

NEWLEY!

Pilot Episode.01
by

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Music and Lyrics by
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Because music is such an integral part of this story, it adds immense value to the reading experience to hear the songs in context while reading through.

Please avail yourself of the following links at the appropriate times in the story.

P.1 - WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I? Anthony Newley
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tJN7TECOUYM>

P.2 - I AM THE STORYTELLER Anthony Newley
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mUbnuI36SpM>

P.10 - WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME? Anthony Newley & Cyril Ritchard
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=marMUgTUX20>

P.23 - L-U-M-B-E-R-E-D Anthony Newley
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Uw6h5CX1WZU>

P.32 - ON THE BOARDS Anthony Newley
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=88qTLtTVTg4>

P.43 - LOOK AT THAT FACE Barbra Streisand
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j2bnG3nr5ds>

P.46 - WHEN YOU GOTTA GO Barbra Streisand
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gM5MtOscTiU>

P.53 - I WANNA BE RICH Anthony Newley
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nsrK5_9pL6A

"NEWLEY! EP.1"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. LAS VEGAS, CAESARS PALACE LOUNGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT
TITLE CARD: Las Vegas, 1975

Opening night. Sound of an audience rustling in their seats. Clinking glasses. Chatter. The room is jammed. Energized. Adoring, middle-aged, elderly FANS, sit behind AMERICA'S SHOWBIZ ELITE.

Drum-roll. Auditorium lights dim. Audience roar their applause. Orchestra strike-up - 'WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I?'

An empty spotlight snaps-on centre-stage. Where's the star?

NEWLEY (O.S.) TTTWHY CAN'T I FALL IN
LOVE
LIKE ANY OTHER MAN..?

Audience rises as one to their feet.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, REAR OF AUDITORIUM

NEWLEY (In his prime, early 40s, bouffant hair, wearing a tux and oversized bow-tie), speaks his own introduction:

NEWLEY
Ladies and gentlemen... Please
welcome on stage, the man of whom
Joan Collins once said... "NEXT!" -
Mr... Anthony Newley!

INT. VEGAS HOTEL LOUNGE AUDITORIUM

Newley enters from rear of the auditorium, safe within his element, the applause pumps power into his opening number, works his way through his adoring crowd.

NEWLEY
I AM THE STORYTELLER
ALL I HAVE TO SELL ARE RHYMES.
WEAVING TALES OF WONDER
WITH MY ONCE UPON A TIMES.
SONGS OF LOVE AND GLORY
FOR EACH ONE OF YOU MY FRIENDS.
LET THE STORYTELLER CAST HIS SPELL UPON YOU
WHILE HE PLAYS PRETEND,
I AM THE STORYTELLER
AND MY STORY NEVER ENDS

Newley takes time to greet SAMMY DAVIS JR. plus other familiar showbiz friends and legends. Makes his way to the stage.

MY SONGS ARE RARELY ON THE RADIO
THEY CALL THEM MIDDLE OF THE ROAD,
WHICH MEANS ALTHOUGH IT SOUNDS ABSURD
BUT YOU CAN HEAR THE WORDS.

LESLIE BRICUSSE (mid 40s, Newley's longtime debonair, organised, disciplined writing partner), sitting to one side in the VIP area, checks his watch, throws-back his champagne and moves away from his table.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)
BUT ALL THE SAME I SING THEM FOR THE FEW,

Newley catches site of Bricusse leaving. It rattles him.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)
WHO LIKE MYSELF CAN NOT SIT THROUGH,
ANOTHER TEENAGE BALLADEER,
(I'VE HAD THEM UP TO HERE).
I SING FOR ALL THE PEOPLE SAD TO SAY,
WHO DON'T BUY RECORDS ANYWAY,
NOW DO YOU WONDER WHY I BITCH,
I KNOW I WON'T GET RICH.

Music underscores Newley's opening patter.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)
Good evening, sweet friends. We are so delighted to see so many of you here tonight. I said to sweet Sammy Davis, as I came in (will somebody please get him a phone book so that he can see me) I said, "*Sam, if this roof fell in tonight, show business as we know it would be dead*" and you know what Sam said? "*Newley, show business as you know it, is already dead!*" Sam is one of the greatest entertainers of our time - you just ask him. Seriously though, tonight dear friends, I shall be singing you songs composed mostly by my dear-self, and my colleague, Mr. Leslie Bricusse.

Bricusse takes a last look at the stage. Exits auditorium.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

I used to sing songs by other composers: Noel Coward, Cole Porter... Boy George... but they never sang any of mine... so sod 'em! Tonight, with your kind permission, Newley sings Newley! I figure if you've got it, 'flaunt' it!!!

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

I AM THE STORYTELLER
AND MY STORY NEVER ENDS

INT. VEGAS HOTEL AUDITORIUM BOOTH

VINNY LICCHELLI (47, Violent mobster who operates out of Vegas), is holding court with two of his HENCHMEN.

LICCHELLI

Violence is simply a way to solve problems. I want him gone.

HENCHMAN 1

But he's connected, Boss.

LICCHELLI

Not your problem. I'll take care of dat. I'm concerned with our image and that guy ain't got no good look anymore.

HENCHMAN 1

We'll take care of it, Boss.

LICCHELLI

I'd prefer it, if when you whack people dat you do it professionally and out-of-town.

HENCHMAN 1

No problem.

The Henchmen get up and leave.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL AUDITORIUM STAGE

Newley reaches the end of his act. Unties bow-tie, unbuttons top 2 buttons of his shirt. Music underscores, 'WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I?'

NEWLEY

Now here is a song which has
enabled me to keep several ex-wives
in a style to which they quickly
became accustomed.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

WHAT KIND OF CLOWN AM I?
WHAT DO I KNOW OF LIFE?
WHY CAN'T I CAST AWAY
THIS MASK OF PLAY
AND LIVE MY LIFE?

WHY CAN'T I FALL IN LOVE
TILL I DON'T GIVE A DAMN?
AND MAYBE THEN I'LL KNOW
WHAT KIND OF FOOL I AM.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, BACKSTAGE WINGS - MOMENTS LATER

Audience demonstrate their delight. Newley exits the stage,
met by his female DRESSER (20s) who hands him a mug. Newley
makes his way backstage towards his Dressing Room.

Six feather/sequin clad, VEGAS SHOWGIRLS in skimpy costumes
squeeze past, heading for the stage. He stands aside to allow
them just enough room to brush past. He obviously approves.

NEWLEY

Ladies!

Turns and winks to camera:

END TEASER

FADE OUT

**TITLES - AN MONTAGE OF 1970'S LAS VEGAS, CUT TO THE TRACK
OF NEWLEY SINGING, 'BIG FAT MONEY'.**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, NEWLEY'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Newley enters followed by Dresser. GRACIE (mid 60s, Newley's Ma, sparrow-like, incredible inner strength, 100% alert, never misses a beat), sweeping the floor. Newley tuts.

Bricusse sitting despondently, sipping champagne, pretending to read a glossy magazine in corner. Atmosphere chilled. They ignore each other.

Newley swaps his tux for ancient dressing gown with the number '5989' embroidered on reverse. It's been repaired a million times. The DRESSER hands him another mug and leaves the room.

TV monitors dotted around the room. One shows the Vegas Showgirls performing, the others a selection of late-night chat shows. All have their sound turned down.

Newley spins to face Bricusse.

NEWLEY

How was I, Les?

Bricusse looks up from magazine.

BRICUSSE

Terrific, Newberg, as always.

NEWLEY

You beat me back to my dressing room. How d'you manage that?

Bricusse shrugs. Newley sits at mirror to remove make-up.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

Must have a set a record between front-of-house and backstage.

BRICUSSE

I needed a pee.

NEWLEY

You left before my big finish.

BRICUSSE

Tony, I've seen your big finish a million times.

Newley turns to face him and shakes a solitary finger.

NEWLEY

Naughty! You promised never to reveal that.

Newley chuckles. Bricusse does not. Newley goes back to removing make-up.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

They loved me!

BRICUSSE

They always do, Newberg.

Newley faces Bricusse head-on.

NEWLEY

You're pissed off about something, Brickman, I can tell. What is it?

Gracie looks across from ironing board, concerned, realizing another row is about to breakout.

BRICUSSE

No, I'm not.

NEWLEY

Yes you are. I can always tell!

Bricusse finally explodes.

BRICUSSE

Well, is it any wonder?

Bricusse rises.

BRICUSSE (CONT'D)

You're the shining light of my life Newberg, and yet we're sat here in Sin City, in the wee small hours, while we're meant to be at work, writing our next show.

NEWLEY

We are writing!

BRICUSSE

Oh, stop, please!

Gracie triggers a burst of steam from iron.

NEWLEY

We write everyday!

BRICUSSE

For two hours! You call that a day..? You're performing two shows a night, eight-thirty and midnight, seven nights a week, well into the early hours in this godforsaken venue.

Newley laughs-off Bricusse's comment.

NEWLEY

My energy knows no-bounds!

Bricusse starts prowling, a caged animal, reflected in Newley's mirror. He needs to get this off his chest.

BRICUSSE

As soon as Sinatra finishes onstage, he gets into his limo still wearing his tux, goes straight to the airport and takes his plane back home to Palm Springs, or wherever he's next performing.

NEWLEY

Must be terribly sweaty.

BRICUSSE

But you... oh no! You're just like Sammy.

NEWLEY

Don't you just love him?

Distracts Bricusse's train of thought for a second.

BRICUSSE

You know I do but...

NEWLEY

Not only a fabulous entertainer, but a wonderful person. Junior, can you believe it? We haven't even seen his Dad. And there's no discrimination in Vegas. I love that. They take everybody's money!

Newley laughs at his own joke. Bricusse is back on tract.

BRICUSSE

You love the 'theatrical' atmospherics...

NEWLEY

I'm a child of the theatre!

Bricusse drives the knife in deeper.

BRICUSSE

Who's turned his back on a brilliant Broadway career! If ever a man should have stayed in touch with Broadway Newberg, it was you!

