: You know that's not true. What we have goes much much deeper than the balance sheet, but I have to consider such things so that you don't have to think about them.

LULU: What about enjoying what I do?

MARION: That's important, but there has to be something in it for the record company, too. The way I always look at it is there has to be three elements in every deal: something for you, something for your fans and something for the record company or broadcaster or whoever is paying your wages. Record companies have bills to pay, too.

LULU: I suppose.

MARION: I have a duty to protect you, too. And one of the strongest tools in our armoury is a watertight contract. I will need assurances from Atlantic that they'll promote you properly, that they'll stick by you if things aren't an instant hit.

LULU: And that they'll let me record music I love? It has more chance of being a success if I'm singing great songs.

MARION: I made a promise to your mother that I would look after you, but long before that I made a commitment to a timid little Glaswegian struggling to find her feet in the biggest, loneliest city in the world - my bother thought we should cut our losses and send you back to Scotland but I saw the steel behind the wide eyes and knew you had the fight to make it to the top.

LULU: I am grateful for everything you've done, I couldn't start to thank you enough.

MARION: What was the one thing I asked of you when we first agreed to work together?

LULU: To trust you. And I always have. Until now.

MARION: I still have a lot of ambition for you.

LULU: I have ambitions, too.

MARION: I'd like to think our relationship has gone beyond that of manager and client.

LULU: Of course it has.

MARION: I couldn't love you more if you were my own daughter.

LULU: And I love you.

MARION: Leaving my manager's hat in its box, as a friend I would urge you to keep your options open, don't make decisions until you are forced to.

LULU: That telegram makes it feel like make your mind up time.

MARION: Not necessarily.

LULU: I am accepting the offer, Marion.

MARION: Of course you must. But I have to work out a plan that enables you to record in the US and stay on television in the UK.

LULU: I am going to Alabama no matter what.

MARION: I don't want to see you put all your eggs in the same basket.

LULU: Mickie Most and Bill Cotton are not going to blow this chance for me.

MARION: I'll deal with them.

LULU: Is this you saying you're on my side?

MARION: Do you really need to ask that? Just you give the performance of your life this evening. That will strengthen our hand for the negotiations with Bill.

LULU: Oh Marion, I'm sorry...

MARION: Oh, sweetheart. After we get Eurovision over with you can go and enjoy your honeymoon. And by the time you get back I will have sorted everything. A new television contract in the UK, a new record deal in the US.

LULU: Even though it means spending months in the States? Like with the TV series.

MARION: This would be a much shorter stint. [BEAT] Plus we have unfinished...I don't want to lose you.

LULU: The thought of us going our separate ways has had my stomach churning for days.

MARION: That's not going to happen any time soon. Now relax and let's hear you sing. Anything. A song you love.

LULU breathes deeply, composes herself and sings the opening to Surprise Surprise

LULU: (SINGS) You've been tellin' Lies and . . .

LULU's voice gives out.

LULU: I've blown it.

MARION: No, you haven't. Not at all.

LULU: I've left it too late. I should've shown you that telegram right away.

MARION: We're on the same page now. What was that thing John Lennon told you about when he came back from India? The Maharishi?

LULU: It was Ringo. Ringo and Maureen. They told me about the teachings of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

MARION: And his teachings about stress?

LULU: He tells us that to relieve stress is to eliminate everything else.

MARION: How does he suggest we relieve it?

LULU: All answers are inside us, we just have to find it.

MARION: Through meditation?

LULU: That's part of it, yeah.

MARION: And you've found it works?

LULU: It gets me centred.

MARION: If ever there was a time. Let's try that.

LULU: Here? Now?

MARION: Here and now is all we have. Do you sit on the floor?

LULU: (HUMOUR) In the absence of a Tibetan mountain top.

LULU sits on the floor.

MARION: Concentrate on your voice. Reach into that place inside you that all the music comes from.

LULU: I need total silence.

MARION: Of course.

LULU closes her eyes.

MARION: No mantra?

LULU: Silence.

MARION: Sorry.

MARION steps back and watches in silence as LULU regulates her breathing and appears to go into a trance-like state. Then....

BETTY bursts in with a hot drink.

BETTY: Uno Limon y miel coming right up. That wee Roberto on the bar couldn't have been mare helpful...

MARION: (SOFTLY) Betty!

MARION points at LULU on the floor but the moment has been broken and LULU is wide awake.

BETTY: Oh, sorry. I'll make myself scarce. Leave you to your prayers.

BETTY puts the drink down.

BETTY: I'll just...

LULU: (STANDING UP) No, don't go, mum. I want you to stay.

BETTY: If I'm not getting in the way.

LULU: Of course you're not. I need you to help me get ready for the contest?

BETTY: I'd love to, Lulu.

LULU: Me too. Hold on, what did you just call me?

BETTY: Lulu.

LULU: But I'm Marie to you.

BETTY: On that stage you have to be Lulu.

MARION: Thanks Betty.

LULU: Thanks, mum. That is all the encouragement I need.

MARION: You're ready?

LULU: Show me my mark and I'll give it a go.

MARION: Oh, sweetheart.

MARION hugs LULU. LULU stretches out her arm to bring BETTY into the hug.

LULU: Mum.

BETTY joins in the group hug.

