

LIVING WITH MOTHER

STAR TURN

By

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SCENE 1

ATMOS: INT - MARLON'S BEDROOM - EVENING

MARLON: *(singing badly but with massive confidence)*

“Billy jean, he’s not my son. Don’t you know I’m
not the one. The boy is not my son”.....By hell that sounds
good. Great acoustics in here. That’s what they’re called,
acoustics. It all about sound bouncing off walls and that.

“Owwww! A smooth criminal”.....Mam! What’s for tea?
Mam!...Oh I swear that woman is going deaf. I know what
she’ll be doing. She’ll be down in the conservatory with the
windows wide open, staring out at them stupid birds fluttering

all over the sodding bird table. She even has names for them. Sparky the Sparrow! Can you believe that? Can you? Naming a stupid bird. It sits there on the window sill and she talks to it. Sparky the sodding Sparrow. Good God. I'd put her in a home if it wasn't for the fact she can still cook. No I'm joking. Just being daft. It's me Mam and I bloody well love her to bits.....Do you know I think I might change me name to Michael. We have the same birthday. King Of Pop August 29th 1958 and then the earth turns and ten years later I arrive. Oh but poor Michael hey.... Murdered by Jedwood or some jealous sod that's what I reckon. No course not. I'm joking. It was his doctor wasn't it....Hell, killed by your own doctor. Think of it. Least I know I'm safe with old Dr Patel. He can hardly muster the energy to write me out a sodding prescription. Lazy shite. Whoops sorry. Language. (*singing*) "I'm a lover not a fighter. The girl is mine. Ooh oh the darn gone girl is mine".....I might dye my hair black again. Dunno....Mam! What's for tea? Oh, it's no good I'll have to go downstairs at this rate. Have a big announcement anyways. Mam will be impressed. Right let's do that Moon walk again! Owwwww! "Thriller! Thriller Nights....."

F/X

HE FALLS OVER

Sodding carpet!

SCENE 2

ATMOS

INT – KITCHEN – EVENING

F/X

KNIVES AND FORKS ON PLATES ETC

MARLON: It's a good pie Mam.

HELEN: Thank you love.

MARLON: How's Sparky doing?

HELEN: Oh lovely. He made a friend today. A little Wren.

Beautiful little bird she is

MARLON: She? How do you know it's a she? Did it have lipstick on? Hey? No, I'm joking.

HELEN: Lipstick?

MARLON: Never mind Mam. Just being daft. Hey you know chickens are birds don't you?

HELEN: Yes.....I do yes.

MARLON: Well that's what's in the pie. Are you not bothered?

HELEN: Chicken's don't sing though do they.

MARLON: Fair point Mam, fair point. What was that song, funky chicken? Remember? "Do, do, do the funky chicken". The Goodies!

HELEN: No, that was the Funky Gibbon.

MARLON: Was it?

HELEN: Yes.

MARLON: Oh. Anyway forget the sodding chicken. Here sits before you your very own songbird Mam.

HELEN: Pardon?

MARLON: Your very own little song, thrush, bird or whatever they're called. I've only gone and entered it. Britain's got sodding Talent!

HELEN: On the television?

MARLON: Yes on the television. Where the hell do you think? Down the Post Office? On the television in front of billions of music fans.

HELEN: Oh yes. I know it

MARLON: Course you know it. We've watched it together loads. And laughed at those bloody morons who think they're special. Remember?

HELEN: I do yes.

MARLON: And you know how I said I would enter and show 'em how to do it? Well I have. I'm in. I'm doing it.

HELEN: Oh yes...well I..... Do you think that's a good idea?

MARLON: I knew you'd try and put the mockers on it Mam. Knew you would. Just like when I wanted to buy a car.

HELEN: Well you can't drive son

MARLON: There you go.....I would have learnt wouldn't I?

HELEN: I suppose so....

MARLON: Yes well whatever, I don't care because I'm entering and I'm going to win. I was born to sing Mam and, and further more Mother, you are going to accompany me on the Bontempi.

HELEN: Oh no I.....