NEWLEY

Brickman, if you were getting a million dollars for eight weeks work, would you get your ass back to Broadway?

BRICUSSE

What are you going to do when the money-well dehydrates, when your Vegas bubble bursts? Tell me? You're a total bloody idiot the way you handle your life and you have a total bloody idiot handling your career.

Newley doesn't give up, ignoring the last remark.

BRICUSSE (CONT'D)

Vegas is a drug, Newburg, an opioid.

NEWLEY

(smiling)

So I've discovered.

BRICUSSE

Be serious! It will never make-up for what it's taken from you.

NEWLEY

And what pray, is that?

BRICUSSE

Your talent! You're a fucking star! On Broadway. The West End. Hollywood.

Stops Newley cold.

NEWLEY

Exactly why I'm here, Les. Newley's finally made it, performing here in the core of the American Dream.

BRICUSSE

What is it you feel you still have to prove? All these so-called 'friends'... Most of whom, you've never even met before, come back after the show to freeload off your fame and drink your bar dry.

NEWLEY

The Mob pays for it. Doesn't cost me a cent. It's in my contract!

Bricusse ignores this.

BRICUSSE

You party till four or five every bloody morning, hell-bent on seducing every beautiful woman you happen across before heading home. You don't drag yourself into each new day until around noon...

Gracie listens intently.

NEWLEY

I need to rest.

BRICUSSE

...On a good day, a 'good' day if we're lucky, we meet around three in the afternoon, by which time I'm senseless with boredom having been awake and ready to start work since eight that morning.

Gracie reacts silently to the fact she's burnt a hole in Newley's shirt. She scrawls it up and throughs it in a trash can, then goes back to listening. Bricusse is on a roll and he intends to finish.

BRICUSSE (CONT'D)

On a 'good' day we maybe get two hours to focus on writing, before you bugger-off home again to eat, sleep, or whatever you bloody do, closed-off from the rest of the world, not taking any calls, easing yourself into the ritual, beginning the whole bloody cycle over.

NEWLEY

I got you a nice suite, didn't I?

BRICUSSE

Have you seen it? It's like a reject set design for Cecil B. De Mille's '*Scheherazade*' for Christ's sake. Look at us, stuck here in the armpit of the world! Before long, street names and plaques will be all that remain of this mobbed-up, Rat Pack era.

Newley rises angrily to defend himself.

NEWLEY

Your suite's free, isn't it? And it's bigger than fucking Switzerland for Christ's sake! Besides, the Mob didn't create Vegas, they supercharged it. Propelled it from a railroad town to an international port-of-call. Invested it with just enough mystery and a hint of danger to keep titillated Midwestern couples returning year after year. You're incredibly ungrateful, Brickman.

Bricusse right back at him.

BRICUSSE

I'm not ungrateful, Newberg, I'm bored senseless! When the Pied Piper cleared Hamburg of all those bloody rats, he dropped them right off here. I feel abused, hurt and angry. It's frustrating, Tony!

NEWLEY

You could always find yourself a proper job? I read recently that L.A. has a major shortage of street cleaners. Apparently they pay a great rate.

Bricusse's real frustration shows through.

BRICUSSE

Yes I suppose I could. There again, I don't have the consolation of your hundred thousand dollar a week salary, which makes all of this so wonderfully, incredibly, tolerable for you. Come to think of it:

BRICUSSE (CONT'D)

WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME, NEWBERG
JUST TELL ME, WHERE WOULD YOU BE?
LOOK AT YOURSELF, YOU ARE SO DREARY
OH DEARIE, OH ME!

HOW COULD YOU COPE WITHOUT MY FRIENDSHIP
AND MY KINDLY OLD FACE?
DON'T YOU KNOW MONEY CAN'T BUY FRIENDSHIP?
IT'S SO HARD TO REPLACE...MONEY.

WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT MY COURAGE?
I AM AS FEARLESS AS THREE.
FAITHFUL IF YOU SHOULD FLAG,
STRONG IF YOU START TO SAG.
TONY, YOU'VE GOT TO AGREE.
TELL ME, FRANKLY,
WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME?

Newley swings round to face him.

NEWLEY

I DUNNO, LES.
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO ME.
I DON'T DESERVE THE WAY YOU TREAT ME.

BRICUSSE

OH, NEWBERG!

NEWLEY

NO, REALLY

Newley faces the mirror and sings:

WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOU, BRICKMAN?
GAWD ONLY KNOWS WHERE I'D BE!
LOOK AT MY LIFE - IT HAS NO MAGIC!

BRICUSSE

IT'S TRAGIC TO SEE!

Newley rises, wipes his face with a towel.

NEWLEY

I MEAN I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR FRIENDSHIP
AND YOUR EXPERT ADVICE.
YOURS IS A LASTING AND SURE FRIENDSHIP
AND WHAT'S MORE - YOU'RE SO NICE!

He throws the towel in a basket.

BRICUSSE

AREN'T I?

Newley begins to dress.

NEWLEY

WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOUR GOODNESS
HELPING TO CARRY ME THROUGH?
PEOPLE JUST PASS ME BY
WHETHER I LIVE OR DIE, THEY WOULDN'T CARE -

Bricusse rams this home.

BRICUSSE

BUT I DO!

NEWLEY

TELL ME, FRANKLY,
WHERE WOULD I BE -

BRICUSSE

WHERE WOULD YOU BE?

NEWLEY

WHERE WOULD I BE

BRICUSSE & NEWLEY

WITHOUT YOU?

NEWLEY

WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOU, LESLIE?

Newley puts on his shoes.

BRICUSSE

YOU'VE GOT NO STYLE -
GOT NO CLASS -
WITHOUT ME, YOU'D BE ON YOUR...

Newley bent over, he stands-up straight.

NEWLEY

ASK YOURSELF, LES, JUST WHERE WOULD I BE?

BRICUSSE

YOU CAN SCARCELY READ OR WRITE OR SPELL.
FOR MY PART, YOU CAN GO TO...

NEWLEY

WELL, LES, I TRY TO DO MY BEST.

BRICUSSE

NEWLIUS USELESS EST.
KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, YOU PEST?

NEWLEY

NO!

Bricusse believes he's winning.

BRICUSSE

HAH! THERE, YOU SEE?
FRANKLY, WHERE WOULD YOU BE?

NEWLEY

(cynically)

I'D BE UP A TREE.

BRICUSSE

AND WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

NEWLEY

(cynically)

I'D THROW THINGS AT YOU!

BRICUSSE

YOU'RE UP A TREE WITHOUT...

NEWLEY

CAN'T PICTURE ME WITHOUT...

BRICUSSE & NEWLEY

WHERE WOULD YOU BE, WITHOUT ME?

NEWLEY

Y-O-U SPELLS

BRICUSSE

ME!

The dressing room door flies open. Sammy Davis Jr. Anthony Licchelli and other showbiz legends and HANGERS-ON pile in to party. Bricusse and Newley immediately put on their public faces.

SAMMY DAVIS

Newberg, Brickman!

BRICUSSE

Sammy, darling!

NEWLEY

Vinny, welcome to my humble closet!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. VEGAS HOTEL, NEWLEY'S DRESSING ROOM - HOURS LATER**

Newley's dressing room now empty, except for a couple of Hangers-on who are asleep over the furniture, or picking drunkenly at leftover scraps of food from the buffet table.

Gracie cleans-up after them. Newley stares at the devastation.

NEWLEY

How many times have I told you,
Duchess, you don't have to do that
anymore? The hotel has cleaners.

GRACIE

We can't leave a mess for 'em,
Tone.

Newley turns direct to camera and breaks the fourth wall, as he will throughout the series.

NEWLEY

The Duchess! The wonderful Gracie.
My amazing Mum. She's in her
seventies. Spoils me rotten. Always
did.

GRACIE

No more than you deserved, son.

Newley thinks back. Makes a decision.

NEWLEY

I was born the bastard...

Gracie interrupts.

GRACIE

Tone, never say that. You were
never that.

Newley looks across at her.

NEWLEY

Sorry Ma.

Newley shares with camera:

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

She absolutely hates that... the
'illegitimate' son...

Gracie smiles.

GRACIE
That sounds much nicer...

NEWLEY
...of one, Frances Grace Newley...

Gracie takes a bow.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)
...and, George Kirby. Now, George
was a bas...

GRACIE
Tone!

TV monitor pictures on every screen distort. The pictures
change to the opening shot of the next scene.

EXT. LONDON EAST END STREET MARKET - DAY - FLASHBACK
TITLE CARD: London, 1931

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY (mid-30s, good-looking, slicked-backed
hair) hanging clothes on hooks on street market stall.

NEWLEY (V.O.)
Ba... businessman, who a ran a
second-hand clothes stall at
Chatsworth Road Market, in London's
East End.

Transformed, YOUNG GRACIE (early 20s), makes her way through
the market, acknowledging LOCALS, stopping at a stall to buy
an apple which she bites into.

NEWLEY (V.O.)
Unfortunately for Grace and me as
it turned out, George was already
married to a woman called, Nell.

NELL (30s), dusts down garments. George tends his wares.

NEWLEY (V.O.)
Besides my own good-self, George
was the only other man, Gracie ever
truly loved. By all accounts he was
smart, intelligent and a charmer.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, NEWLEY'S DRESSING ROOM

Direct to camera:

NEWLEY
 Characteristics I naturally
 inherited.

EXT. LONDON EAST END STREET MARKET - DAY - FLASHBACK 1931

Nell puts on coat, kisses George dismissively on cheek, heads-off into crowd, passing Gracie, coming towards her from opposite direction. Gracie lowers her head as she passes.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, NEWLEY'S DRESSING ROOM

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY
 But I nearly didn't happen.

EXT. LONDON EAST END STREET MARKET - DAY - FLASHBACK 1931

Gracie hurries over and gives George a smacking kiss on the lips.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY
 Not 'ere, Sweetheart. People will
 notice.

