

UNDERCOVER STAR

by

Robin Kingsland

www.schooltours.at

@Allofyououtthere

Vienna's English Theatre is back again with the hottest news from the world of the beautiful, rich and famous! The latest in fashion, lifestyle, music and eccentricities! Ever fancied meeting your favourite celebs on the red carpet? Here's your chance! You don't want to miss this ...

Imagine going home one day from school, taking selfies and putting them on *Instagram*, *What's App*-ing like mad – and suddenly you find yourself in a limo(usine), on the way to a fancy hair stylist. Then a few knock-out outfits from a top designer, a bit of voice training (for the interviews), a few catwalk moves and sexy poses (for the paparazzi)... and there you are, impersonating a *Grammy*-nominated pop star in front of thousands of fans! And the media and press are after you ☺ ... as well as a stalker ☹... or a ...??

That's cool, you say, but also a bit *un-real*? Too true! Or rather, too *not* true. All the glitter and glamour might just turn out to be a bit (too) much. And, as Hannah finds out in the course of the play, a lot of it is based on half-truths and lies. There is *you*, and a '*public*', *media-created*, *superficial*, *look-alike image* of you, an avatar, a persona ... and there may come a time when you are no longer sure just who or what you are ...!

Social media, TV and the tabloids thrive on celebrities and socialites, it's become almost an industry in itself ... ! At any rate, enjoy the play and make up your own mind if this is the lifestyle you wish for!

Soooo, ladies and gentlemen, the show is about start, the cameras are rolling ... all mics in place ... and now put your hands together for our national treasure, suuuuuuuuperstar Ivy Rose ... eehhhmmm ... Hannah ... no, Breen ... eehhmm ...well, them!

Have fun and stay tuned!

Helena Hirsch

Note to teachers and students:

When **pre-reading the text** please bear in mind that students don't have to translate/look up every new word/phrase in order to understand. To encourage them to guess, translations/footnotes have been kept to a minimum, with a focus on idiomatic expressions and 'Language in Use'.

This play gives us a glimpse into the world of celebrities and socialites, with their 'life on the fast lane'-culture and lifestyle. This is very much reflected in the **language** (stage directions) – which frequently goes beyond Level B1!

There is deliberately no vocabulary help for the stage directions (which would, in fact, only be necessary if you are pre-reading the text). However, **topic vocabulary** activities will be offered in the worksheet (see below).

During the **performance**, through voice, action, movement and mime, there is no need to translate – students **see, hear, feel** – and understand.

There are some straightforward '**quick comprehension**' questions at the end of the text. More **exploitation strategies** and **activities** can be found in the extensive **worksheet** (available for **download from www.schooltours.at** as from September 2015).

Worksheet available online
www.schooltours.at



www.facebook.com/SchooltoursGroupOrange

Characters in the play:

ACTOR 1 – Hannah / Ivy Rose

ACTOR 2 – Darrell / Davey / Giovanni

ACTOR 3 – Carole / Beth / Designer / Jemma

ACTOR 4 – Ben Chavvi / Sam / Daniel / Breen

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Scene 1

Thundering applause, building handclap and chants of “we want more” – the cast come on, wave as to a stadium crowd and take up instruments as a band. To deafening roars IVY ROSE comes on, and runs to a front stage mic.

IVY: Thank you - Thank you all! Just for you, I'm going to play that song one more time! *(To band)* Two three four ...

The band launch into Ivy Rose's single “Never Would Lie 2 U”. At the end:

IVY: Goodnight, Manchester! We love you!!

She and the band run off waving. The applause continues, then fades.

Showbiz presenter BEN CHAVVI steps forward with an “Entertainment Channel” mic.

BEN CHAVVI: Ivy Rose there with her Grammy-nominated single “Never Would Lie 2 U”. And thanks to a leaked schedule from her record company – slapped wrist there, guys! – we know that Ivy Rose will be at a host of red carpet-events¹ next week. I'll bring you more on that later this week. I'm Ben Chavvi. This is Entertainment. Goodnight. *(Exits.)*

HANNAH enters.

HANNAH: Hi. I'm the famous Hannah Grainger. *(Beat)* I'm joking. You'll never have heard of me. But ... for one week, last summer, I really was an international pop star! See, it all started ... *(she gets out her phone, and holds it up to take a selfie)* with a selfie. All right – a few selfies ... Okay, I'd just got a new phone so I was selfie-ing like mad! So there I was, working hard at my Saturday job in an Oxford Street clothes store ... *(She grabs a dress from the rail, holds it against herself and ... prepares to take a selfie!)* And this ... is the dress I would wear on my island holiday ... if I could afford one!

As she takes the selfie, DARRELL and CAROLE sidle up to her with clipboards.

CAROLE: Hello ... *(HANNAH hastily loses the phone)* You look like someone who is interested in fashion. *(HANNAH tries to speak but CAROLE cuts her off)* You've been randomly selected² to test some new fashion lines we're planning for next season.

HANNAH: Wow!! A sneak peek³ at next season's clothes? Count me in!

DARRELL: This way, Hannah ...

HANNAH: They walked me through the shop – out of a back door, and into another building.

CAROLE: Would you like to sit down? *(DARRELL brings a chair.)*

HANNAH: Thanks. Hey! You called me Hannah! I thought you said I was picked at random!

DARRELL: Ah, well, I ... you see ...

CAROLE *(bluntly, to HANNAH)*: We lied. We know all about you ...

DARRELL *(reading from clipboard)*: Hannah Grainger. Nineteen. One brother, Sam. You're in your second year studying fashion, you sing in the shower, you are allergic to shellfish ... you're a secret ABBA fan, ...

HANNAH: Woah!! Nobody's supposed to know that!!

DARRELL: Now just relax – I'm just going to take a few more measurements ...

CAROLE takes photos on a tablet, while DARRELL measures HANNAH's head.

CAROLE: Check her nose again.

HANNAH: No one comes near my nose till you tell me what's going on ...

DARRELL: She scores 90% correlation of physiognomic indices¹.

HANNAH: Physio- what, now? What is going on?

CAROLE: Hannah, have you heard of ... Ivy Rose?

HANNAH: Ivy Rose? Duuur ... Former child soap opera star, turned Grammy-nominated pop star for her single “Never Would Lie 2 U”. Who hasn't heard of Ivy Rose?!

DARRELL: Did you know that you and she share 90% of your facial characteristics?

HANNAH: That sounds like a lot. Is that a lot? Wait, how do you know that?

DARRELL: Your selfies.

CAROLE: We used FBI facial recognition software² to seek out the nearest facial resemblance to Ivy Rose.

DARRELL: And thanks to your copious³ selfies – you're it! Congratulations!

HANNAH: So, my face is the same shape as Ivy Rose's. So what?

DARRELL: How would you like to earn a great deal of money, for a single week's work?

CAROLE: You see, Ivy Rose needs a ... short break ...

HANNAH: Really!?! Ooooh! I know what that means! What is it? Rehab? Community Service? You can tell me.

CAROLE *(as DARRELL opens his mouth)*: No, he can't. Now, we need to keep Miss Rose's absence out of the press. But she has a few scheduled red carpet-events coming up. That's where you would come in.

DARRELL: We want you to *be* Ivy Rose. Just for a week.

CAROLE: For one week, all you have to do is wear some very nice outfits and smile

¹ eine Fülle/Menge an VIP-Aufläufen (auf dem roten Teppich)

² durch das Zufallsprinzip ausgesucht

³ eine Vorschau auf die Modelle der nächsten Saison ...

