

ACT II

The club.

The organ and drums duo are playing frantically away at full blast.

MR BOO comes on, the music stops with a cymbals clash.

MR BOO Ta. Thank you. Ta. *(He indicates the organist.)* Jean on her organ, ladies and gentlemen, Jean.

He applauds.

Jean plays a riff.

Jean, lovely. And Manolito, ladies and gentlemen, Manolito.

Manolito plays a bit of drums. MR BOO applauds, the riff continues as he speaks.

Yes. Yes. Beat that meat, Manolito. Yes sir. Bad man, bad.

He does a little Michael Jackson dance.

Manolito ends the riff. MR BOO steps forward to the audience.

Yes. Here we are. Here we are then. *(at the mike)* Boo here. Don't shout my name too loud or I'll think you don't like me. How you all doing, alreet?! *(He waits for audience response.)* Come on you can do better than that. How you all doing?! Alreet. Great. Now then, now then, as you know, Boo braves anything, goes anywhere in his perpetual quest to hunt down fresh talent and lay it at your mercy. And you know how I've sweated, and you know how I've toiled, and you know how I've bent over backwards. *(to someone*

in the audience) Watch it! And you know I've left no stone unturned in my unceasing search for something new on the vocal front. But for all that, I've found her round the corner, on the doorstep, at the kitchen table, she's so local I could spit and hit her. A talent, an undiscovered treasure. An act of wonder, ladies and gentlemen, something to thrill to, to spill beer or tears to, a little girl that's big, a northern light, a rising star, order and hush, hush and order, for the turn of turns. The one, the only, LITTLE VOICE! LITTLE VOICE!