He looks desperately around. One or two other MARKET STALL HOLDERS have caught the moment.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY (CONT'D)
 You alright, Doll? Ya look a bit
 peaky.

YOUNG GRACIE
 I need ta talk to ya, George.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY
 I'm busy now, Love, can't ya see?
 Ya can tell me later down the pub.

He turns away, but Gracie spins him back to face her.

YOUNG GRACIE
 I'm pregnant, George.

George is shocked. It takes a moment for the news to register. And he's not happy.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY
 Ya're bloody what..?

Gracie smiles innocently.

YOUNG GRACIE
I'm going to have your baby.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, NEWLEY'S DRESSING ROOM

Newley turns to face Gracie.

NEWLEY
George's reaction was instant.

EXT. LONDON EAST END STREET MARKET - DAY - FLASHBACK 1931

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY
Get rid of it, Grace.

YOUNG GRACIE
(whispering)
I tried, honest I did. But I've not
had any luck.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, NEWLEY'S DRESSING ROOM

The memory haunts Gracie. Stops cleaning. Looks across at her son.

GRACIE
Thank God, I failed.

Newley spins away from Gracie to camera:

NEWLEY
Britain, had no National Health
Service back then.

GRACIE
And I had no money.

She goes back to cleaning.

NEWLEY
Mum couldn't tell her family.

He stares back at her. She's picking something off the floor, her head down, stops, looks up.

GRACIE
You got to realize, Tone, that in
those days, being a single mum was
a family disgrace. Shameful!

INT. PACKED EAST END LONDON PUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 1931

George collects a pint of beer and a sarsaparilla from the bar, heads to a table. He places the sarsaparilla in front of Gracie.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY
You positive it's mine, Grace?

Gracie visibly stunned by George's suggestion.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY (CONT'D)
I need ya to get rid of it. It'll
be best for the both of us.

Gracie has made up her mind.

YOUNG GRACIE
I love ya, George, I'd do anything
for ya, ya know I would. But I've
decided I'm keeping our baby.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, NEWLEY'S DRESSING ROOM

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY
A writer of a dear friend's showbiz
biography very kindly once
described me as, 'a failed
abortion'.

Gracie nods.

GRACIE
No doubt that man is a total shit
who'll one day get everything 'e
deserves.

Newley laughs, places his hands together in prayer and looks up to heaven.

NEWLEY
Karma!

INT. EAST END LONDON PUB - ANOTHER NIGHT - FLASHBACK 1931

Gracie and George wearing different clothes, sitting at a table, staring silently into their drinks. George looks at her and reaches into his jacket pocket.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY
Gracie, I need ya ta sign this.

George produces a folded sheet of paper and pen, which he places directly in front of her.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY (CONT'D)

Right now.

Gracie stares at it.

YOUNG GRACIE

What is it?

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY

It's just a bit of paper statin'
that I'm not the legal father of
your child.

YOUNG GRACIE

But ya are!

George looks desperately around to see who's listening. No one apparently is.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY

Quiet, Grace. We don't need
everyone hearin' our business. Ya
need to sign it, Gracie, otherwise,
Nell'll kill me.

Gracie stares at the paper.

YOUNG GRACIE

I can't, George.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, NEWLEY'S DRESSING ROOM

Newley and Gracie packing-up, preparing to leave. Newley to camera:

NEWLEY

Mum wasn't necessarily being
stubborn you understand, simply
telling the truth. George just
didn't get it. He had no idea that
the Duchess could neither read nor
write.

GRACIE

Still can't!

INT. EAST END LONDON PUB - FLASHBACK 1931

George emotes anger, worry, frustration. Tries bargaining.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY

Grace I promise ya that if ya sign
this I'll make sure that neither
you, nor the kid, ever have to
worry again.

Embarrassed, Gracie can't tell George the truth.

YOUNG GRACIE

I told ya, George, I can't.

GEORGE KIRBY

I'll set ya up for the rest of your
life, Gracie. Think about it. It's
a done deal!

No response.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY

I love ya, ya know that don't you?
But ya done me wrong.

George looks her straight in the eye. Gracie lowers her head.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY (CONT'D)

Ya know what? Bloody sod 'yer.

George knocks back his beer and storms out. Gracie in tears.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, NEWLEY'S DRESSING ROOM

Newley and Gracie head for the door.

GRACIE

I loved 'im. How could 'e say that
to me?

Newley turns from his mother to camera:

NEWLEY

The Duchess, bless her, refused.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL, KITCHEN & CASINO FLOOR - EARLY MORNING

Newley and Gracie walk through hotel kitchen, greeted by,
"Hey, Tony" by KITCHEN STAFF and WAITERS, into a glow caused
by the light of thousands of slot machines on the fizzing
casino floor.

The sound of coins, slots and shouts. Newley's sheer joy at
the way the CROWD open-up or him. He moves through the
action, past walls of slot machines, Dice and Black Jack
tables.

GAMBLER 1

Hi, Tony.

GAMBLER 2

Great show, Tony.

NEWLEY

Thank you. Thank you.

Many turn to applaud him.

TWO ROULETTE GAMBLERS open-up space for Newley.

ROULETTE GAMBLER 1

Hey, make room for Mr. Newley!
C'mon in, Tony. We're on a roll.

Newley moves to the table, instantly surrounded by people wanting to take-in the action. TWO CHORUS GIRLS position themselves either side of Newley. He loves it. Gracie is pushed to the background. The Crowd gather around.

NEWLEY

Welcome, ladies! My name is Anthony Newley.

CHORUS GIRL 1

We know exactly who you are!

Newley reaches into his jacket for his wallet. He's not surprised to find he's not carrying one.

NEWLEY

Sorry, guys, I forgot, Royalty doesn't carry money. Another time.

ROULETTE GAMBLER 2

It's our pleasure, Mr. Newley.

Gambler 2 goes to drop 5 one hundred bills on the table. Newley stops him, looking at Chorus Girl 1.

NEWLEY

My dear friend, will you allow this pretty young lady to place the bet for us?

The Roulette Gambler looks at Newley. Chorus Girl 2 annoyed that Newley seems to have chosen her friend.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

For luck?

Chorus Girl 1 smiles at Roulette Gambler 2. He melts.

GAMBLER 2

Sure, Tony. No problem.

Newley hands the bills to Chorus Girl 1.

NEWLEY

On the red please, pretty lady.

Chorus Girl 1 does as she's told. Excited murmur builds.

CROWD

"It's Anthony Newley"... "Anthony Newley"... "Tony Newley". "It's Newley."

DEALER spins the wheel. The ball tears round, settling on a red number. Huge cheer goes-up. Dealer matches Newley's original bet, sliding a huge stack of chips across to him.

Newley takes some chips off the top and hands them back to Roulette Gambler 2. Tips the Dealer. Splits the rest between the 2 Chorus Girls.

NEWLEY

Thank you for bringing me luck, ladies.

He takes a bow. The crowd applaud.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

I thank you all.

He reaches down to kiss Chorus Girl 2's hand, whirls and does the same to Chorus Girl 1.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

Get your coat, you've pulled!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. BRICUSSE'S VEGAS HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bricusse lies awake, tossing and turning in huge bed. Pulls the pillow from under his head, batters it, throws it frustratedly against the headboard.

I/E. LIMO DRIVING THE NEWLEY'S TO THEIR ACCOMMODATION - SUNRISE

Car rolls down the Vegas Strip, past the neon sign that bears his name. It heads out to the deserted desert highway.

Newley opens an attache case that is set-out like a drug counter, which includes a small preparation top. He looks across at Chorus Girl to check she approves. She obviously does!

Gracie sits up front next to the CHAUFFEUR, continually talking as if nothing unusual is taking place in the rear.

GRACIE

George didn't bother too much with me after that, even though I was still in love with 'im.

Newley breaks away from snorting a line. Sighs. He's heard it before.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I'd wanted to call ya, George, after 'im, but my Mum was havin' none of that.

Newley goes back to the business in hand, passionately kissing Chorus Girl 1.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

That's why I named you Anthony. Don't know why. Just sounded a nice name.

I/E. WOODS OUTSIDE LONDON - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 1934
TITLE CARD: 1934

Austin 7 car bounces up-and-down, windows steamed-up.

Front seats are pushed as far back as they go, a pair of stocking-clad legs stretched up over them, pair of panties hanging from an ankle. Young Gracie is currently having sex (you can't call it making love) with George on the back seat.

GRACIE (V.O.)

George and I would still meet-up occasionally after you was born, like, behind the railway station, on fog-covered bridges, or in the back of his car, just for a 'quicke' like.

I/E. LIMO DRIVING THE NEWLEY'S TO THEIR ACCOMMODATION - SUNRISE

GRACIE

But somehow... it was never quite the same.

Newley pulls away from Chorus Girl 1, makes a cynical 'knowing' look to camera:

I/E. NEWLEY'S VEGAS ACCOMMODATION - SUNRISE

Limo pulls through gates into Newley's Vegas mansion. Chauffeur exits the car, opens rear door. Chorus Girl 1 gets out followed by Newley. Gracie left to push open her own door. Newley makes his way into the house followed by the Chauffeur who carries an attache case.

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY

That went on for years.

Gracie brings up the rear.

GRACIE

You've got to understand, son. Life was really, really tough.

Gracie heads into the kitchen. Newley stops.

NEWLEY

Then it happened again!

Break into a musical number which shakes things up.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

SHE'D BEEN L-U-M-B-E-R-E-D

GRACIE

LUMBERED!

CHAUFFEUR

BUT, SHE WAS NEVER GONNA GET LUMBERED AGAIN!

NEWLEY
SHE'D BEEN L-U-M-B-E-R-E-D

GRACIE
LUMBERED!

NEWLEY
AND SHE DIDN'T L-I-K-E IT
ONE SMALL BIT

INT. NEWLEY'S VEGAS ACCOMMODATION - KITCHEN

Gracie puts a kettle on.