¹ eine 90%ige Übereinstimmung der Gesichtszüge aufweisen

² eine Software zur Gesichtserkennung, die das FBI benutzt

³ massenhaft, zahlreich

for some cameras. Otherwise you'll lounge in five-star luxury. What do you say?
 HANNAH: Phew – it sounds really tough, but ... I'm kidding! Where do I sign?
 DARRELL: Here – (*produces a contract*) this just agrees that you will not disclose details¹ of what you're doing to anyone – not even family. And if you do, we're allowed to kill you.
 HANNAH (*jumping away from the contract*): What??!
 DARRELL: Joking! I'm joking ...
 CAROLE: Now, go back home and pack a few essentials. A limo will pick you up at 6 p.m. It's all right. We know where you live.
 HANNAH: Okay. That's creepy. But I'll be there. At 6.00. With my toothbrush.
 HANNAH *exits*.
 DARRELL: I think she'll be great! (*Beat*) Do you think she'll be great? Okay at least? Do you think she'll be okay?
 CAROLE: She'll be fine, Darrell. Stop worrying.
 DARRELL: That's easy for you to say. You haven't got Ivy Rose after your blood². She still blames me for this whole mess.
 CAROLE: Well, it was kind of your fault.
 DARRELL: When I picked up the laptop I accidentally pressed a button. It could have happened to anybody.
 CAROLE: But it didn't, did it, Darrell. It happened to *you* ... (*DARRELL groans*)
 DARRELL: Hannah seems like a nice girl. Don't you think?
 CAROLE: She's nice enough.
 DARRELL: Don't you feel bad that we had to lie to her? I do. I think she deserves to be told the truth.
 CAROLE: Ivy Rose doesn't pay us to think, Darrell. She pays us to do our job. And we've done our job. We've found her a replacement.
 DARRELL: Yes. Yes, we have! Good for us! Yes. Maybe this will get me out of her bad books³!
 IVY ROSE *enters* – *spoilt, demanding pop star*.
 IVY: No, it won't! I still hold you responsible for this whole mess!
 DARRELL: Miss Rose, I swear it wasn't me. An accident like that ...
 IVY: You might call my engagements diary being leaked on social media an accident. I call it a catastrophe. Especially with a "you-know-what" on the loose⁴! But we're going to make it right, aren't we? Because we don't want to lose our job, do we?
 DARRELL: Yes, Miss Rose. I mean, no Miss Rose ... I mean no to the first bit, yes to the second bit. No, wait ...
 IVY: Oh, be quiet! (*Turning to CAROLE*) This stand-in⁵ you've found. Will she do?

¹ du stimmst vertraglich zu, dass du strengstes Stillschweigen bewahrst

² an den Kragen wollen (Blut sehen)

³ vielleicht ist sie mir dann wieder besser gesinnt

⁴ ein frei herumlaufender „du weißt schon was“

⁵ Vertretung, Double

DARRELL: We think so, Miss Rose. She's a lovely girl –
 IVY: I don't care if she's Attila the Hun, as long as she looks enough like me to fool those idiots in the press pack¹.
 CAROLE: I think she will, Miss Rose.
 IVY: Good. And nobody mentioned the other thing ... You know. The thing we're not going to tell her.
 CAROLE: No, Miss Rose. Nobody mentioned that.
 IVY: Good. Make sure it stays that way. Well, don't just stand there. Get on with whatever it is I pay you to do. And if you absolutely need to contact me – don't!
Exits.
 DARRELL (*after she's left*): Okay ... I think that went ...
 IVY (*bursting back in*): Oh, and order some of that mineral water I like – the one in the blue bottle ... and get M&Ms, but make sure they take out all the green ones. (*Exits*.)
 CAROLE: Well, you heard the lady, Darrell. Chop, chop². (*Exits*)
 DARRELL: Right. (*He's scribbling notes in a little notebook*) Wait – was it green bottled water and no blue M&Ms or blue bottled water and no green M&Ms? Ohhhhhhh! (*He follows CAROLE*).

Scene 2

*SAM enters, his eyes on a sheet of paper. He is working on his freshly penned rap*³.

SAM (rapping):

You meat eaters better get with the new world order,
 Should only have pulses and beans in your larder⁴,
 If you still eat fish, gonna hafta try harder, cos ... cos ...

BETH, a girl in SAM's band enters. She dotes on SAM.

BETH: Oh Sam! That's so amazing. It just speaks to me ...

DAVEY, another band member enters.

HANNAH: Hi Beth, hi Davey. (*To AUDIENCE*). That's my brother Sam and his "bandmates".

BETH: Hi, Hann. (*To SAM*) It's got a real message. You know ... that meat is like ... murder.

SAM: That's it! (*Raps:*)

If you just eat fish, you still gotta try harder

Cos, I'm telling you, man – meat is ... marder?! Morder?... Mo-arder?...

DAVEY: That's so de-e-e-ep, Sam.

¹ Pressedossier, -mappe. (Hier auch: Meute von der Presse)

² Zack-zack, hopp-hopp

³ soeben niedergeschrieben

⁴ nur Hülsenfrüchte und Bohnen im Vorratsschrank haben

SAM: I just need a few more bars, then we can lay down a proper beat¹ and record it.
They huddle and start sharing ideas.

HANNAH (to AUDIENCE): Believe it or not, Sam's really talented. He used to write these beautiful songs, but then he decided that rap is "where it's at"² ...

SAM (rapping):

You could make a great meal out of asparagus ...

That would be easier on your oesophagus³ ...

Or you could ... could ... what rhymes with oesophagus?

HANNAH: Get off a bus ...

DAVEY and BETH tut. SAM looks disdainful.

HANNAH: "Get off a bus" is a rhyme ...

DAVEY: It wouldn't go with the vegetarian message of the song.

HANNAH: It could. (Playing "mock ghetto") "Get a falafel, not a kebab, next time you get off a bus".

The others look balefully at her ... then laugh.

HANNAH: What's wrong with that? (To AUDIENCE) I keep telling Sam he should send some of his old songs to record companies. (To SAM) I like your old stuff.

SAM: No offence, Hann, but can you go? Please? We're trying to work ...

HANNAH: All right. Fine. I should be packing, anyway. I'm ... going away for a week.

SAM: Yeah? Okay ...

HANNAH: "Yeah, Okay"?? "Really, Sis, where are you going?" – "Sorry, can't tell you" – "Oooh, sounds intriguing. Well, have a good time!" – Don't get me wrong, I love Sam, but he can be sooo annoying ... (As she checks a mirror) You guys know Ivy Rose, right?

DAVEY: The singer? Oh, yeah. She's hot ...

SAM: Ivy Rose is one of a long line of talentless pop princesses churning out chart fodder⁴. I bet she can't even sing. She's only famous because she's ...

DAVEY: ... Really hot ...

HANNAH: Would you say that I look a tiny bit like her?

They look at her blankly, then all burst out laughing. Hannah fumes.

HANNAH: What's so funny?

SAM: You? Look like Ivy Rose? Like Davey says, she's ...

DAVEY: Hot.

SAM: And you're ... well ... Hannah.

HANNAH: Oh, really. That's all you know. Because (car horn beeps) ... Oh!

That's my ride. Well ... I'm off ... Like you care ... 'bye ...

HANNAH exits.

¹ einen passenden Rhythmus festlegen

² wo sich etwas tut, wo die Szene ist („wo die Musik spielt“)

³ Speiseröhre

⁴ nur eine von vielen untalentierten Pop-Prinzessinnen, die Charthits am laufenden Band produzieren

SAM: So, come on, guys? I still need a rhyme for oesophagus ...

DAVEY: "Pulses are good, though they can cause a lotta gas¹"?

BETH: Keep thinking, Davey. Keep thinking, mate.

Scene 3

HANNAH: Three hours after I got into the limo, I was standing in
The - Fanciest - Mansion - Ev - er.

CAROLE comes in with DARRELL and DANIEL, the hairdresser.

CAROLE: Stop gawping². Hannah, this is Daniel, Miss Rose's stylist – Daniel, this is ...

DANIEL (handling HANNAH's hair as if it's something the cat did): ... Going to need a miracle.

HANNAH: Hey!!!

DANIEL (dragging HANNAH off): Like I say, babes – if Daniel can't do it – it can't be "dan"!

DANIEL puts a salon cape around her, takes scissors and comb and pulls her behind a screen. To a beat, a cacophony of clippers, shower-head scooshing and hairdryer blowing. DANIEL "fixes" her hair while keeping up a commentary:

DANIEL: Oh babes!! Maybe we can backcomb³ this ... layer that. What is this in your hair - chewing gum? ... Oh my days! We'll snip that out there ... (finally...) and ... voilà!!

HANNAH steps out, looking like IVY ROSE.

CAROLE: It's uncanny⁴ ... It's remarkable. It's like Ivy Rose is in the room.

DARRELL: Except that no-one's being yelled at!

CAROLE: Thank you, Daniel. You are a genius!

DANIEL: I know I am, babes. Toodles!⁵ (DANIEL exits.)