MARLON: Oh yes. I'm not going up there to be humiliated with some rubbish backing track. I want you live and direct. Here's the music. I printed it out off the internet. I want you to learn it while I'm at work tomorrow...

HELEN: On no I don't think so....On television? Oh no....and I haven't played since your dad's funeral....

MARLON: Oh come on Mam. It'll be fun..... Please?

HELEN: Well I don't really.....

MARLON: I think it's what Dad would have wanted.

HELEN: Well....alright son...if you're sure.

MARLON: Brilliant. We're doing it this Saturday by the way.

HELEN: Saturday?

MARLON: Yes. You'll be fine. Right I'm off to sew some sequins on me trousers. "It's close to Midnight and something evil's lurking in the dark." I'd do the Moon Walk for you but it's no good on carpets.

HELEN: Right you are love.

SCENE 3

ATMOS INT – CONSERVATORY - DAY

F/X BONTEMPI ORGAN PLAYING, 'BILLY JEAN'.

HELEN: Oh it's quite a nice tune really isn't it. More of a Mantovani type myself but I can see Michael Jackson had something. Funny little chap though wasn't he. Bit like a child. He lived in Disney Land or something didn't he? All by himself with a little Monkey. Bless.

F/X SPARKY SINGS. MUSIC STOPS

Oh look it's Sparky. Hello Sparky! Like my Bontempi do you?

F/X SPARKY SINGS IN RESPONSE

Oh you're too kind Sparky. I was rather good in my day you know. Playing down the club. Oh we had a proper good time we did. Me and my Johnny. Before all that Karaoke nonsense. I'd play and Johnny would sing. Beautiful voice. Oh my what a voice. I played his favourite song at his funeral. Danny Boy. There wasn't a dry eye in the house. I'll tell you something. If they'd had that X factor and the Britain's Got Talents in my Johnny's day then he would have won them all hands down. Voice of an angel... Yes voice of an angel, and the heart of a frail child. It did for him in the end. Reaching for that high note after my solo with one too many Port and Lemons inside him. Collapsed across my little organ never to rise again. ...But that was then. And now my son wants to be a singer. Oh dear..... The singer who cannot sing. I can't tell him that though can I? I can't shoot him down in flames before he's even taken off. And he wouldn't believe me anyway. My son has to be the most stubborn man in Britain. He is still utterly convinced he's going to win the lottery. He gets so angry when his numbers don't come up. Every week the same tirade of injustice....But I suppose you can't blame him and what else do people like us have but hope? Blind hope that one day we'll win the lottery, or win a silly competition and everyone will love us and all our dreams will come true. Because there's no chance of anything else but working for monkey nuts in the call centre where the

pit once stood or delivering Pizza. Part of me is grateful that his Dad isn't alive to see what we've all become: A nation of selfish hopeless, dreamers..... So all I can do is support him as best I can. And smile on through.

F/X

SPARKY SINGS

Oh yes I got a bit maudlin there didn't I Sparky. Sorry about that. I blame it on getting older. Well old, not older. I am old aren't I. How did that happen? One minute me and Johnny are singing together with our feet dangling in the river and the next I'm an old lady with a 43 year old son who's daft as a brush? Time seems to speed up the older you get doesn't it. I tell you what. That Stephen Hawking should look into it. Forget black holes. If you can solve where the hell the years go then you are a proper genius. Right back to the Bontempi. Come on Sparky, join in.

F/X

BONTEMPI PLAYS AND SPARKY SINGS

SCENE 4

ATMOS

EXT – CYCLING ALONG A QUIET ROAD - DAY

F/X

CYCLING

MARLON: I must be the only muggings who delivers Pizza on a sodding push bike! Still nearly home thank God.... after another shite day..... I deliver five Pepperonis, two Quattro formaggios, a family bottle of pop and garlic bread all the way up Issacs Hill and the tight gets give me a ten pence tip! Ten sodding pence! Still, it's a job isn't it. Keep me going 'til the big time hits. Tomorrow is Saturday and that means the first rung on the ladder of stardom. I'll be singing for you Michael, wherever you are. Maybe having a pint with Elvis and Lady Di eh. No, I'm just joking. Probably no booze in heaven any way.