GRACIE
I WAS TOO YOUNG TO BE A MOTHER
THERE ARE LOT'S OF THINGS I'D RATHER BE

Newley enters with Girl 1.

NEWLEY
LIKE WORKING DOWN A COLD AND ICY PIT

GRACIE
WHEN I OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN
COMPLETE UNENCUMBERED

The Chauffeur follows.

CHAUFFEUR
SHE'D 'AVE SETTLED TO BUY A RING
AND SAY AMEN

NEWLEY
SHE'D BEEN L-U-M-B-E-R-E-D

GRACIE
LUMBERED!
BUT -

Newley looks at Chauffeur. Together they sing:

NEWLEY & CHAUFFEUR
SHE WAS NEVER GONNA GET LUMBERED AGAIN!

NEWLEY
SHE'D BEEN L-U-M-B-E-R-E-D

GRACIE
LUMBERED!
I WAS COMPLETELY...

She looks desperately at Newley for help.

NEWLEY

C-H-O-K-E-D

GIRL 1 desperate not to be ignored.

CHORUS GIRL 1

CHOKED!

They all look at her surprised.

NEWLEY

BANG GO ALL HER LOVELY VISIONS

GRACIE

I'D BEEN FORCED TO MAKE DECISIONS

NEWLEY

WISH SHE'D HAD A QUID
FOR EVERY FAG SHE SMOKED!

GRACIE

WHEN I THINK ABOUT ALL THE TIME WE'D SLUMBERED
NOW I'LL ONLY EVER SEE HIM, NOW AND THEN

CHAUFFEUR

At the weekends, and whenever the
wife's not about!

NEWLEY

SHE'D BEEN L-U-M-B-E-R-E-D

GRACIE & CHORUS GIRL 1

LUMBERED!

NEWLEY & CHAUFFEUR

BUT, SHE WAS NEVER GONNA GET LUMBERED AGAIN!

GRACIE

IF I EVER GET MY HANDS UPON THE IDIOT WHO WROTE
INTO EVERY LIFE, A LITTLE RAIN MUST FALL
I SHALL TAKE HIS BOOK OF POEMS
AND I'LL STUFF HIM UP HIS THROAT
'CAUSE IT SEEMED TO ME
AS THOUGH I GOT IT ALL!

NEWLEY & CHAUFFEUR

SHE'D BEEN L-U-M-B-E-R-E-D

GRACIE

LUMBERED!

CHAUFFEUR

AND THE IDEA DIDN'T PLEASE HER VERY MUCH

NEWLEY
SHE WAS NOT PREPARED FOR MARRIAGE

GRACIE
I WOULD CATCH A BOAT FROM HARWICH
BUT I DIDN'T SPEAK ANY D-U-C-H
DUCH!

NEWLEY
You don't spell Dutch like that!

GRACIE
Oh, and 'ow do you spell it then?

Girl 1 thinks a moment.

CHORUS GIRL 1
D-U-T-S-H.

NEWLEY
And to think that only 50 years
ago, the working classes could
neither read nor write!

GRACIE
THOUGH I KNOW IT'S TRUE A SPINSTER'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED
I THOUGHT I SHOULD HAVE THE CHOICE OF SAYING WHEN

NEWLEY
SHE'D BEEN L-U-M-B-E-R-E-D

GRACIE
LUMBERED!
BUT -

NEWLEY, CHAUFFEUR & CHORUS GIRL 1
SHE WAS NEVER GONNA GET,
NEVER GONNA GET,
NEVER, NEVER GONNA GET
NEVER GONNA GET
NEVER, NEVER GONNA GET,

GRACIE, NEWLEY
LUMBERED AGAIN!

INT. LONDON EAST END TENEMENT STAIRCASE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK
1934

Young George leads reluctant Young Gracie up dark, damp,
dingy staircase.

YOUNG GEORGE KIRBY
Ya're bloody lucky I know this
doctor.

George knocks, opens door, pushing Gracie through. He immediately departs.

INT. EAST END TENEMENT KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK

ABORTION DOCTOR (60s, Disheveled, drunken, tatty cardigan, soiled shirt, tie, half-smoked cigarette stuck between lips), points at kitchen table. A pair of belts acting as make-shift stirrups hang above it. Horrific setting.

DISSOLVE TO:

Gracie's legs in the stirrups. The 'Doctor' does his thing. Gracie looks away. She's never known such pain.

EXT. EAST END TENEMENT BUILDING - LATER - FLASHBACK

Gracie staggers out of building, clutches at doorway, tears streaming down her face. Lucky to be alive.

INT. VEGAS MANSION NEWLEY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Chorus Girl 1 concludes riding Newley and falls back on to her side of the bed after frantic sex.

Newley immediately goes into his routine, tucking himself-up, one pillow directly cushioned behind his head, one either side of his face creating a horseshoe effect, blankets pulled up-tight, then reaches for and positions mask over his eyes.

Chorus Girl 1 stares at him, stunned.

INT. BRICUSSE'S VEGAS HOTEL - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still unable to sleep, Bricusse picks-up his bedside phone, dials number. The phone rings-out, eventually answered.

EVIE (O.S.)
(sleepily)
Hello?

Bricusse has woken-up his sleeping wife, EVIE.

BRICUSSE
Evie, darling?

EVIE (O.S.)
Leslie..? What time is it?

BRICUSSE
It's just after four. Is it okay to talk?

EVIE (O.S.)
 Four o'clock..? Do I have a
 choice..?

INT. VEGAS MANSION NEWLEY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Gracie enters with two mugs of tea on tray. Newley pulls-off his eye-mask, takes a cup from the tray. Gracie sees the open attache case lying on a table and slams it shut. Gracie takes hers, reaches for remote, hits a button. Window screens rise, revealing brilliant sunshine. She climbs on the bed and snuggles up close to her son.

GRACIE
 When I lost touch with George I
 thought only of you, son. No matter
 what George did or 'ow 'e acted, 'e
 still gave me you. If nothin' else,
 I'll always love 'im for that.

Chauffeur walks into the room with Newley's attache case.

CHAUFFEUR
 Ah, that's nice!

NEWLEY
 Fuck off! Where's the lovely lady?

CHAUFFEUR
 Pool.

Newley to camera as Grace gets comfortable:

NEWLEY
 The Duchess was always almost there
 for me... almost. The first really
 enormous event in my life was World
 War Two. I was eight years old.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION PLATFORM - DAY - FLASHBACK 1939

TITLE CARD: Bedfordshire, England, 1939

Train pulls away from an English country station platform through cloud of steam, revealing YOUNG NEWLEY (8) JOEY BISHOP (9) and eight other CHILD WAR EVACUEES, standing, bedraggled, on the platform.

NEWLEY (V.O.)
 There were fears at the time,
 rightfully so as things turned out,
 that the Germans would bomb London.
 So Mum had me evacuated along with
 all the other kids.

They wear ill-fitting coats and each carries a tiny suitcase, their gas masks over their shoulders.

NEWLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Me and my mate, Joey Bishop, were packed off to a village in Hertfordshire...

Four ADULT COUPLES and ORGANIZER arrive to sort the evacuees.

NEWLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...where we were lined-up with a whole lot of other kids, to be 'chosen' by our new prospective 'families', who had been delegated to look after us for the duration of the war.

The adults depart with the other kids, leaving only Young Newley, Joey Bishop and the Organizer on the platform. Approached by the late-arriving, EDITH CHAPPELL (late 50s). From her attitude, she's not child friendly.

NEWLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Joey and I got stuck with an aging matriarch called, Miss Edith Chappell.

Edith looks them up-and-down, disappointed at their demeanor.

NEWLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Who was formed from the same mold as the *Child Catcher* in '*Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*'.

Edith checks their suitcases.

EDITH CHAPPELL

Is that all you've brought with you?

YOUNG NEWLEY

Yeh, Missus. I've got three pairs of underpants.

EDITH CHAPPELL

Only three..?

YOUNG NEWLEY

Yeh, Missus. My Mum said we needed one on, one clean and one in the wash.

Edith turns to the Organizer, distaste in her voice.

EDITH CHAPPELL
Boys..? Are there no girls? Are
there no others?

The Organizer nervously shakes her head.

EDITH CHAPPELL (CONT'D)
And I have no choice in this
matter..?

Organizer again shakes head. So, Edith marches them off
towards her car.

EDITH CHAPPELL (CONT'D)
Get in the back.

Boys do so. Edith slams door closed. The boys look at each
other mystified. Edith throws their suitcases into the trunk.
Climbs into the driver's seat and drives off. The boys stare
at the back of her head and then turn and smile mischievously
at each other.

NEWLEY (V.O.)
She was callous and mean and we
hated her right back.

INT. MISS CHAPPELL'S COTTAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK 1941

Decrepit, country cottage. Edith constantly carries a stick.

EDITH CHAPPELL
(calling upstairs)
Joseph? Anthony? Where are you evil
boys?

INT. MISS CHAPPELL'S COTTAGE - BOY'S BEDROOM - DAY -
FLASHBACK

Young Newley and Joe both lie under a bed, looking-up at the
partly opened door, above which they have placed a bag of
flour.

Miss Chappell storms upstairs, angrily pushes door open, the
bag drops, depositing its contents all over her. The boys in
hysterics. Edith raises her stick high.

EDITH CHAPPELL
Why, you..!

Starts to try and beat the boys under the bed.

INT. VEGAS MANSION - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Newley taking a shower.

NEWLEY

We spent two years with that evil woman, during which time I hardly ever got to see Mum.

INT. RAILWAY STATION PLATFORM - DAY - FLASHBACK 1941

TITLE CARD: Lancashire, England, 1941

The scene is similar to the previous station scene, except the station sign now reads MORECOMBE. This time Young Newley (10), stands alone on the platform with another ORGANIZER.

NEWLEY (V.O.)

Then, I got moved to Morecombe, in the north west of England and all of a sudden my dreary life suddenly had new energy breathed into it.