CAROLE: So far so good. But looking right isn't enough. You have to move like her too. Show her, Darrell.

DARRELL: Me??!

CAROLE: I can't. But you did an impression of her at that party. (To HANNAH) He just nailed it.

DARRELL: Oh ... all right. (To HANNAH) Ivy Rose does this walk, when she's on the red carpet. It sort of goes ... (He does it. HANNAH bursts out laughing.)

HANNAH: I can't do that.

DARRELL: It's easier in heels.

HANNAH: Listen, I study fashion. Nothing is easier in heels.

¹ Hülsenfrüchte sind gesund, obwohl sie Blähungen verursachen

² Hör auf zu glotzen!

³ toupieren

⁴ verblüffend, fast schon beängstigend

⁵ kurze anglierte Version von *à tout à l'heure*, d.h. Tschüss, Bye

CAROLE has brought some heels. She holds them out to HANNAH. Reluctantly, HANNAH puts them on. She tries to walk ... stumbling at first, doing the raptor walk.

CAROLE: It's just like that film ...

DARRELL: "The Devil Wears Prada"?

CAROLE: No – "Jurassic Park". You're supposed to be a pop star – not a T-Rex ...

HANNAH: This isn't helping...

She's continuing to walk with building confidence.

CAROLE: Now, as soon as you step out of the limo, they'll start shouting. Darrell?

DARRELL: Me again? I love role play. Er ...

He centres himself, shakes out, does a few "me-me-me"s.

DARRELL: Ahem – "Look – it's Ivy Rose!"

HANNAH (*looking round*): Where?

CAROLE: Eh ... errrrr! (*Fail buzzer sound*). You are Ivy Rose, remember? If you turn around and look for her, we're finished. Try again – "Look – it's Ivy Rose!"

HANNAH: That's me. A hundred percent Ivy Rose. Definitely *not* an imposter!¹

CAROLE: We'll have to work on that. Darrell, keep going ...

DARRELL: Oh, right ... "This way, Miss Rose".

HANNAH: That way? Okay ... (*Starting to walk over.*)

DARRELL: No! "This way" doesn't mean walk this way. It means turn this way - so that they can get better pictures! If they yell that, you turn (*he demonstrates, HANNAH follows*), drrrop the hip, put one leg forward, roll the opposite shoulder back, and ...

HANNAH (*losing her balance*): Fall over?

CAROLE: You smile!

HANNAH: I knew that! (*Grins widely and ridiculously*)

CAROLE: Now, best rule when it comes to speaking is – don't.

DARRELL: But if the press *do* get close enough to ask a question ...

CAROLE: They won't ...

DARRELL: But if they do ...

CAROLE: We can't let them!!

DARRELL: Actually, we've been practicing: "What do you think of your fans, Miss Rose?"

HANNAH: They're "just am-iiiiii-zin?"

DARRELL: Good, good. And how do you feel about them?

HANNAH: I ... wait ... love them?

DARRELL: No. Remember, we worked on this ... you ... you ...

HANNAH: Oh yeah! (*Puts on IVY voice*) "I laaaaavemmm all ta pie-ces?"

DARRELL: From the top again. (*Clapping a rhythm*) "The fains are just amiiiiizin - I lavem all ta pie-ces."

HANNAH: The fains are just amaizin - I lavem all ta pie-ces. (*Repeats, to*

herself.)

DARRELL: Oh ... oh no ...!

CAROLE: What now?

DARRELL: What if someone asks her about something she doesn't know about.

HANNAH: That's all right. I'll just say ... erm ... (*She strikes a coquettish pose.*)

"Well, that would be telling, wouldn't it?"

DARRELL: No, no, NO! That's absolutely ...

CAROLE: Brilliant! "Well, that would be telling!" I like it. Say that!

HANNAH (*to AUDIENCE*): Before I knew it, training was over. Tomorrow, I would "be" Ivy Rose for the first time!! (*To CAROLE*) Oooohhh - I feel sick! Suppose I can't do this? What if everybody spots I'm a fake¹ as soon as I walk out ... or open my mouth? What if ...

CAROLE: You'll be fine ...

HANNAH: Wait! What do I do when I get into the event? I've forgotten everything!

DARRELL: Calm down. As soon as you're off the red carpet, I will slip you through a side door into a car². No awkward meetings, and no one who knows the real Ivy Rose will get the chance to spot the difference. Now, early night for you!

HANNAH: Yeah. I'm exhausted – it's tiring being Ivy Rose. I don't know how she does it.

DARRELL (*as HANNAH exits*): Well, mostly by getting us to do all the hard work.

CAROLE: Don't let her hear you say that.

DARRELL: Why not? It's high time someone stood up to her³! (*His phone rings.*) Yes, Miss Rose? Certainly, Miss Rose. Of course, Miss Rose. Right away, Miss Rose. (*Hangs up. To CAROLE*) She's here! She's outside.

CAROLE: What did she want?

DARRELL: She wanted me to let her in.

CAROLE: Well, what are you waiting for!?

DARRELL: What? Oh! Oh!! yes!

He scuttles to exit, only to be driven back into the room by IVY ROSE.

IVY: I had to open my own door, Darrell. I do not like having to open my own doors!

DARRELL: I'm terribly sorry, Miss Ro- ... Waiiiit! Hannah, is that you? Is this a test?

IVY: The only thing being tested here, Darrell, is my patience!! This stalker –

DARRELL (*looking around anxiously*): I thought we weren't supposed to mention the st – the "you-know-what"!

IVY: Is she here? No? Then I think it's alright, Darrell. Just tell me – is this

¹ Hochstaplerin, Betrügerin

¹ Schwindlerin, Betrügerin

² durch einen Seitenausgang zum Auto schwindeln

³ höchste Zeit, dass ihr einmal jemand Paroli bietet

stand-in of yours ready?

CAROLE: Absolutely, Miss Rose.

DARRELL: Miss Rose ... Are you *sure* you don't want to involve the police?

IVY: No!!! (*Assuming a more reasonable tone*) The police don't need to bother themselves with my little problems. These letters are the products of a disturbed mind¹. For her own sake, we need to catch this person, and have her committed² to an institution for the mentally ill! (*She goes to leave.*) But no police!! Is that clear? (*Exits.*)

CAROLE: Understood, Miss Rose. Now, Darrell – let's go over tomorrow's schedule one more time. And remember – we *never* let her out of our sight.

DARRELL: Got it. Right. Operation "Undercover Star" is a "Go"! *They exit.*

Scene 4

Sound of roaring red carpet crowds.

BEN CHAVVI enters, with an „Entertainment Channel“ mic.

BEN CHAVVI: Hi, Ben Chavvi here again, and the stars are certainly shining brightly tonight for the premiere of "Teen Vampire". We've already seen some of the top names in entertainment and here is Grammy-hopeful³ Ivy Rose, looking as gorgeous as ever!

HANNAH appears in a red carpet dress. She struts, waves, and poses. Suddenly she trips and stumbles into BEN CHAVVI. CAROLE and DARRELL rush forward.

BEN CHAVVI: Enjoy your trip, Ivy? (*Ivy smiles and tries to move on, but BEN grabs her arm.*) While I've got you, Ivy, maybe you've got a few words for the fans at home ...

HANNAH has a "rabbit in the headlights" moment. She looks desperately to DARRELL and CAROLE, umms and errs for a second. DARRELL silently encourages her ... Suddenly, HANNAH straightens, takes a deep breath, pulls the mic nearer, and speaks.

HANNAH (*in "Ivy" mode*): Well ... Ben ... I just wanna say to my fans ... I love you all ta pieces, and fingers crossed for tha Grammys!!

BEN: You think you're going to win?

HANNAH: Well ... (*she hits the "pose"*) That would be tellin', wouldn't it?

BEN (*to AUDIENCE*): Ivy Rose, Ladies and Gentlemen! A National Treasure! *Cheering and chatter of camera-shutters. As it fades, DARRELL beckons HANNAH.*

DARRELL: This way, Miss Rose! Through this door ... *There is the suggestion of their going through a door. They immediately reappear.*

¹ Produkte eines verwirrten (gestörten) Geistes

² in ein Irrenhaus einweisen lassen

³ Grammy-Hoffnung

HANNAH (*dropping the red carpet "poise"*): Phew!!!

DARRELL: You did it!

HANNAH: I was terrified. Was I alright?