F/X

GETS OFF THE BIKE AND WHEELS IT DOWN THE PATH AND

OPENS THE FRONT DOOR.

Here we are. Home for tea and some fine tuning. Make sure Mam's learnt the right song. Home Mam! I'm home!

F/X

LEANS BIKE AGAINST WALL. WALKS THROUGH AND OPENS

DOOR

HELEN:

Hello son. Good day?

MARLON: Usual Hell. Here I bought us some coleslaw back. Jon ran it over with his moped.

HELEN: Right.

MARLON: What's for tea?

HELEN: Well as it's your big day tomorrow I made your favourite.

MARLON: Toad in the hole?

HELEN: That's right.

MARLON: Get in! Hey, how you getting on with the tune? All okay?

HELEN: Oh yes Sparky helped me and I've got it down pat. Not too hard actually. And I've added the odd flourish to spice things up a bit. You know, up and down the keyboard.

MARLON: Nice one Mam. I'll smash it.

HELEN: Do you want to have a little practice with me son?

MARLON: Practise?

HELEN: Yes sing along with the music. Bit of a practise.

MARLON: What for?

HELEN: Well just so you're on form sort of thing.

MARLON: I know the words Mam. I'm not an idiot like some of them. Been singing along with Michael for years. I've prepared.

HELEN: Well a little rehearsal might be wise. Just so you're in tune and everything.....

MARLON: Course I'll be in sodding tune. What you talking about?

HELEN: Okay whatever you want to do.

MARLON: Hey look what I bought off the market?

F/X **RUSTLING IN A BAG**

HELEN: A pair of woolly gloves. Lovely Keep your hands warm on your bike.

MARLON: No. It's for the show. Well, one of them is. One white glove like Michael wore.

HELEN: Did he ride a bike too?

MARLON: Hey? No it's like stage wear isn't it. And check this out.....

F/X **RUSTLING IN A BAG**

HELEN: A bowler hat?

MARLON: Yeah well they didn't have any trilbies. It'll be fine. Right give us shout when tea's ready Mam, I'm off upstairs to dye me hair. Can I borrow the rubber gloves?

HELEN: Course. Under the sink.

F/X

FOOTSTEPS AWAY AND DOOR CLOSES

HELEN: Oh, I think this is going to be rather humiliating. Thank God his father isn't around to witness it. He would have talked him out of it though. Made him see sense.

F/X

DOOR OPEN AND FOOTSTEPS BACK

MARLON: Oh man it's gonna be brilliant. Tomorrow is the first day of me new life! Dad would have been proud..... hey Mam, hey?

HELEN: Sure he would have loved to have been here.

F/X

SPARKY SINGING

SCENE 5

ATMOS:

INT – CONSERVATORY – DAY

F/X

FRONT DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

MARLON: I do not sodding well believe it. I do not sodding well believe it.

HELEN:

Neither do I son.

MARLON:

I'm through to the next round! Then the semi finals and then I take my rightful place in the world. Only one buzzer hey. Bugger that Simon Cowell. What does he know?

It's my time Mam, My time. I'm gonna buy us a new house, a car and get myself a little monkey.

HELEN: I don't know what to say. I really don't.

MARLON: And they liked you on the Bontempi Mam.

HELEN: It was all a bit strange wasn't it. All those people watching us and then the cheering and the.... er.... the laughing.

MARLON: You what?

HELEN: The.... er laughing.

MARLON: What are you talking about the laughing?..... The laughing?

HELEN: This isn't easy to say son. I'm sorry to have to do it. I wanted to at the time but.....

MARLON: They were not....what do you mean? Laughing?

HELEN: I don't know how else to say it. They were..... laughing..... at you love. You probably couldn't tell but when you said you delivered pizzas and you put your bag down and put your bowler hat on they were laughing behind their hands.

MARLON: Laughing?

HELEN: I think you were so into your singing and moon walking that you didn't realise what was happening.