Edith has been replaced by again late arriving, but totally exuberant, GEORGE & BELLE PESCOD.

BELLE PESCOD

Hello, boy! Hello!!!

GEORGE PESCOD

What's your name young man? Here, let me take your suitcase.

NEWLEY (V.O.)

An ex-music hall variety performer and end-of-the-pier theatre manager named...

GEORGE PESCOD

Let me introduce myself. George Cornelius Pescud, at your service, and this, is my gorgeous lady-wife, Belle.

Over following MONTAGE:

- Youthful joy and happiness on *Morecombe Sands* - Strolling in the *Lake District* - Singing around piano - Reading aloud - Painting with water colors - Continual laughter.

NEWLEY (V.O.)

George and Belle, I loved them both! They were absolutely wonderful. An enlightened couple whose house was all light and airy. There were books and paintings everywhere. They got me to draw, paint and sing.

(MORE)

NEWLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They gave me what I'd never really
 had as an East End kid - Laughter
 and freedom.

END MONTAGE.

INT. VEGAS MANSION, NEWLEY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY
 They opened up a whole new world to
 me. It was as if a light had been
 turned on in my head.

INT. GEORGE PESCU'S PARLOR - DAY - FLASHBACK 1943

Walls covered in old theatre bills and memorabilia. Stacks of
 scripts, theatre programs and disused props litter the top of
 every surface.

Belle sits at the piano. Young Newley sits crossed-legged on
 the floor.

GEORGE PESCU
 What do you think, Anthony?

NEWLEY (V.O.)
 They were the first people who ever
 really sat down and talked to *me*,
 who actually listened to *my*
 thoughts and *my* feelings.

There is a knock at the door. George hurries to answer it,
 revealing Young Gracie.

GEORGE PESCU
 You must be Mrs Newley! Welcome my
 dear.

Young Newley rushes to hug his Mother.

YOUNG NEWLEY
 Mum!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

George is effusing about his showbiz memories.

GEORGE PESCOD

Did I ever tell you about my previous career and the wonderful world called show business?

YOUNG NEWLEY

Only about a hundred times..!

GEORGE PESCOD

Then let's make it one hundred and one, young Anthony! A very fine number indeed.

Young Gracie sips tea from a cracked cup.

YOUNG GRACIE

You mustn't encourage 'im, Mr. Pescud!

GEORGE PESCOD

Call me, George!

INT. VEGAS MANSION, NEWLEY'S BEDROOM

Newley getting dressed. Enormous smile on face. The memories make him happy. He addresses the camera:

NEWLEY

A world of light and color and magical people. I remember him once saying...

INT. LOCATION: GEORGE PESCOD'S PARLOR - FLASHBACK 1943

Belle plays piano intro. The room goes black. Pescud is now effectively standing centre stage.

GEORGE PESCOD

WHEN I WAS A LAD
I OFTEN DREAMT OF A CAREER
I REALLY DIDN'T HAVE TO DREAM TOO FAR
'CAUSE MUM AND DAD WERE ON THE STAGE
IT ALL SEEMED VERY CLEAR -
THAT I'D GO ON THE BOARDS AND BE A STAR!
I PRACTICED EVERY NUMBER TILL I KNEW THEM ALL BY HEART
AND I MEMORIZED THE WITTY REPORTEE

INT. VEGAS MANSION, NEWLEY'S BEDROOM

Newley reminisces.

NEWLEY

Yes, yes!

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

THEN ONE DAY I TOLD MY MOTHER...

INT. GEORGE PESCOD'S PARLOR - FLASHBACK 1943

Young Newley looks up at Gracie.

YOUNG NEWLEY

"MUM, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO START!"

INT. VEGAS MANSION, NEWLEY'S BEDROOM

Newley lying on top of his bed, throws back his pillows and sits bolt upright to deliver the next line.

NEWLEY

AND THIS IS WHAT MY MOTHER SAID TO ME...

INT. GEORGE PESCOD'S PARLOR - FLASHBACK 1943

Young Gracie and Pescud perform a old vaudeville act.

YOUNG GRACIE

LIFE'S A BED OF ROSES

She is showered with red roses.

YOUNG GRACIE (CONT'D)

'TIL THE SHOW YOU'RE DOIN' CLOSES
ON THE BOARDS

GEORGE PESCOD

ON THE BOARDS -
EVERY SHINING HOUR
BRINGS A SHOWER OF REWARDS

YOUNG GRACIE

IF YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY
GETTING LAUGHS INSTEAD OF MONEY

GEORGE PESCOD

ON THE BOARDS -

YOUNG GRACIE

DAMN THOSE BOARDS -
UNLESS YOU WANT TO BLOW YOUR VOCAL CHORDS
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE QUITE A SOMEONE
WHEN SOME BUM OUT THERE APPLAUDS

YOUNG GRACIE & GEORGE PESCU D

GO ON THE BOARDS
GO ON THE BOARDS

GEORGE PESCU D

FOR RICH REWARDS -
GO ON THE BOARDS!
LIFE IS FINE AND DANDY

YOUNG GRACIE

BUT A FREE MEAL COMES IN HANDY
ON THE BOARDS

GEORGE PESCU D

ON THE BOARDS -
EVERY NIGHT YOU'RE WINING OUT
AND DINING OUT LIKE LORDS
PAYING WITH A CHEQUE
THAT'S GONNA BOUNCE
AND GIVE 'EM MECCA

YOUNG GRACIE

ON THE BOARDS -
DARN THOSE BOARDS

GEORGE PESCU D

WHERE ELSE CAN YOU DRAW BLOOD
WITH RUBBER SWORDS?

YOUNG GRACIE

IF YOU'VE GOT THE DEDICATION
AND THE PATIENCE OF A SAINT

YOUNG GRACIE & GEORGE PESCU D

GO ON THE BOARDS
GO ON THE BOARDS

GEORGE PESCU D

TO LIVE LIKE LORDS
GO ON THE BOARDS!

YOUNG GRACIE

ON THE OTHER HAND...
IF YOU WANT A COSY LIFE
A HOUSE, A CAR, SOME KIDS, A WIFE
A LITTLE SUNDAY GOLFING AND A BEER

GEORGE PESCU D

IF YOU WANT TO LIVE THAT WAY
A STEADY JOB, WITH STEADY PAY
AND A TRIP TO SCUNTHORPE EVERY YEAR

YOUNG GRACIE & GEORGE PESCOD

DRIVE TROLLEY, FIX A FAUCET
PUSH A BARROW AROUND
BREED A COLLEY, MAKE A CORSET
TAKE A JOB UNDERGROUND

YOUNG GRACIE

AT LEAST YOU KNOW YOU'LL GET YOUR DOE
WHEN FRIDAY COME'S ROUND -
IF YOU WANT TO LEAD A COSY LIFE

GEORGE PESCOD

ON THE OTHER HAND -
LIFE IS RICH AND GOLDEN

YOUNG GRACIE

'TIL YOUR MASTERPIECE STARTS FOLDIN'

YOUNG GRACIE & GEORGE PESCOD

ON THE BOARDS
ON THE BOARDS

GEORGE PESCOD

DANCING LIKE A DEMON
YOU'RE A HE-MAN WITH THE BROADS

YOUNG GRACIE

IF YOU LIKE YOUR ACTION
WHILE YOUR LEG IS UP IN TRACTION
ON THE BOARDS
DAM THOSE BOARDS -

INT. VEGAS MANSION, NEWLEY'S BEDROOM

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY

AND DAM THOSE BLEATING, POPCORN EATING, HOARDS...

INT. GEORGE PESCOD'S PARLOR - FLASHBACK 1943

Pescud stands opposite innocent looking, Gracie.

GEORGE PESCOD

IF YOU WANT A MESS OF CUSTARD

Gracie produces custard pie from behind her back and smacks
it straight into Pescud's face.

GRACIE

GONNA BUST IT IN YER FACE

Everyone finds this hilarious, even George.

GRACIE & GEORGE PESCU

GO ON THE BOARDS
GO ON THE BOARDS

INT. VEGAS MANSION, NEWLEY'S BEDROOM

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY
(slyly)

FOR HOARDS OF BROADS -
GO ON THE BOARDS!

INT. GEORGE PESCU'S PARLOR - FLASHBACK 1943

Time for the big finish!

GEORGE PESCU
BUT I'D RATHER STARVE IN MAKE-UP -
THAN TO WAKE UP AS A CLERK
I LOVE THOSE BOARDS

YOUNG GRACIE
THOSE RUBBER SWORDS?

INT. VEGAS MANSION, NEWLEY'S BEDROOM

Newley excited at the memory.

NEWLEY
(laughing)

THOSE HOARDS OF BROADS!

INT. GEORGE PESCU'S PARLOR - FLASHBACK 1943

GEORGE PESCU
THE RICH REWARDS!

YOUNG GRACIE & GEORGE PESCU
I HATE/LOVE THOSE BOARDS!

INT. VEGAS MANSION, NEWLEY'S BEDROOM

Gracie enters room to strip the bed.

GRACIE
Everythin' alright, Tone. I thought
I heard a noise?

NEWLEY
It was nothing, Duchess.
Everything's just fine.

GRACIE
Sounded like singin'.

Newley gives a look to camera, then stares ahead, remembering...

EXT. MORECOMBE SANDS - DAY - FLASHBACK 1943

Young Gracie and Young Newley walk along the water's edge, arm-in-arm. Gracie is finding it hard to tell him something he needs to know. Suddenly Young Newley breaks free and confronts her.

YOUNG NEWLEY
What do you mean, you've got married?

Young Gracie thinks quickly on her feet, hoping to impress her son.

YOUNG GRACIE
You'll love 'im, Tone. 'e's a nice man called Ron Gardiner. 'e's a Sergeant-Major in the Army Catering Corp, stationed up in Scotland.

YOUNG NEWLEY
Scotland! But what about me Dad? You're already married to me Dad!

YOUNG GRACIE
Tone love, give me a 'ug.