DARRELL: You were fantastic!!

CAROLE (*entering*): No time for back-slapping. Let's get her into the limo and back to the hotel. Go!!! (*HANNAH rushes off*) You know, Darrell ... I think we might actually get away with this!! (*DARRELL goes to "hi-five her".*) Don't ever do that.

CAROLE and DARRELL exit. HANNAH returns. To a thumping track, BEN CHAVVI arrives and announces. As he does, HANNAH acts out more and more confident red carpet moments, she begins to blow kisses, and wave to individuals in the crowd.

BEN CHAVVI: Hi, Ben Chavvi here, here on the red carpet for the new movie "With Love and Bullets", and I've just spotted¹ Ivy Rose ... Here at the opening of New Nightclub "Sophisticate", we can see Ivy Rose, looking sensational ... Opening Europe's newest Record Superstore, Ivy Rose dazzles the crowd² ... (*Suddenly, it's serious and quiet.*) Here, at the funeral of Pop's Mr Nasty, Ivy Rose manages to be sober, but stylish³ ... And here is Ivy Rose, slipping into the offices of Global Records, where I understand she'll be choosing what she wears on the cover of the forthcoming "Never Would Lie 2 U" album ...

Scene 5

At Global Records.

DARRELL: This way, Miss Rose!

HANNAH: You know, Darrell, I'm really getting the hang of this thing⁴ now! (*Looking around, overwhelmed.*) Wow! So this is Global Records!

DARRELL: Yes. Welcome. What do you think?

HANNAH: Pretty fancy!

DARRELL: Now, Hannah ...

HANNAH: Sssshhhh! Miss Rose, remember?

DARRELL (*looking around anxiously*): Sorry – Miss Rose. The costume supervisor is ready for you to try some outfits for the album cover ...

ACTOR 3 and 4 enter with costume pieces. ACTOR 3 turns into a testy and demanding diva of design. Hannah tries on different outfits at breathless speed.

DESIGNER: Oh no – No, no, no ... What is she wearing, a soup dress⁵??! ... Let

¹ und hier – Ivy Rose (diesen Moment habe ich Ivy Rose gesehen)

² die Massen verzaubern, blenden

³ dezent und modisch-elegant

⁴ jetzt bin ich schon ziemlich gut (ich hab den Dreh raus)

⁵ Papierkleid aus Campbell's Suppendosen-Labels (Andy Warhol)

7 Sept – 17 Oct 2015

ANNAPURNA by Sharr White

Twenty years ago, Emma walked out on her husband, cowboy-poet Ulysses, after a terrible incident in the middle of the night, never to return again. She took with her, their then five year old son, who now, an adult, wishes to see his father. Emma is determined to track down her ex-alcoholic husband to save her son a shocking encounter. She finds him, living in a Colorado mountain trailer park, where he still works on his epic poem „Annapurna“ and still hasn't figured out why his family vanished on that fateful night. When Emma eventually leads Ulysses through a demon-laden memory ride, she finds herself fighting an emotional battle she'd long since put behind her.

2 Nov – 22 Dec 2015

PYGMALION by Bernard Shaw

Professor of phonetics, Henry Higgins, makes a bet with his friend, Colonel Pickering, that he can train an uneducated Cockney flower girl, Eliza Doolittle, to pass for a duchess at an ambassador's garden party by teaching her to assume a veneer of gentility, the most important element of which, he believes, is impeccable speech. As the confirmed bachelor strives mercilessly to succeed with his unusual social experiment, Shaw examines with his trademark wit, issues of class and women's independence and presents the audience with a delightful battle between these two iconic characters.

18 Jan – 20 Feb 2016

GROUPIE by Arnold Wesker

Matty Beancourt, a life-affirming woman in her late fifties, lives alone in a small town near London. When she reads the autobiography of famous painter Mark Gorman, she becomes so enthused by his childhood memories that she decides to write to him. Weeks later she receives a reply and a correspondence develops with the cantankerous and moody artist. When she spontaneously decides to pay him a surprise visit, she discovers that her idol isn't the shining star she thought him to be. But Matty isn't a woman to shy away from a challenge. A difficult friendship starts to blossom between these two diverging characters and their impact upon each other is startling.

7 March – 16 Apr 2016

HELLO/GOODBYE by Peter Souter

Juliet, young, smart, sassy has got herself a fresh start in a new flat after having landed herself in some serious trouble with her boyfriend. But there's a hitch: amidst the boxes, a strange guy is also moving in – and he won't leave. He also has keys and a contract for the flat whether she likes it or not. He says her agency has messed up and her flat is actually his flat. As if that's not enough, the real problem is that, apart from being infuriatingly introverted and pedantic, he's rather attractive and charming too... Soon the witty bantering commences and sparks start to fly...

27 April – 4 May 2016

VIENNA'S ENGLISH THEATRE YOUTH ENSEMBLE presents

INTO THE WOODS

Music and lyrics: Stephen Sondheim/ Book: James Lapine

What happens after 'happily ever after'? This season's Youth Ensemble production is the Tony Award winning musical *Into the Woods*; the story intertwines the plots of several Brothers Grimm fairy tales and explores the idea of the quest, and the consequences behind making your wishes come true. The musical is tied together by an original story involving a childless baker and his wife and their journey to lift the curse put on them by a vengeful witch. As the couple journeys into the woods to fulfill the tasks laid out for them by the witch, their story becomes tangled with those of Little Red Riding Hood and her Wolf, Jack (of Jack and the Beanstalk fame), Rapunzel and Cinderella, and their Prince Charmings.

23 May – 6 July 2016

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE by Ray Cooney

John Smith may seem like an ordinary taxi driver, but he has been keeping a big secret. He has a loving wife in Wimbledon, and ANOTHER loving wife in Streatham and – a knife-edge schedule! By strict adherence to this schedule, he has been a successful, if exhausted, bigamist for three years. But one day he ends up in hospital where both his addresses surface. In the ensuing complications, John tries bravely to cope with a succession of well-meaning but prying policemen, the press and two increasingly irate wives, desperately struggling to untangle the marital mess he has made.

me see some other boots ... Better ... Not good, but better ...
 Lose the hat!¹ Lose the hat!! It's giving me a migraine. Yeagh ... It's like a
 paint-box just threw up² ... Don't you understand we need more ... more ...
 more ... *(Beat)* more!! *(Beat)* but not too much!! Mmmmmmmmm ... Ohhhh-
 kayyyyy ... I'm beginning not to hate this ... There ... Yes. My work is done ...
 Feed me bagels, and have my driver bring the rolls³ ...
The DESIGNER claps imperiously again and struts off. DARRELL and ACTOR
4 scurry after her. HANNAH stands alone, looking restless for a few moments.
She spots a mic stand, picks up a drinks can and starts improvising an
"Acceptance Speech".
 HANNAH: Another Grammy? And an Oscar? Oh, you shouldn't have. You
 really love me! I want to thank all the fans who bought my debut album
 "Hannah Grainger Rocks your World", and the Academy for awarding me
 the "Best Actress"-Oscar for my first ever film -
Someone in a hoodie with a rucksack comes in. As the figure turns, we see it's SAM.
 SAM: Oh, sorry!
HANNAH jumps a mile and squeals. Then:
 HANNAH: Sam?!
 SAM: Yeah? Wait – how do you know my name?
 HANNAH: Hmmmm ... Er ... I don't ... I was calling for my PA ... Samantha.
(calls) Sa-am ... like that. Are you a Sam too? Small world ...
 SAM: Yeah ... I'm sorry I disturbed you ... wait ... it's *you*, isn't it?
 HANNAH: Who do you mean, "you"? I ... Oh, what's the use? You know it's
 me, don't you!
 SAM: Of course I do ...
 HANNAH: Oh, no ...
 SAM: Who wouldn't recognise Ivy Rose?
 HANNAH: Eh?
 SAM: As it happens, Miss Rose, I'm ... a huge fan.
 HANNAH: Oooh, you are not!! *(Covering)* Are you? What brings you to Global
 Records?
 SAM: Actually, I came to leave a CD of some of my music.
 HANNAH: About time!
 SAM: Excuse me?
 HANNAH: I'm saying it's ... about time ... some new talent came forward ...
 SAM: Well, my sister's always nagging me⁴ to do something with my old songs,
 so ... here I am ... *(slightly awkward pause)* Well ... it was nice to meet you.
 HANNAH *(as he leaves)*: Wait! *(SAM turns ...)* This sister ...
 SAM: What about her?