MARLON: What?.....no.....

HELEN: Think about it son. I'm so sorry.

MARLON: No Mam I'm sorry! Sorry for you and your jealousy! You never wanted me to be good at anything. You and Dad always off singing down the club like a couple of lovebirds and me left at home with Starsky and Hutch and a sodding Vesta curry.

HELEN: I thought you liked Starsky and Hutch.

MARLON: That's not the point.

HELEN: And you used to love them curries.

MARLON: That's not the point. Not the point!..... They liked me. I can sing! I can!

F/X **RUNS OFF. DOOR SLAMS**

F/X **SPARKY SINGS**

HELEN: Not now Sparky.

SCENE 6

ATMOS: INT - MARLON'S BEDROOM – EVENING

F/X NEEDLE DOWN ON VINYL. 'ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE' PLAYS

MARLON: Bought this on the day it was released. Oh Michael what have I done? It was so noisy with all the people and the lights so bright in my face. And the Bontempi was really loud through the microphone. And, and my voice was coming back at me and sounded all strange like it wasn't me anymore.....

Mam's right. They *were* laughing at me. I'm the one they laugh at aren't I? The idiot who thinks he's Michael Jackson. I'm the moron they put through to humiliate. The deluded fool who thinks he's got a chance. And that's why they put me through. I'm this year Wagner or, or that nutty Chinese woman. At least she had the dignity to pull out.....I'll be the sad bloke who lives with his mother, delivers Pizza on his push bike and thinks he's Michael sodding Jackson.....Right!

F/X GET'S UP. NEEDLE OFF RECORD QUICKLY

I'm going to fix this.

F/X DIALS NUMBER ON OLD STYLE PHONE

I must buy a new phone.....Hello....Yes this is Marlon Winstanly speaking.....Marlon.....yes the bloke who

did Michael Jackson with a bowler hat.....yes with his
Mam on the Bontempi.....Yes well I would like to speak to
Mr Simon Cowell please.....Oh alright then put
me through to his assistantokay well his assistant's
assistant.....Yes I'll hold.

F/X

HOLD MUSIC IS 'EARTH SONG'

Oh yes very amusing thank you.....Hello? Yes I would like to
formally resign from.....Marlon Winstanl.....the
one who did Michael Jackson....Yes with the hat....Yes I know
I am through to the next round.....And I know why too and I
would like you to tell his nibs that he can stick his sodding
competition right where David Walliams has got his
nose.....Thank you.....Yes and good luck to you an all.

F/X

PHONE BACK ON CRADLE

I feel a bit shaky after that. Strangely elated. Yes that's the
word, elated. I have seen the light as they say. My path leads
in a different direction. I might be a sad lonely middle aged
man who lives with his mother but at least I won't be
humiliated in front of millions of bastards. I'll think of
something else I am good at. Better at, the best at. My star
shall rise in another sky, another Universe! And tonight I'm

gonna do the Euro Millions an all!.....Right,
best go and pump me tyres up for tomorrow.

SCENE 7

ATMOS: INT – CONSERVATORY - DAY

F/X SPARKY SINGING

HELEN Part of me wishes I'd never said anything. But it's like Dr Patel says about the piles. You have to nip these things in the bud before they get out of hand. And that's what I've done and he's right as rain now he's told them he's not doing it anymore. I'm proud of him I am. Proud. Hate to think of him being laughed at like that.

F/X PHONE RINGS AND IT'S PICKED UP

Hello?....Yes speaking.....Oh hello.....Yes I do remember you.....He's fine now thank you yes.....Well it's very kind of you to say so but I'm just a keen amateur really. Used to play with my husband.....What?.....Me? And my Bontempi? Oh my word.....Just me playing Mantovani perhaps.....Oh yes I can do different tunes. Anything you like.....Yes I don't mind what I wear.

Dress me up as you like.....Yes, yes no, no thank
you, Thank you!

F/X

PHONE DOWN

Oh Sparky, I'm going to be a star!

F/X

SPARKY SINGS FOR JOY!

CREDITS