Young Newley reluctantly does as she asks.

YOUNG NEWLEY
I don't understand, Mum. You can't have two husbands can you?

She takes Young Newley's head in both her hands and tells him the titanic lie of her life.

YOUNG GRACIE
I've never said a word to ya about your Dad, 'ave I? I thought it best to let sleepin' dogs lie. Didn't want ta upset you unnecessarily, like, but it's time ya knew... Yar Dad was killed early-on in the war. I'm so sorry, son.

Young Newley breaks away, stunned.

YOUNG NEWLEY

My Dad's dead?

Gracie slowly nods her head. Young Newley can't believe the news. He looks up at his Mum, a tear in his eye.

YOUNG NEWLEY (CONT'D)

It's my fault he went away, isn't it? It's my fault he's dead.

Young Gracie reaches out to pull him back-in to her.

YOUNG GRACIE

No Love, it wasn't your fault, it was that 'orrible Mr. 'itler.

YOUNG NEWLEY

But...

Young Newley pulls away, upset.

YOUNG GRACIE

I'm in a terrible fix, Tone. I didn't want ta tell ya before. I knew it would upset ya. Problem is, ya see, I 'aven't yet told Ron about ya. Too many secrets. I really need ya to be nice to 'im.

Young Newley is angry.

YOUNG NEWLEY

I want nothin' to do with him, Mum. How'd ya expect me to behave when I meet him? D'you expect me to shake his hand, or d'you want me to kiss him on the cheek?

YOUNG GRACIE

Oh, Tone...

YOUNG NEWLEY

I just don't know what to do. You're my Mum! We're doing okay, ain't we? I don't need a Dad, I've got George now. He means everything to me.

YOUNG GRACIE

But 'e's not your Dad...

YOUNG NEWLEY

And neither is this Ron!

Young Newley runs away. Young Gracie frantically calls after him.

YOUNG GRACIE

Come back, Tone. I'm sorry, son, I never, ever, meant to 'urt you.

INT. VEGAS MANSION NEWLEY BATHROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

Newley brushing his teeth.

NEWLEY

And spit...

Does so. To camera:

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

George Cornelius Pescud was the first man I ever looked up to. I was finally with someone who I could connect. The entire seeds of my entire showbiz career were sown in that bijou house in the north of England. It was all potent stuff to a kid who'd never had a thing. George taught me that *all* things were possible.

EXT. MORECOMBE SANDS - DAY - FLASHBACK 1945

Young Newley stands at the water's edge gazing out to sea.

NEWLEY (V.O.)

Mum somehow still managed to visit me occasionally and one time she even got up the courage to introduce me to Ron.

Young Gracie approaches with RON GARDINER (30S, in army uniform). Young Newley reluctantly reaches out to shake Ron's outstretched hand.

INT. VEGAS MANSION KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Newley enters.

NEWLEY

Morning, Duchess.

GRACIE

Afternoon, love. Cup of tea?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. NEWLEY'S MANSION - DAY**

Newley walks through his mansion while talking to camera:

NEWLEY

When the time finally came for me
to leave that Lancashire paradise,
I travelled back alone to a bombed-
out, grey city, with very mixed
feelings.

EXT. OSWALD STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK 1945**TITLE CARD: London's East End, 1945**

14 year old, Newley carries the same suitcase and gas mask he set-out with. He reaches his tenement building in a rubble strewn, bomb ravaged street. He can't get in. No-one's there. He glances up the windows of the apartment and sits on the steps to wait.

NEWLEY (V.O.)

When I got home, there was no sign
of, Mum, anywhere. I'd been
abandoned.

Young Newley's sadness and worry changes to anger.

YOUNG NEWLEY

WHAT DOES A MOTHER DO?
SHE MAKES YOU DO YOUR SHOES UP,
WASH YOUR FACE, BRUSH YOUR TEETH, KEEP YOUR PLACE,
YOU'RE A DISGRACE DEAR, DON'T PULL A FACE!

MOTHERS, WANT US ALL, TO THINK, WHAT THEY THINK
AND BEHAVE, THE WAY THEY MAY THINK, WE SHOULD
BUT YOU KNOW IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD!

Rises to forcibly make his point.

MOTHERS, MOTHERS, WHERE DO THEY GO WRONG?
THEY SHOULD STAY WHERE THEY BELONG
BOYS ARE MADE TO BE STRONG!
BUT MOTHERS SING A DIFFERENT SONG
AND SO DO WE -
GOODNESS IS A MOTHER,
I WISH THEY'D LEAVE US BE!
WHO'S NEEDS A MOTHER?
NOT ME!

Sits once more to reflect.

I REMEMBER MINE -
 WONDER IS SHE'S MISSING ME?
 GENTLE WAS HER LAUGH, 'DADDY'S' BETTER HALF.
 LIFE WITH HER WAS FINE, WE WOULD PLAY PRETEND
 THEN SHE'D END UP KISSING ME,
 PRECIOUS WAS HER FACE, AND HER DRESS WAS LACE,
 AND SHE WAS MY FRIEND...

BOYS start to comment. BOY 1 forced to carry out the garbage.

BOY 1

WHAT IS A MOTHER FOR?
 TO TEACH YOU TO BE TIDY

BOY 2 sits in a chair, MOTHER roughly massages 'Brylcream',
 into his hair.

BOY 2

AND TO WEAR STICKY STUFF IN YOUR HAIR

BOY 3 sent to the naughty corner.

BOY 3

GO AND SIT THERE, DEAR, NICE BOYS DON'T SWEAR

BOY 4 washing dishes.

BOY 4

MOTHERS WANT US ALL TO BE LIKE MUMMIES
 AND TO DO WHATEVER MUMMY'S, MAPPED OUT

Tenement fronts as four doors simultaneously explode open,
 the 4 Boys enter the street singing:

FOUR BOYS

BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT BOYS ARE ABOUT!

Great dance routine.

MOTHERS, MOTHERS, NEVER UNDERSTAND
 BOYS ARE NOT WHAT MOTHER'S PLANNED
 BOYS ARE MADE TO BE FREE!
 BUT MOTHER'S SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY
 AND SO DO WE.
 NAGGING IS A MOTHER,
 UNTIL YOU'RE NINETY-THREE!
 WHO NEEDS A MOTHER?
 NOT ME!

KINDNESS IS A MOTHER, WE DO ADMIT IT'S TRUE!
 WHO NEEDS A MOTHER? ANYONE NEED A MOTHER?

BOY 1

I DO,

AND I DO, BOY 2
 I DO, BOY 3
 AND I DO YOUNG NEWLEY
 WHO NEEDS A MOTHER?
 WE DO. YOUNG NEWLEY & BOYS

EXT. BRICUSSE'S VEGAS HOTEL BALCONY - MORNING

Bricusse reaches for the daily paper, *The Las Vegas Review - Journal*. A WAITER delivers his breakfast.

BRICUSSE
 Thank you very much.

That day's banner headline: '*Andy Williams Brother Hits Hole in One!*'

BRICUSSE (CONT'D)
 Christ!

INT. VEGAS MANSION, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Gracie pouring tea into Newley's mug.

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY
 Even in those days there were bullies and drugs. It really wasn't a pretty part of the world. I was constantly being picked on by all the other kids in Hackney, on the count I was a bast...

GRACIE
 Tone!

NEWLEY
 If truth be known, the Duchess smothered me.

Gracie drapes her arms around his neck and does just that.

GRACIE
 No more than ya deserved, I mean...(and she sings)

LOOK AT THAT FACE, JUST LOOK AT IT,
LOOK AT THAT FABULOUS FACE OF YOURS.

She reaches out to gently touch it.

I KNEW FIRST LOOK I TOOK AT IT,
THIS WAS THE FACE THAT THE WORLD ADORES.

LOOK AT THOSE EYES AS WISE
AND AS DEEP AS THE SEA,

She runs finger down the ridge of her son's nose.

LOOK AT THAT NOSE IT SHOWS
WHAT A NOSE SHOULD BE.
AS FOR YOUR SMILE - IT'S LYRICAL, FRIENDLY
AND WARM AS A SUMMER'S DAY.
THAT FACE IS JUST A MIRACLE,
WHERE COULD I EVER FINDS WORDS TO SAY
THE WAY THAT IT MAKES ME HAPPY
WHATEVER THE TIME OR PLACE?

She takes his face in both hands.

I'LL FIND IN NO BOOK
WHAT I FIND WHEN I LOOK AT THAT FACE.

EXT. EAST END BOMB SITE - DAY - FLASHBACK 1946 - INTERCUT
WITH: EXT. LAS VEGAS CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

Young Newley runs the gauntlet, across the war-ravaged site,
chased by gang of TEENAGE BOYS & GIRLS, who throw rocks at
him.

A Vegas MOBSTER is chased into a dead end street by the
Henchmen's car, whose headlights pin him to a wall.

The youths corner Young Newley, who's cowering, backed-up
against a wall. There's no way out.

URCHIN 1

LOOK AT THAT FACE, JUST LOOK AT IT.

The Mobster looks terrified as the Henchmen get out of the
car.

HENCHMAN 1

LOOK AT THAT FUNNY OLD FACE OF YOURS.

The youths start to circle a terrified young Newley.

URCHIN 2

I KNEW FIRST LOOK I TOOK AT IT
YOU'VE GOT A FACE LIKE A KITCHEN DOOR

The Mobster tries to negotiate.

MOBSTER

You can't fucking touch me. I'm a made guy!

HENCHMAN 2

LOOK AT THOSE EYES

HENCHMAN 1

AS CLOSE, AS THE CLOSEST OF FRIENDS

URCHIN 1

LOOK AT THAT NOSE, IT STARTS WHERE A GOOD NOSE ENDS

URCHIN 2

AS FOR YOUR SMILE SPECTACULAR
ONE GRIN WOULD FRIGHTEN THE BIRDS AWAY

The Henchmen take out their guns. A look of total surprise on the Mobster's face.