¹ Weg mit dem Hut!

² als wenn sich ein Malkasten gerade übergeben hat (alle Farben durcheinander)

³ das war's dann, geschafft; ich fahre (Wortspiel: bagels-rolls; hier ist ein Rolls-Royce gemeint)

⁴ meine Schwester nervt mich ständig damit

HANNAH: What's her name?
 SAM: Hann. Hannah.
 HANNAH: What a lovely name. What's she like? I bet she's pretty, isn't she?
 SAM: She's all right.
 HANNAH: *(slightly offended)* All right?
 SAM: She's lovely, actually. Brilliant, beautiful, talented, and really really smart.
 HANNAH: Ahhww. Thanks ...
 SAM: What?
 HANNAH: Nothing. Why haven't you ever told her all this?
 SAM: Well, boys don't usually – hang on¹ – how do *you* know I've never told her?
 HANNAH: You ... said it yourself – boys don't. You should. Tell her, I mean.
 SAM: Actually, I wrote a song for her once.
 HANNAH: Did you? You never said ... I mean – You don't say!
 SAM: Not that I've ever played it for her.
 HANNAH: Why not?
 SAM: I'd be too embarrassed. Not very cool, is it? Writing a song for your little
 sister.
 HANNAH: I think she'd think it was very cool. *(Pause)* Will you sing it for me?
 SAM: Sorry?!
 HANNAH: Sing it for me.
 SAM: What – now?
 HANNAH: Why not?
 SAM: It's nothing like my newer stuff.
 HANNAH: *(to herself)* Thank goodness. *(To him)* I don't mind. Truly.
 SAM: I suppose ... if you really want to hear it.
 HANNAH: More than you know.
 SAM: Okay. You asked for it ...
He puts down his CD, picks up a guitar, and sings. By the end, HANNAH's
turned away, and welling up.
 HANNAH: That was ...
 SAM: Mushy? Sentimental? Naff²?
 HANNAH: Don't you dare say that! It was beautiful. You should write more like
 that!
 SAM: That's what Hannah says. Well, I should go. It was lovely to meet you.
 HANNAH: Yeah. Good luck with your ... *(He's gone. She sees that he's left his CD)*
 Honestly. He'd forget his head if it wasn't ...
DARRELL enters.
 DARRELL: They're ready for you!!
 HANNAH: Great, let's go. Oh, by the way, Darrell. Could you give this to ...
 well to whoever listens to new artists. It's some of my brother's stuff. *(She*

¹ Moment mal, hallo

² schmalzig, kitschig, uncool

gives him the CD.)

DARRELL: Will do. Now, go ...

Music. HANNAH walks, waves and blows kisses in a live “Slo-Motion” effect, while ACTORS 2 and 3 wave and mime cheering – also in Slo-Mo ...

HANNAH (to AUDIENCE): Typical – just as the week was winding up¹, I was totally getting the hang of this red carpet thing. Limo pulls up, someone opens the door for me ... I get out ... I sashay ... I wave ... I pose ... I pout ... Easy peasy! Lemon squeezy² ...

ACTOR 3 produces a mic and steps forward as a journalist.

JOURNALIST: Ivy Rose!! (HANNAH turns, still Slo-Mo, smiling) Some magazines have been hinting that you don’t really sing, that all your recordings are created using studio tricks. Why don’t you prove them wrong and sing for us ...

HANNAH: Oh, I couldn’t ...

JOURNALIST: Go on ...

HANNAH: No really – I couldn’t ...

JOURNALIST: So ... the rumours are true?

HANNAH: I didn’t say ... (DARRELL is steaming towards her to “fire-fight”. She straightens up.) Well, if you insist ...

HANNAH sings a few bars of “Never Would Lie 2 U”. The on-stage cast clap along – even DARRELL. At the end of the excerpt, cheers.

DARRELL: Thank you – Miss Rose really needs to move on now ...

BEN CHAVVI steps forward.

BEN CHAVVI: Ben Chavvi, Ivy. Are you still seeing Breen Calvin?

Everything stops. The smile falls off HANNAH’s face to be replaced by utter shock.

HANNAH: Say what now?

BEN CHAVVI: There are persistent rumours³ that you two are secretly dating. Care to comment?

HANNAH: Erm ... Erm ... Errrr ...

DARRELL steps forward.

DARRELL: Those rumours are totally without foundation⁴. Miss Rose is far too busy to date at the moment. Now, she really must hurry because (*desperate, thinking on his feet*) her cold-dog’s getting hot – I mean her hot-dog’s getting cold ... Miss Rose! This way! Come on...

He shoos HANNAH behind a screen and they emerge as if into another room.

DARRELL: That was a close call⁵. Well done on the singing, though. You sounded just like her!

HANNAH: Never mind that! Is it true? Has Ivy Rose been seeing Breen Calvin?

He’s like the hottest guy on the planet right now!!!

DARRELL: Oh, please! We’re Ivy’s team, Hannah. If she was seeing Breen Calvin behind our backs, don’t you think we’d know! Now, I’ll go and check that those vultures have been cleared¹. You stay put² till I come back. Don’t talk to anyone from the press!

HANNAH: Absolutely ...

DARRELL exits. ACTOR 4 appears behind her wearing shades and a cool jacket as BREEN CALVIN, boy band member.

BREEN: Hey, Kiddo.

HANNAH turns to see BREEN. She’s dumbstruck. Then she runs to the audience.

HANNAH: B-b-breen C-c-c-calvin. What are you doing here?

BREEN: Just wanted to see you. You haven’t been returning my calls. And your diary for this week is online for all to see, so ... here I am.

HANNAH: O... M... G³! It’s Breen Calvin. The hottest member of the hottest boy band in the history of boy bands EVER!! And he’s talking to me!! Don’t talk to the press, Darrell said ... Well, he’s not the press!!! What harm can it do? I just have to act re-e-e-al cool. (*She steps back. Tries so hard to look “cool” that it’s ludicrous ...*) Heyyyyyyyyy ...

BREEN: Can we go somewhere to talk ...

HANNAH: (*beat – the “cool” evaporates instantly*) Talk?

BREEN: You know ... I say something, you say something back. Then I say something again ...

HANNAH: Oh ... I don’t know ... Erm ...

BREEN: I know what you’re thinking.

HANNAH: I seriously doubt that!

BREEN: After our last date, I wouldn’t blame you if you never talked to me again!

HANNAH (to AUDIENCE): So they *had* been seeing each other!! (*To BREEN*) Let me tell you I was ... very upset at ... whatever you did ...

BREEN (*taking her arm*): Then let me make it up to you. Let’s slip away from the mob⁴, and go for a nice romantic dinner for two. My treat.

HANNAH: Wait ... Breen. I can’t just ... Ohhhhh ... Carole? Darrell ... Mayday! Mayday!

BREEN leads her away. CAROLE and DARRELL come in from opposite sides.

DARRELL: Where did she go?

CAROLE: I don’t know. I thought she was with you.

DARRELL: She was ... But now ... erm ... she’s not.

CAROLE: If she’s not with you, and she’s not with me, then ...

DARRELL: We are so fired!

CAROLE: I was going to say “Where is she?” – but yours works too ... (*already*)

¹ als sich die Woche dem Ende zuneigte

² aussteigen-stolzieren-winken-posieren-Schmollmund machen – alles ein Klacks!

³ Gerüchte halten sich hartnäckig

⁴ diese Gerüchte sind völlig aus der Luft gegriffen

⁵ das war knapp, das wäre fast schief gegangen

¹ ... dass die Aasgeier verschwunden sind

² Rühr dich nicht vom Fleck

³ Oh my God!

⁴ Lass uns verschwinden (von der Menge)

exiting.)

Track her cellphone. Find out where she is. Text me the address ... Now, Darrell!!!

CAROLE goes off, leaving DARRELL making a call ...

Scene 6

An Italian restaurant. The snobby waiter GIOVANNI enters and sets up a table for two, plus one other chair. As he finishes, HANNAH and BREEN arrive.

HANNAH: This place looks really nice. Is the food good?

BREEN: You're joking, right? We've been coming here for months.

