

117 INT. NOTTINGHAM EMPORIUM - STAGE & AUDITORIUM. NIGHT. 117

The AUDIENCE jump to their feet as the curtain pulls back to reveal the GROUP, already set up on stage against a backdrop of blazing fire. They wear matching costumes, emblazed with red, yellow and silver flames creeping up their bodies.

The GROUP launch into their opening number, barely audible above the screaming KIDS who crush forwards against a barrier of STEWARDS.

118 INT. EMPORIUM - LEFT WINGS. NIGHT. 118

SEYMOUR and DEVLIN watch from the wings, standing next to TWO POLICEMEN who tap their boots in time to the rhythm.

119 INT. EMPORIUM - RIGHT WINGS. NIGHT. 119

The work of the ROAD TEAM is hampered by an assortment of GUESTS standing in the other wing. They include a number of uninvited GROUPIES, as well as CHARLIE's MUM and DAD - dressed in their Sunday Best and looking singularly out of place.

CHARLIE gives them a wave with his drum-stick, but his MUM's only response is to block her ears against the noise.

One of the Roadies, GERRY, struggles past them with a spare guitar for PAUL. Another, PHIL, dives in to try and stop an amp falling over onto which BARRY has jumped. A GIRL stands in his way.

PHIL

Stupid cow ... Go on, get out of it!

A third Roadie, HAMISH, rounds up the others -

HAMISH

Come on, all of you off.

120 INT. EMPORIUM - DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT. 120

The Dressing Room is much the same as the bleak one in the Granada, only this time it is cluttered with equipment cases and racks of spare costumes. A pile of uneaten food lies scattered on trestled table, while the floor is heaped with boxes of Kentucky fried chicken.