

BOYZONE'S FIRST LATE LATE (ABRIDGED)

NOTE: Participants are invited to speak the text in italics and perform actions in parentheses, while brushing their teeth.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

[Clap.]

Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho. Macho man have come to town. This is where we really get down to business. Now, last week my friends, when our fantastic and fabulous and wonderful fashion extravaganza was on the air, in the RDS, down in the Point, there were 92 million screaming tiny tots at the Take That concert. Screaming, roaring, shouting, sweating, and going mad, it was quite an extraordinary phenomenon and it was reported in all the papers, and they were quite, quite uncontrollable and uncontrolled, but it was a wonderful night and they had a terrific time. So, these lads have decided to cash in on that particular market, very specifically that market, and they are going to be, all four of them are going to be Ireland's answer to Take That.

[Laugh.]

We're going to be the new Irish pop group.

The new Irish pop group.

That's right.

At the teeny bopper market.

Teeny bopper market.

Yes I see and and there will be four of you eventually why are there so many of you here.

No, no, no, no, six.

Oh there will be six, oh, two, four, six, oh you're going for six.

We're too good to let anybody go, you know.

[Pause.]

You play an instrument?

Yeah, I play, I write songs, all of us, sing, dance.

What instruments do you play?

Well I'm a drummer.

What are you?

A pianist. [Laugh.] On the piano.

What do you play?

Guitar.

Piano.

Piano.

Piano.

*So we're going to have four pianos in this room are we? It's going to make
for a kind of crowded stage, you know.*

*Like, some will play the guitar, some will play the piano, some will dance,
y'know, we do a lot of things.*

And who sings?

We all do.

We all do, we all sing, we all write songs.

[Pause]

Sing for me.

Nah, we've got to save it til...

You have to wait for it.

[Pause.]

We'll guarantee a hit.

You'll guarantee a hit. And who writes the songs?

We all do.

We give it a go.

Put our heads together and give it a shot, y'know.

Give it a shot, yeah. [Short pause.] I was told you don't play any instruments at all. None of you.

There are lots of liars.

[Laugh.]

I was also told that you don't sing at all, none of you.

Ah, now, Jesus.

And knowing that you don't play, you don't sing, and you can't write music I thought you'd go very far, but now you've wrecked the whole thing you see.

[Laugh.]

[Pause.]

[Applaud.]

FINISH