HANNAH (*backtracking*): Of course I know *that* ... I was seeing if you remembered ...

BREEN: You said you love it because they don't let fans bother you, and you'd got to know all the staff.

GIOVANNI, the waiter, arrives.

HANNAH (*aside*): Had I? Greeeeat ...

GIOVANNI: Miss Ivy!!! Lovely to see you again! (*Kissing both cheeks.*)

HANNAH: Oh! How continental¹! Hello ... (*She tries various sounds, trying to guess his name, watching his face for a cue ...*) Mmmmm ... Frrrrr ... Laaaa ...

BREEN: She's kidding, Giovanni –

HANNAH: Giovanni!!! Of course it is. I was just ... teasing you ...

GIOVANNI: Your usual table, Signore Calvin, Miss Ivy?

GIOVANNI leads them to the table.

HANNAH: Thank you, Giacomo!

GIOVANNI: Giovanni!!!

GIOVANNI goes off muttering. CAROLE has appeared. Heavily disguised with big hat and shades – and trying to attract HANNAH's attention.

BREEN: Are you okay, Ivy? You don't seem to be yourself.

HANNAH (*aside*): If you only knew!

BREEN: I really wanted to see you tonight, Ivy. I wanted to ask you ...

HANNAH: Er ... Just hold that thought² ... a second ...

BREEN: But this is ... (*HANNAH has got up to talk to CAROLE*) important.

HANNAH (*delighted to see her*): Carole!! Thank goodness. How did you find me?

CAROLE: I followed the trail of potential scandal headlines³!! What are you doing here – with Breen Calvin, of all people⁴!!?

HANNAH: I know! How cool is that? (*CAROLE is fuming.*) Not cool obviously.

I see that now. Well, apparently, Breen Calvin and I have been secretly dating

¹ ... Bussi-bussi Gesellschaft, durch Benehmen/Sprache als Teil der 'in-crowd' erscheinen

² Warte mal kurz ... ja, gleich ...

³ Ich bin den Spuren potentieller Skandalschlagzeilen gefolgt.

⁴ ... und ausgerechnet mit Breen Calvin

for some time.

CAROLE: Oh, this is an absolute disaster ...

HANNAH: I don't know ... He's not as dim as he looks¹ on his videos.

CAROLE: I mean *this!* This whole dinner thing. You have to get out of here. But don't make a scene.

HANNAH: How do I do that?

CAROLE (*seeing GIOVANNI return*): You're a smart girl - *think* of something!! She brushes past to take the chair behind HANNAH's. HANNAH goes back.

BREEN: Everything okay?

HANNAH: Fine. Fiiii-i-i-ine ... Well! Let's eat! After all, that's what we're here for, right?

GIOVANNI: What would you like to order?

HANNAH: Oh, wow – there's so much to choose from ... (*quickly*) ... which I know ... of course ... because I'm here ... such a lot.

BREEN & GIOVANNI exchange bewildered looks. HANNAH & CAROLE exchange grimaces.

HANNAH: Look – Giuseppe –

GIOVANNI: Giovanni.

HANNAH: Sorry – Giovanni! What do you recommend? Apart from seafood.

Not with my allergy – if I even look at seafood it would be ... (*She acts inflating like a liferaft. They look at her oddly.*) What?

GIOVANNI: But ... you ... love chef's seafood! You devoured it² only last week!

HANNAH: I did? I mean, I diiid! I *know* ... That's why it's so annoying that I've picked up this – grrrrr! – darned³, little ... temporary allergy ... But you know,

I bet I'll be wolfing down those little crabby critters⁴ again by ... ooooh ... Monday ...

BREEN: I've never heard of a temporary allergy ...

HANNAH (*snappy from stress*): Maybe that's because you're – hello – not a doctor⁵!!

CAROLE (*turning and putting on an accent*): Happily, I *am* a doctor, Doctor Anna ... Phylactic⁶ of ... a really famous clinic, and I can assure you that there *is* a rare virus that causes temporary food allergies. Luckily my clinic specialises in this condition. I will take your friend there immediately.

She starts to help HANNAH up.

BREEN: No, thank you! (*CAROLE has to back down*) Just order something else, Ivy. (*To GIOVANNI*) I'll have the steak, Giovanni, medium rare, with fries and a salad.

¹ Er ist gar nicht so gestört (wie er in seinen Videos rüberkommt)

² mit Gusto essen, verschlingen

³ verflixt (damned)

⁴ Am Montag werde ich sicher dieses kleine Krabbenge tier wieder reinfüttern ...

⁵ Wahrscheinlich weil du – ganz was Neues – kein Arzt bist.

⁶ Wortspiel: anaphylactic – Anna Phylactic (Nahrungsmittelunverträglichkeit)

HANNAH: And I'll have – an omelette! That's it – just an omelette!
 GIOVANNI: Ah, your special anchovy omelette¹? With extra chilli. And Camembert cheese?
 HANNAH: Well, of course!! You know I just *love* my ... anchovy, camembert and chilli omelette!!?? (*Aside to CAROLE*) Really? She eats that? (*CAROLE nods*) Gross!² (*To BREEN*) So, Breen – you wanted to ask me something?
 BREEN: Yes, you see ... (*he leans forward*) I know you're not who they say you are.
 HANNAH/CAROLE (*everything stops*): What?
 BREEN: I know you're not the drama-queen-diva people think you are.
 CAROLE (*half to herself*): Oh yes, she is.
 HANNAH (*to CAROLE*): Shhh!
 BREEN: Sorry?
 HANNAH (*to BREEN*): Nothing. Carry on.
 BREEN: So, just for tonight, can't we pretend that you're not Ivy Rose, pop sensation?
 HANNAH: No problem ...
 BREEN: And that I'm not Breen Calvin, voted the handsomest hunk in pop³ by seven girls' magazines ...
 HANNAH: Not that you're counting⁴ ...
 BREEN: Just for tonight, let's say you're just Ivy, and I'm just Brian Collins.
 HANNAH (*snorting*): Brian Collins!!!
She starts laughing ...
 BREEN: I told you that was my real name on our third date.
HANNAH pulls herself together.
 HANNAH: I know. I'm sorry. But it is funny, isn't it? Don't you find it funny? (*BREEN is stony-faced.*) Apparently not.
 BREEN: Maybe you're not the girl I thought you were.
 HANNAH (*aside*): You're not wrong there!
 BREEN (*getting up*): Perhaps we should forget this whole thing.
 CAROLE (*aside to HANNAH*): Stop him!! No big scene. Remember?
 HANNAH: Errrr ... Wait! Breen – Brian – I'm sorry. Sit down. Please. (*BREEN sits again*) How long have we known each other?
 BREEN (*assuming she means "You know me well enough by now"*): You're right ...
 HANNAH: No, seriously. How long have we known each other? I'm terrible with dates.
 BREEN: How could you forget that first kiss ... last Christmas ... under the mistletoe⁵.
 CAROLE: *Last Christmas??*

¹ Sardellenomelett

² widerlich, grausig

³ zum bestaussehendsten Traumtyp* des Pop gewählt (*sexy, gebräunt, durchtrainiert; Adonis)

⁴ Natürlich zählst du nicht mit ... (im Sinne von *das ist dir ja gaaaaanz egal*)

⁵ ... Kuss unterm Mistelzweig (engl. Brauch)

