

Lights up on the living room/kitchen. Morning.

LV comes downstairs, goes in the kitchen. Opens the bread bin. Takes out a curled crust of white bread from the bottom of it. She is heading for the toaster with it.

RAY appears from the stairs, pulling on MARI's dressing gown over bare chest and trousers.

RAY Hi.

She drops the precious piece of bread.

Don't get a shock, it's only me, Ray Say, remember.

*She doesn't speak, goes to plug in the kettle. It flashes.
She jumps again.*

You wanna watch that. Could fetch the house down. And so could you with what you did last night.

LV retreats further into the kitchen. Gets a glass of water.

Bloody marvellous that. Who else do you do, eh?

She starts to go.

Don't go. I'm interested 'cause I'm show business meself you see. R Say very personal management. Your mam must have told you. No? Well never mind. *(He indicates the bread)* Shame about the crust cocker, here let me rustle you up one of Ray Say's famous breakfassays. I do'em all the time for my artistes, when we's on a foreign engagement. Not all glamour our game you know. *(He opens the fridge.)* Oh God. *(He closes it quick.)* You ever bin to Spain?

LV No.

RAY Last weekend I flew a couple of the girls and myself out to do a show. I know an old jockey runs a bartello there, The Princess Di, good gig, good gig. Bloody mad out there though. Raging, love, wild. Not like the postcards. I've got two scars somewhere I brought back for souvenirs. One on me chest, see. And one on me lip, look. *(He gets close.)*

She looks.

Can I just say again while you're this close. Bloody marvellous what you did last night. Marvellous in the dark there, something I'll never forget. Do you mind if I ask you something love?

LV *shakes her head.*

How the hell on earth do you do it?

LV Uh, I...

RAY No, no, don't try. Don't. You wouldn't know. The true performer never does, take it from me. I understand the artiste, you see. *(He casually pulls a packet of cornflakes down, looks in.)* What's this, a box of privet leaves, urgh they's all green. *(He puts them back.)* I'll tell you what, what say you and me continue our conversation down the Caf-Caf.

LV No thanks.

RAY *(surprised)* No... I'll pay and everything. *(He gets his fat wallet out.)*

LV No.

RAY OK, suit yourself.

LV But.

RAY Yeah.

LV Er...?

RAY Hey fire away love.

LV In show business, did you ever meet Shirley Bassey?

RAY Now then, Shirley, to be honest no love, our paths have never crossed. I've met Monkhouse though. *(He sees she's not impressed.)* And of course, Lulu.

LV Lulu?

RAY Yeah.

LV No.

RAY Sure.

LV *(eager)* What's she like?

RAY Alreet.

LV I've got one of hers upstairs.

RAY You can't do her an' all can you?

He starts putting his wallet away – or any action here that will serve as a distraction for him.

While he's distracted and not looking, she sings, at full blast, in Lulu's voice, the opening wail from "SHOUT".

RAY turns. LV is expressionless, almost unaware that she has done anything.

(seriously shocked) Christ, I can't believe that. Take it from me. Hey... Hey. Honest love. Take it from me... Does no one know about this?

LV No. *(She shakes her head.)*

RAY I can't believe it. What does your mam say?

LV Nowt.

RAY Nowt?

LV No.

RAY Listen seriously LV. Listen, you are my discovery. I've found you right, me, always remember that. In fact here, have one o' me new cards. *(He gets one out.)* Gold, look.

She is fascinated by the glint of it, but won't take it.

No, here you are, you're the first to have one a these.

She almost takes it, but doesn't.

No, there love. I wouldn't give one a these to everyone.

She takes it.

Now listen LV. I know you're quiet, your mam's told me that, but together you and me we could set the place on fire.

LV You're a nutter you.

She goes.