HENCHMAN 1

YOU'VE GOT A FACE LIKE DRACULA,

ALL URCHINS

AND WE MEAN THAT, IN THE NICEST WAY!

MOBSTER

Don't yer know who I am?

HENCHMAN 1

Yeah, we know who you are, grease ball. And if you don't get in the der fucking trunk, we're gonna know who you were.

Young Gracie appears, carrying two shopping bags which she instantly drops to chase off the youths with her handbag.

YOUNG GRACIE

Piss off you lot!

The youths run-off as cowards do, then stop to hold a new piece of ground a safe distance away.

URCHIN 4

TO SAY THAT THERE'S NO ONE LIKE YOU
WOULD NOT EVEN STATE THE CASE.

Gracie hurries to comfort her frightened son.

The Mobster is on his knees in the dessert.

MOBSTER

Fuck you!

The Henchmen fire their guns repeatedly into him and his crumpled body falls into his grave.

HENCHMEN 2
(laughing)

NO WONDER WE SHOOK

HENCHMEN
WHEN WE FIRST TOOK A LOOK
AT THAT FACE!

Henchman 2 starts to fill in the grave with a shovel.
Henchmen 1 slams the trunk top down.

YOUNG GRACIE
Bugger off, I said!

Gracie makes to chase after the Youths. The Youths split.

INT. VEGAS MANSION, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

NEWLEY kisses her hand. Takes a moment to gaze at her.

GRACIE
THE WAY THAT IT MAKES ME HAPPY
WHATEVER THE TIME OR PLACE
I'LL FIND IN NO BOOK
WHEN I FIND WHEN I LOOK AT THAT FACE.

Gracie embarrassed.

GRACIE (CONT'D)
I've got to go to the lav.

EXT. VEGAS MANSION, POOLSIDE - AFTERNOON

Newley looks up from reading a copy of, '*Philosophy Now*'.
Chorus Girl 1 swims topless in the pool.

Newley looks-on admiringly. To camera:

NEWLEY
Just like me, lots of people had
terrible childhoods, yet somehow
came through it. Not much you can
do about it really. It's all part
of the journey. All my life, I've
had this thing about death.

The CHAUFFEUR is now the POOL MAN. He's cleaning the pool,
ogling Chorus Girl 1.

POOL MAN

WHEN YOU GOTTA GO, YOU GOTTA GO
AND SO ALTHOUGH YOU'D LIKE TO STAY A LITTLE WHILE

NEWLEY

It's a fact you know, that once a man reaches his middle age, his body quickly begins to decline; his brain, like a theatre at the end of a night, starts to turn out its lights one-by-one, as cell-by-cell, it slowly begins to die.

POOL MAN

YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW A LITTLE STYLE
AND EXIT SMILING

NEWLEY

Your eyes begin to lose their focus, your ears begin to grow hair. Your shirt collar stands away from your neck and a man starts to walk in the shadow of the valley of death.

Pool Man sweeps the net out of the pool.

POOL MAN

GOODBYE TO ALL THAT
JUST REACH FOR YOUR HAT

NEWLEY

Do you mind?

Pool Man looks at him.

POOL MAN

Not at all.

NEWLEY

According to my Psychic, my life expectancy is 67.7 years.

POOL MAN

That would be... April, 1999.

NEWLEY

I can count, thank you. Take away sixty and I have still have...

He starts to count on his fingers, but can't work it out.

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

...some time left.

Gracie brings Newley another of her endless mugs of tea.

GRACIE

Don't talk like that, Tone.

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY

The Duchess. Look at her. Strong as an ox. And then look at me. This body, this 'shrine', this hallowed pile is all I have left with which to tell my story.

POOL MAN

YOU'LL LIVE TO LOVE ANOTHER DAY

NEWLEY

Are you quite finished..?

Pool Man salutes, goes back to the job-in-hand.

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY (CONT'D)

I'm only going to share the facts with you, my darlings. The plain, bare-bottomed facts.

EXT. CLEOPATRA'S BARGE, LAS VEGAS - SAME TIME

Bricusse sitting at table with drink, pouring over notebooks, checking his watch.

EXT. VEGAS MANSION POOLSIDE - SAME TIME

To camera:

NEWLEY

I realized at a very early age, that '*kismet*' had conspired to have me play a role in life that was... *really* something...

INT. YOUNG NEWLEY'S EAST END TENEMENT 1946 - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Gracie ironing. Young Newley enters.

NEWLEY (V.O.)

Forced by poverty and ignorance, I had to leave school at the age of fourteen. How was I to know which road to embark on?

Young Gracie looks-up.

GRACIE

What are you goin' to do?

YOUNG NEWLEY

I don't know, Ma. It's hard enough getting through each day.

GRACIE

You've got to do somethin', Luv, and soon. We're desperate!

YOUNG NEWLEY

I want to be 'something' or 'someone'... different, Mum.

GRACIE

You and your 'ighfalutin ideas!

YOUNG NEWLEY

Seriously, Mum. I'll do whatever I have to.

GRACIE

We need money, Tone. I can only manage as many shirts as the hours allow.

YOUNG NEWLEY

Look I saw an ad this morning in Fleet Street on the front page of *The Telegraph*.

Young Newley takes torn-out, screwed-up ad from *The Daily Telegraph*, out of pocket, shows it to his Mum.

GRACIE

What you doin' down there? And what ya doin' wastin' your time readin' newspapers? Ya need to get a job.

YOUNG NEWLEY

They're looking for boy actors for some film. I tore it out. Look!

He forces it towards her.

GRACIE

Ya're 'aving a laugh, aren't ya! Ya'll have ta read it ta me.

He does so.

YOUNG NEWLEY

It says: *'Boy actors urgently needed. Apply ItRehearsal Room alia Conti Academy of Theatre Arts'*. I thought I'd give it a go!

INT. ITALIA CONTI REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 1946

Young Newley enters room to face a terrifying panel of three adjudicators, made up of RUTH CONTI (Australian, early 30s), DOROTHY MATHER & THELMA RICHARDSON (mid 30s). All are middle-class, dressed identically in twinsets and pearls.

They sit at a table, at the other end of the massive room.

DOROTHY MATHER

Good morning, Mr. Newley, is it?

YOUNG NEWLEY

How d'ja do, Missus?

Young Newley makes his way across the vast empty space.

DOROTHY MATHER

What are you going to give us for your audition.

YOUNG NEWLEY

Audition..?

DOROTHY MATHER

Yes. What are you going to do for us today?

Young Newley stares blankly. No idea what she's talking about.

DOROTHY MATHER (CONT'D)

A song, a poem, a speech?
Shakespeare, perhaps?

YOUNG NEWLEY

Shakespeare..?

THELMA RICHARDSON

You've prepared nothing? Nothing at all..?

Young Newley distraught, bewildered, desperate.

YOUNG NEWLEY

You got to hire me, Missus, I can't let the Duchess down. What would I tell 'er?

Silence. The panel stare across at him. Young Newley has the spark of an idea.

YOUNG NEWLEY (CONT'D)
I know some Max Miller.

RUTH CONTI, sitting at the centre of the panel, looks-up.

RUTH CONTI
Max Miller? Well, that will be a first. Let's hear it then...

Checks her audition notes.

RUTH CONTI (CONT'D)
Mr...a... Newley.

Young Newley composes himself, launches into:

YOUNG NEWLEY
I like the girls who do,
I like the girls that don't:
I like the girls who say they will,
But then decide they won't.

Adjudication Panel clearly did not expect this. Shocked, except for Ruth Conti, who smiles to herself.

YOUNG NEWLEY (CONT'D)
But the girls I like best of all,
And I know, you'll think I'm right,
Are the girls that say they've
never, but look as though they...

Young Newley points directly at Thelma Richardson as if about to change the subject.

YOUNG NEWLEY (CONT'D)
Hey, Missus!

RUTH CONTI
Very nice... Thank you, Anthony, is it?

YOUNG NEWLEY
Yes, Missus. That's me name, but my friends call me, Tony.

THELMA RICHARDSON
Our fees are 20 guineas per term,
Mr. Newley.

INT. LIMO

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY

The Conti fees were way too high
for my unemployed pockets.

INT. ITALIA CONTI REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 1946

Young Newley breaks-out in uncontrollable laughter.

YOUNG NEWLEY

You're having a laugh aren't ya? We
ain't got 20 shillings!

The ladies shocked by his behavior.

YOUNG NEWLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry to 'ave wasted your time,
ladies.

Dejected, Young Newley wheels and walks back towards the door. From Panel's POV just as he reaches for the handle, Ruth Conti rises.

RUTH CONTI

One moment young man... I am Ruth
Conti, principal of this Academy.

Young Newley spins to look at her. Hope?

RUTH CONTI (CONT'D)

I think you may have some talent.

Two other adjudicators look at her astonished.

RUTH CONTI (CONT'D)

We may also have a solution to your
current fiscal situation.

Young Newley confused. But not as confused as Dorothy Mather and Thelma Richardson, who look at each other behind Miss Conti's back, as if to say, 'Do we?'

YOUNG NEWLEY

You what..?

THELMA RICHARDSON

Have we..?

Young Newley strides confidently back across the room.

RUTH CONTI

If you are prepared to work hard...

YOUNG NEWLEY

I promise you I'll work my bollocks off, Missus.

RUTH CONTI

...It's Miss, and please refrain from using that kind of language, Mr. Newley. You will be required to work as our tea boy and take extra speech lessons with me...

YOUNG NEWLEY

Speech lessons..? I don't need 'em! I can talk, can't I?

RUTH CONTI

We will only accept you, Mr. Newley if you are prepared to have extra speech lessons... You will have to work incredibly hard to lose your cockney tones...

YOUNG NEWLEY

Tone? That's what the Duchess calls me.

RUTH CONTI

The Duchess..?

Miss Conti confused, but decides to let it pass.

RUTH CONTI (CONT'D)

...Then, we are prepared to offer you a scholarship to *Italia Conti*...