BREEN: You said we had to meet in secret because your idiot assistant Carole would spoil it all if she knew.
 CAROLE (*leaping up*): What?! (*HANNAH makes a warning noise. CAROLE sits, looking embarrassed*) ... shall I have to drink ...!?
 BREEN: I want to ask you – well, I think you know what I want to ask you ...
 HANNAH: Erm ... Just for fun, let's pretend I don't ...
 BREEN: Okay, have you thought about the thing I mentioned on our last date?
 HANNAH: The ... *thing*? (*Faking a stretch, she leans back to talk to CAROLE.*)
 Do you know anything about a thing? What sort of thing?
 CAROLE (*also faking a yawn*): No idea. Maybe he wants to produce her album? Do a joint gig¹? Charity single²?
 HANNAH: Oh, okay ... (*back to BREEN*) Oh, yes, that thi-i-i-ng! Of *course* I remember.
 BREEN: So ... What's your answer?
 HANNAH: Sure. You, me – a few friends – a band. We could make a video! Why not?
 BREEN: Oh, Ivy – you've made me so happy! (*He stands to address the room.*) Ladies and gentlemen! You probably know me – Breen Calvin – voted handsomest hunk in pop by eight girls' magazines ... (*reaction from HANNAH.*) I just wanted to announce that the amazing, talented, unpredictable, totally beautiful Ivy Rose has just agreed to be my wife!
 HANNAH/CAROLE: What!!?
 HANNAH (*leaping up*): Relax everybody ... there's been a *slight* misunderstanding ... Breen! (*She sits him down*) I can't marry you, Breen – for one simple reason ... (*CAROLE swings round to intervene.*) I have to do this!! (*To CALVIN*) I can't marry you because ... I'm *not* Ivy Rose ... My name is Hannah Grainger. I'm a stand-in pretending to be Ivy while she – takes a short break. That's why I can't agree to your very sweet proposal. Sorry.
 BREEN: This is ... incredible ...
 HANNAH: I know, right?
 BREEN: How could you stoop so low³, Ivy?
 HANNAH: What? No. I told you. I'm Hannah. I'm ...
 BREEN: I can deal with you being spoilt, and selfish, but lying, just to wriggle out of an engagement⁴ ... that's low, even for you. (*Loudly, turning heads*) You are – a horrible person!!
 HANNAH: What happened to amazing, talented ... er ... all that stuff?
 BREEN: I'm just glad I found out what you're really like before it was too late.
BREEN storms out.
 HANNAH: Whoops ...

¹ gemeinsamer Auftritt (Konzert)

² eine Single für wohltätige Zwecke produzieren

³ sich herablassen, erniedrigen

⁴ nur um dich aus einer Verlobung herauszuwinden

CAROLE pulls out her phone.

CAROLE: What part of “no scene” did you not understand? (*Into phone*)

Darrell – we have a problem.

CAROLE whips off her “disguise”. They exit.

Scene 7

DARRELL appears with a tabloid.

DARRELL (*handing her the paper*): Well, it’s made the front page!

CAROLE (*reading*): “LOOK WHO’S “BREEN” DUMPED – Hunk Calvin’s public break-up with “Poison Ivy”¹. Oh, dear ...

DARRELL: If Ivy Rose sees this, our heads will be on the block²!

IVY (*from backstage*): Darrell!!!

CAROLE: Call it a hunch³, but I think she’s seen it.

IVY (*off*): Darrell!!!

IVY ROSE enters with another copy of the paper. She is steaming mad.

Breen Calvin has called off our engagement. Did you know?

CAROLE: Er ... Yes.

DARRELL: And you have our sympathy ...

IVY: I wouldn’t mind so much, but no one told me we’d got engaged in the first place!!!

CAROLE: It was ... a very short engagement ... (*DARRELL demonstrates with thumb and finger how short it was.*) We’re both very, very sorry.

IVY: Let me get this straight – “fake me” has gone off and got herself engaged to my real boyfriend, and then very publicly dumped him ... And now the press are calling me “Poison Ivy”. Whose genius idea was it to hire a stand-in in the first place? I want them fired!

DARRELL: Er ... that would have been ... you?

IVY (*after a moment’s “spluttering”*): Look, this is no time to point fingers and blame each other. Let’s concentrate on sorting this mess out!! By which I mean – you sort this mess out. Any brilliant ideas?

DARRELL: Well, you could ... you could ...

IVY: Come on, come on. We need some out-of-the-box thinking⁴, Darrell. The clock’s ticking. You’re unemployed in ten ... nine ... eight ...

DARRELL: You could ... (*blurts out*) fake your own death!

IVY/CAROLE: What?

IVY: I said think outside the box, Darrell. Not think me into one.

CAROLE: We’ll talk to Breen’s people, Miss Rose. Persuade them to deny the

¹ Schönling Calvin’s öffentliche Trennung von ‘Giftefeu’ (Poison Ivy - auch eine Figur in “Batman”)

² ... unsere Köpfe werden rollen

³ Irgendwie hab ich das Gefühl ..., ich habe so eine Ahnung ...

⁴ kreatives, innovatives, ergebnisoffenes Denken

story.

IVY: Good. And from now on, you keep a muzzle on this stand-in¹, understood?

CAROLE: Understood, Miss Rose!

IVY: Keep me updated. I’ll be at my private spa. (*Scribbling a note*) By the way, I don’t like that blue bottle bottled water any more. There’s one in a purple bottle that’s good for your bones, apparently. I wrote down the name. See that I have a crate² by tomorrow ...

She hands DARRELL the paper and exits. DARRELL looks at the paper, and compares it to one he pulls from his pocket. CAROLE is busy with her tablet.

DARRELL: Carole?

CAROLE: I’m a little bit busy, Darrell, in case you hadn’t noticed.

DARRELL: I’ve just been looking at these notes ... doesn’t *this* writing (*the letters*) look a lot like *this* writing (*the note*)?

CAROLE (*going to him*): What have you got there?

DARRELL: I took a couple of the stalker letters from Ivy’s room ...

CAROLE: What? You stole from Ivy Rose!!?

DARRELL (*showing the letters*): Never mind that now. Look how similar they are.

CAROLE: Rubbish – *that* looks like the wild scrawl of a mad person ...

DARRELL: Look at those “M”s. I think it’s Ivy Rose trying to scrawl *like* a mad person.

CAROLE: What are you saying?

DARRELL: Is it possible that this “Jemma Walker, super-stalker”... doesn’t exist?

CAROLE: Of course she exists. Why would Ivy Rose make up a thing like that?

DARRELL (*deflating*): I don’t know ...

CAROLE: Well then, do your job and stop inventing conspiracy theories³!

CAROLE and DARRELL leave.

Scene 8

At the hotel. DARRELL enters with HANNAH.

HANNAH: Darrell, I’ve been meaning to say how sorry I am about the whole Breen Calvin thing. You didn’t get into trouble, did you?

DARRELL: Nooo. Well, yes, a bit. All right, I was in big trouble, but that’s all water under the bridge⁴. One more event and Hannah Grainger can go home. Have you enjoyed it?

HANNAH: I’ve loved it. But I’ve missed my real life. Being a pop star is stressful!!

DARRELL: Try being a pop star’s P.A.!! Well, straight after the fashion show

¹ ... verpasse meiner Vertretung einen Maulkorb

² eine Kiste

³ Verschwörungstheorien erfinden

⁴ es ist vorbei, und damit basta

opening tonight, there'll be a driver waiting to take you home. In case I don't get a chance to say it later, it was lovely working with you. I've even enjoyed the cloak and dagger stuff¹, trying to spot that stalker in the crowd ... oops.

He stops, realising he has let the cat out of the bag.

HANNAH: "Stalker"?! What stalker, Darrell?

DARRELL: Oh ... my, this is a nice hotel room. I love those drapes. And the way the bathroom door goes all frosted when you lock the door ... and those mints on the ...

HANNAH (*sharp*): Darrell!

DARRELL: Argh! Yes, Miss Rose ... I mean ... Hannah ...

HANNAH: What stalker?

DARRELL: Oh, I am so going to be fired² ...

HANNAH (*to AUDIENCE*): That's when he told me everything. About the leaked diary, Jemma Walker, the crazy stalker girl, her weird letters ... (*DARRELL mimes showing her the letters*).

DARRELL: I'm sorry we didn't tell you the whole truth, but look – there's no harm done, right? The stalker never showed – *if* she ever existed! – and you're safe on the third floor of a very secure hotel. So why not make the most of the free stuff, and I'll go and order you some luxury room service.

HANNAH: Oh ... Okay ... Thanks, Darrell.

DARRELL: See, *that's* what I'll miss – *she* never thanks me for anything.

DARRELL leaves. HANNAH leaves for a moment. We hear a bath running. A figure appears in a frame made up to suggest a window – it's JEMMA, the stalker. As HANNAH comes back:

JEMMA: Ivy Rose!

HANNAH nearly jumps out of her skin. She screams.

JEMMA: No, don't scream ... I'm not going to hurt y– ... woah!!

JEMMA loses her balance, and flails about before "falling" and ending up with only arms and head visible, clutching the ledge.

JEMMA: Help!

HANNAH: Are you crazy? You'll get yourself killed ...

HANNAH helps to drag JEMMA clumsily into the room. They fall in a heap.