LULU: I'm lucky to have you two. I love you both.

MARION: And we love you.

BETTY: More than life itself.

The group have a final hug.

BETTY: I heard a few numbers when I was waiting for Roberto to find a kettle. Not one o' them could lay a glove on Boom Bang-a-Bang.

LULU: I hope you're right. (GOING) I should be out there.

MARION: Break a leg.

BETTY: Gie it laldy.

LULU goes.

MARION: You've brought up a fighter, alright.

BETTY: And it looks like you've got something going on up there under all that hairspray.

MARION laughs: this woman is incorrigible.

BETTY: Now, shoosh and let us hear her.

BETTY turns up the monitor.

LAURITA: (FROM MONITOR) Representación del Reino Unido. Compuesto por Alan Moorhouse y Peter Warne, interpretada por Johnny Harris y cantada por Lulu: Boom Bang-a-Bang. Representing the United Kingdom. Composed by Alan Moorhouse and Peter Warne, conducted by Johnny Harris and sung by Lulu...Boom Bang-a-Bang.

The music starts up and a light picks out LULU on the Eurovision stage. She is bubbly and grinning from ear to ear.

LULU: (SINGS) Come closer, come closer and listen
The beat of my heart keeps on missing
I notice it most when we're kissing
Come closer and love me tonight
That's right
Come closer and cuddle me tight

My heart goes
Boom bang-a-bang, boom bang-a-bang
When you are near
Boom bang-a-bang, boom bang-a-bang
Loud in my ear
Pounding away, pounding away
Won't you be mine?
Boom bang-a-bang-bang all the time

It's such a lovely feeling
When I'm in your arms
Don't go away
I wanna stay my whole life through
Boom bang-a-bang-bang
Close to you

Your smile is so warm and inviting
The thought of your kiss is exciting
So hold me and don't keep me waiting
Come closer and love me tonight
That's right
Come closer and cuddle me tight

My heart goes
Boom bang-a-bang, boom bang-a-bang
When you are near
Boom bang-a-bang, boom bang-a-bang
Loud in my ear
Pounding away, pounding away
Won't you be mine?
Boom bang-a-bang-bang all the time

It's such a lovely feeling
When I'm in your arms
Now you are near
I wanna hear your heartbeat too
Boom bang-a-bang-bang
I love you

It's such a lovely feeling
When I'm in your arms
Now you are near
I wanna hear your heartbeat too
Boom bang-a-bang-bang
Boom bang-a-bang-bang
Boom bang-a-bang-bang
I love you

Ole

There is loud applause on the monitor.

MARION: Listen to that applause. They love her.

BETTY: I never doubted it for a minute.

AS the applause continues to ring out on the monitor, LULU comes in.

MARION: You want to be great. That was great!

BETTY: The audience lapped you right up.

LULU: (EXCITED) Yeah. I have to admit it was a bigger buzz than I expected.

MARION: You were a dream.

LULU: Here's hoping that's the last time I ever have to sing that bloody song.

FREEZE.

LAURITA: (ON MONITOR) With only the Finnish panel to deliver their scores Spain, the Netherlands and France are currently tied in first place with 18 points.

FINNISH JUDGE: (ON MONITOR) Hello Madrid, Helsinki calling. Here are the votes of the Finnish panel.

Coming back to life, BETTY grabs LULU and holds on to her tightly.

BETTY: You're only wan behind.

MARION: Two points or more and we're in the lead.

BETTY: My heart's going a hunner to the dozen here.

LULU: Are you sure it's not going Boom Bang-a-Bang?

The three laugh.

FINNISH JUDGE: (ON MONITOR) Ireland, three votes; Italy, one vote; United Kingdom . . .

BETTY: Gaun yersel, big man, two!

FINNISH JUDGE: (ON MONITOR)...One vote.

BETTY: Wan? Wan? Whit good is that to anybody?

LAURITA: (ON MONITOR) ...cuatro ganadores.... quatre gagnants...vier gewinner...four winners.

BETTY: A draw? What does that even mean?

LULU: (LAUGH) It means I'll be spending the rest of my life going: (SINGS) Boom bang-a-bang,
boom bang-a-bang
When you are near
Boom bang-a-bang, boom bang-a-bang
Loud in my ear

BETTY: If I didnae know better I'd say you were enjoying singing that.

LULU: Oh, it's not that bad. Honestly, I don't know if I'm more surprised, relieved or delighted.
(SINGS) It's such a lovely feeling
When I'm in your arms
Don't go away
I wanna stay my whole life through
Boom bang-a-bang-bang
Close to you
Your smile is so warm and inviting
The thought of your kiss is exciting
So hold me and don't keep me waiting
Come closer and love me tonight
That's right
Come closer and cuddle me tight
My heart goes

MARION and BETTY join in.

LULU, BETTY

& MARION: Boom bang-a-bang, boom bang-a-bang
When you are near
Boom bang-a-bang, boom bang-a-bang
Loud in my ear
Pounding away, pounding away
Won't you be mine?
Boom bang-a-bang-bang all the time
It's such a lovely feeling
When I'm in your arms
Now you are near
I wanna hear your heartbeat too
Boom bang-a-bang-bang
I love you

LULU: Ole

The lights fade.