Thelma Richardson incredulous.

RUTH CONTI (CONT'D)

...which will be worth some..?

DOROTHY MATHER

Twenty-five shillings...

YOUNG NEWLEY

Twenty-five shillings!

THELMA RICHARDSON

But...

Miss Conti turns to face her.

RUTH CONTI

(aside)

There's something about this boy,
Thelma. Hopefully the commission we
earn from any jobs we get him, will
cover the cost of his schooling.

She wheels back to Young Newley.

RUTH CONTI (CONT'D)

Twenty-five shillings per week.
Might you be interested Mr Newley?

Young Newley is silent, mouth open, nodding enthusiastically.

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

The Chauffeur looks at Newley through rear view mirror.

NEWLEY

I loved it at Italia Conti... Miss
Conti saw to it that I was trained
in the arts and educated as best
she could. I grew to love words.

INT. LIMO

Newley smiles and reminisces.

INT. ITALIA CONTI REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 1946

GEOFFREY BARKAS (50s, rotund, loud check suit), sitting with
Ruth Conti, Thelma Richardson, Dorothy Mather.

THELMA RICHARDSON

Well that's it, Mr. Barkus. You've
now seen every boy in the school.

GEOFFREY BARKAS

But, not I fear, my '*Dusty Bates*'.
I'll just have to keep looking.

Newley walks into the room pushing a tea trolley.

RUTH CONTI

Some tea before you leave,
Geoffrey?

GEOFFREY BARKAS

That would be delightful.

He looks interestingly at young Newley.

GEOFFREY BARKAS (CONT'D)
And who is this young man?

Young Newley stands cockily, facing them.

NEWLEY
I'm Newley, sir. Anthony Newley,
but my friends call me...

THELMA RICHARDSON
Yes, thank you, Anthony. He's only
just joined us, Mr. Barkas.

GEOFFREY BARKAS
Anthony, eh? What exactly do you
want to be when you grow up, young
man?

Thelma is annoyed. Young Newley thinks a split second.

YOUNG NEWLEY
Me, sir..?

GEOFFREY BARKAS
Yes, you, sir.

Young Newley Bursts into:

YOUNG NEWLEY
WELL, LOOK AT ME
JUST TAKE A LOOK AT ME
A MINUTE AGO I DIDN'T KNOW
MY ELBOW FROM MY ARSE

Thelma Richardson is visibly shocked, reaches into her
handbag for smelling salts.

YOUNG NEWLEY (CONT'D)
JUST SIMPLY ANYONE
GO AND ASK ANYONE
THEY'LL TELL YOU
I WAS GREENER THAN THE GRASS

OH, WHAT A MESS I WAS
YES, I CONFESS I WAS
LIKE A BURBLING, BLOODY BABY AT THE FONT
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT
BUT NOW I JUST LAUGH AT IT
'CAUSE NOW I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I WANT

GEOFFREY BARKAS
Well, I'd wish you'd get on and
tell me, Mr. Newley.

YOUNG NEWLEY

I WANNA BE RICH
HAVE MONEY TO BURN

INT. LAS VEGAS HOTEL CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT

Newley in his 50s, high-rolling the Vegas tables.

YOUNG NEWLEY (O.S.)

A THOUSAND A WEEK SAY
WOULD DO ME A TURN
I'D KEEP IT IN ONCERS
IN CASE OF A SLUMP
I'D HAVE STACKS AND STACKS

INT. ITALIA CONTI REHEARSAL ROOM - FLASHBACK 1946

YOUNG NEWLEY

AND THE INCOME TAX
COULD TAKE A RUDDY JUMP.

THELMA RICHARDSON

Charming!

YOUNG NEWLEY

I'D HAVE ALL ME SUITS MADE

INT. NEWLEY'S LONDON TAILORS 1960 - FLASHBACK

Newley in his vest, shorts, socks, being measured by TAILOR.

YOUNG NEWLEY (O.S.)

A DOZEN A TIME
I'D BUY ALL THE BEST SHARES
PROVIDED THEY CLIMB

INT. VEGAS HOTEL BOARDROOM 1970 - FLASHBACK

Newley signs a Vegas contract in front of gathered PRESS,
presented with a cheque, containing lots of zeros.

INT. ITALIA CONTI REHEARSAL ROOM - FLASHBACK 1946

YOUNG NEWLEY

GIVE ME HALF A CHANCE
(AND A SMALL ADVANCE)
AND ME FINGERS ITCH
TO MAKE ME
DIRTY, ROTTEN, FILTY, STINKING RICH!
TAKE A LOOK AT ME
A QUICK BUTCHER'S HOOK AT ME
A MINUTE AGO I DIDN'T KNOW
A COCKLE FROM A WELK
CAN YOU IMAGINE IT?

I MEAN, JUST IMAGINE IT
FANCY NOT KNOWING
A COCKLE FROM A WELK?

Well I mean one's a sort of a
Winkle and the others a sort of...

RUTH CONTI

Winkle!

YOUNG NEWLEY

Right..!

OH, WHAT A NIT I WAS
YES, I'LL ADMIT I WAS
LIKE A SLOPPY, FLOPPY PUPPY WITH A BALL
AND THEN WITHOUT REASON OR RHYME
I WAS CHATTING TO THIS BIRD AT THE TIME
I HEARD A SORT OF VOICE WITHIN ME CALL

Ruth Conti, Dorothy Mather & Thelma Richard become a CHORUS.

CHORUS

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

YOUNG NEWLEY

I WANNA BE RICH

EXT. NEWLEY'S HOLLYWOOD HOME 1970S - DAY - FLASHBACK

Newley lounging on a oversized inflatable in his pool,
peacocks on the grass.

YOUNG NEWLEY (O.S.)

AND HAVE A BIG HOUSE
WITH HUNDREDS OF ACRES
AND PHEASANTS AND GROUSE
AN AMERICAN CAR AS LONG AS THE STREET

EXT. UK CONCERT HALL, 1950S - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Pop-Star, Newley onstage, worshipped Beatles-style, by FEMALE
AUDIENCE.

YOUNG NEWLEY (O.S.)

AND THE LOCAL BIRDS,
WILL BE LOST FOR WORDS,
IT'LL KNOCK THEM OFF THEIR FEET.

EXT. THE IVY RESTAURANT, LONDON 1960S - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Newley and wife, the ever-glamorous, JOAN COLLINS (early 30s)
posing for the PAPARAZZI, outside restaurant.

YOUNG NEWLEY (O.S.)

I WANT TO BE FAMOUS
AND BE IN THE NEWS
GO OUT WITH A FILM STAR
WHenever I CHOOSE
GIVE ME HALF A CHANCE
TO LEAD A DANCE
WITH SOME RICH BITCH

INT. ITALIA CONTI REHEARSAL ROOM - FLASHBACK 1946

YOUNG NEWLEY

AND I'LL BE DIRTY, ROTTEN, FILTHY, STINKING RICH.

CHORUS

GIVE HIM HALF A CHANCE
TO LEAD A DANCE
WITH SOME RICH BITCH
AND HE'LL BE DIRTY, ROTTEN, FILTHY, STINKING RICH.

YOUNG NEWLEY

I WANNA BE RICH
AND MIX WITH THE NOBS

EXT. SANTA ANITA RACE TRACK 1970S - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

Newley's horse wins, celebrates, popping champagne cork.

YOUNG NEWLEY (O.S.)

AND SIT IN THE BEST SEATS
WITH ALL OF YOU SNOBS
I MAY GO TO ASCOT TO TAKE IN THE SCENE
IN ME GREY TOP HAT
AND ME SPATS AND THAT
I'D BE COMPANY FOR THE QUEEN

EXT. THE FRENCH RIVIERA COAST 1960S - DAY - FLASHBACK

Newley, Bricusse, their wives (Joan Collins and EVIE BRICUSSE mid 30s) lay back on a *Riva*, riding Mediterranean waves.

YOUNG NEWLEY (O.S.)

I WANT TO GO TRAVELING
TO CANNES AND CAPRI
THE FRENCH RIVIERA
IS MY CUP OF TEA

MONTAGE:

Featuring scenes from future episodes:

- VICE VERSA MOVIE - OLIVER TWIST MOVIE - IDLE ON PARADE
MOVIE - COCKLESHELL HEROES MOVIE- THE WEST END/STOP THE WORLD
- BROADWAY/THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT - DOCTOR DOLITTLE
MOVIE - THE WEST END/THE GOOD OLD BAD OLD DAYS
- WILLY WONKA AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY MOVIE - LAS VEGAS
CABARET - QUILP MOVIE - WEST END/SCROOGE

YOUNG NEWLEY (CONT'D)

GIVE ME HALF A CHANCE
IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE
TO MAKE MY PITCH

END MONTAGE:

INT. ITALIA CONTI REHEARSAL ROOM - FLASHBACK 1946

YOUNG NEWLEY

AND I'LL BE
DIRTY, ROTTEN, FILTHY, STINKING...
I CAN HEAR THE LOLLY CHINKING
LOTS OF BIRDS AND LOTS OF DRINKING

INT. LIMO

Newley to camera:

NEWLEY

I CAN GUESS WHAT YOU'RE ALL THINKING

INT. ITALIA CONTI REHEARSAL ROOM - FLASHBACK 1946

YOUNG NEWLEY & CHORUS

DIRTY, ROTTEN, FILTY, STINKING RICH!

Geoffrey Barkus can't believe what he's just witnessed. He
stands and points excitedly at Young Newley.

GEOFFREY BARKAS

You're hired!

EXT. CLEOPATRA'S BARGE, LAS VEGAS - AFTERNOON

Bricusse, totally pissed-off, checks his watch. Newley's limo
pulls-up. Chauffeur opens door for him. They both exchange
cynical, knowing looks.

Bricusse spots him, makes real show of checking his watch.

Newley stares at camera: His gaze says it all: 'Christ, here
we go again'.

FADE OUT.

END OF PART 1