HANNAH (*getting up*): We're three floors up!! How did you even ...?

JEMMA: I grew up in the country with three brothers. You do that, you get to climb a lot of trees. Hopping from one balcony to another – a piece of cake!

HANNAH has been edging towards the door. JEMMA runs to cut off her retreat.

HANNAH: Who are you?

JEMMA: Who do you think? I'm Jemma Walker!

HANNAH: So you *are* real!

JEMMA: Of course I'm real.

HANNAH: Ah, but I'm not. You see – I'm not Ivy Rose! I'm just a stand-in.

JEMMA: Oh, please. Do I look that stupid?

HANNAH: Honestly! My name is Hannah Grainger! Why does *nobody* believe me?!

JEMMA: Enough of the lies, Ivy! It's time for you to do what's right.

HANNAH: I will do what's right. I'll see to it that you get the best psychiatric help.

JEMMA (*outraged*): What?!

HANNAH: For your stalking.

JEMMA: What stalking? What are you talking about?

HANNAH: I've seen the letters, Jemma. The ones you sent Ivy Rose.

JEMMA looks at the copies. HANNAH edges towards the door again.

JEMMA: Sit down ... (*HANNAH does*) I wrote *one* letter – that you ignored. So I sent emails. You ignored them, too. When I saw your schedule leaked, I knew it was my chance to confront you. But these? (*Pointing at letters*) I never wrote these!

HANNAH: You didn't? Well ... what was your letter about?

JEMMA: You know what it was about – "Never Would Lie 2 U". I sent you that song. You change three words, and suddenly it's *yours*? No way!

HANNAH: You wrote "Never Would Lie 2 U"?!

JEMMA: Oh, don't pretend you don't know!

HANNAH: It's a brilliant song. I listen to it all the time at home ... I mean ...

JEMMA: Wait ... You really are a stand-in ... (*HANNAH nods.*)

HANNAH: And you really did write "Never Would Lie 2 You".

DARRELL comes in, oblivious.

DARRELL: I was going to order caviar, but I remembered your allerg-gee-whizz¹!

HANNAH: Stay calm, both of you. No need to panic! Darrell ... I'd like you to meet Jemma Walker - who *isn't* a stalker - and *didn't* write those letters.

DARRELL: I knew it!

HANNAH: She's been trying to contact Ivy because – well, because "Never Would Lie 2 U" is kind of *her* song. She wrote it.

DARRELL: So *that's* why Ivy didn't want the police involved!

HANNAH: And why she faked mad letters. If Jemma ever tried to claim Ivy had stolen her song, she would have used those letters to say it was the ravings of a madwoman.

DARRELL: I bet it was her who leaked her own appearance schedule, too. To try and lure you out²!! Thing is ... what do we do now?

HANNAH: Can you find Jemma something smarter to wear? "Fake Ivy Rose" is due to make one last appearance ... to make a really big announcement!

JEMMA leaves with DARRELL. HANNAH smiles, struts and poses for the press, then:

¹ Geheimnistuerei

² ich bin so was von entlassen

¹ Wortspiel: allergy – gee whizz (bist du deppert, Menschenskind)

² herauslocken, ködern

Scene 9

HANNAH: Ben! Ben Chavvi!! Can I borrow your microphone? I've got an exclusive.

BEN CHAVVI runs up and gives her a mic, before getting poised with a pen and pad.

HANNAH: As you know, I have been nominated for a Grammy – which is great news, except, well, there's been a misunderstanding that I would like to put straight. The song wasn't written by me, but by a very talented young lady, who is here with me tonight. Ladies and Gentlemen – meet the writer of "Never Would Lie 2 You"... Jemma Walker!!

DARRELL comes out with a new, glamorous JEMMA. JEMMA waves.

HANNAH *(into mic)*: Oooh! And one more thing – I'm setting up the "Ivy Rose Foundation" to help other young songwriters to take their first steps and develop their talents! *(To AUDIENCE)* Well, what were they going to do – sack me!¹ *JEMMA keeps going. HANNAH grabs a coat, puts it on, and returns.*

Scene 10

HANNAH: Actually, they did. But by that time the twittersphere had told the whole world that Ivy Rose was starting a foundation, so she sort of had to do it!! I'm back to being ordinary. To tell the truth, I'm happier *out* of the spotlight. But I'm glad I could do a bit of good while I was in it. Oh, I must tell you! That CD I gave Darrell – Sam's CD – turns out he really liked it. He took it to the bosses at Global Records and convinced them to let him work with this new guy ... and they said "yes"!! So now, Darrell is producing a new album by my brother and another up-and-coming² songwriting talent ...

SAM and JEMMA burst in. DARRELL is behind them. Looking much cooler, in shades, and smiling in a confident way.

DARRELL: Hannah, come quick! You just have to listen to their new song!

SAM: It's brilliant! Jemma wrote the lyrics.

JEMMA: But Sam wrote the tune and that's what really makes it.

SAM: Darrell says it could be our first single ... You just have to put the vocal track on ... He says he heard you sing ... somewhere ...

HANNAH: Okay ... *(to AUDIENCE)* You know how it is. Duty calls! *(To the others)* Come on then, let's do this ...

They play and sing one chorus and a big finish – take their bows.

The End

¹ Was hätten sie denn tun können – mich rausschmeißen?!

² aufstrebend, künftig

Quickcheck Comprehension Questions

What, in your opinion, is the play all about?

Scene 1

The famous pop singer's name is

- Poison Ivy Ivy Rose
 Rambling Rose Hannah

Her number-one hit single is called

Who is the main character in the play? Say why!

- Ivy Rose Carole
 Hannah Grainger Darrell

How does Hannah describe herself?

Who are Carole and Darrell? What is their job?

Why were they looking for Hannah? How did they find her?

Why does Ivy Rose need a replacement?

Try to describe Ivy Rose. What kind of person is she, do you think?

Scene 2

Who is Sam? What kind of music does he like?

What is his new rap about?

What does he think of Ivy Rose? Does he think his sister looks like her?

Scene 3

Who is Daniel and why is he important?

Hannah has several things to learn before impersonating Ivy Rose. Make a list.

Is Hannah enjoying her new role? If yes, why? If no, why not?

What is Ivy Rose worried about?

Scene 4

Who is Ben Chavvi and who does he work for?

What award is Ivy nominated for?

What is a *red carpet* event? How many/which is Hannah attending? Make a list.

Scene 5

What is the name of the record company and what is Hannah doing there?

Who does Sam think he is talking to? Does he recognize Hannah?

What does Hannah do with Sam's CD?

What rumours about Ivy Rose are going round?

Who is Breen Calvin? Why does Hannah agree to go out with him?

Scene 6

Where are they going for dinner?

There are several difficult situations for Hannah. Which? How does she get out of them?

Who else is at the restaurant? What for?

What happens when Breen asks 'Ivy' to marry him?

Does he believe Hannah when she tells him the truth? Do his feelings change? How?

Scene 7

Describe Ivy Rose's reaction when she sees the newspaper reports.

What does she want Carole and Darrell to do?

What does Darrell notice when he compares the stalker letters and Ivy's note?

Scene 8

How does Hannah find out about the real reason for 'replacing' Ivy Rose?

How does she feel now? Choose one of the options below. Say why.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> angry/furious | <input type="checkbox"/> worried/frightened |
| <input type="checkbox"/> deceived/lie to | <input type="checkbox"/> pleased/happy |

Who is Jemma Walker?

Why does she not believe Hannah at first?

What do Jemma, Hannah and Darrell discover?

Scene 9

There is one more event where Hannah is 'replacing' Ivy. What does she do?

Scene 10

How does the play end? Did you expect this? If not, what did you expect?

Did you like the play? Choose a statement below and say why.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> yes, it was funny | <input type="checkbox"/> great – just like on TV |
| <input type="checkbox"/> not really, no | <input type="checkbox"/> don't really care |

What do Hannah, Sam, Ivy, Breen, Darrell and Carole have in common? Choose one of the statements below and say why.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> they pretend to be someone else | <input type="checkbox"/> they are telling lies |
| <input type="checkbox"/> they work for a record company | <input type="checkbox"/> they are music/party socialites ('Promis') |

Which of the characters did you like best? Why?

Which of the characters did you find most irritating? Why?

Would you like to act as a stand-in for a famous person? Who? Why?