

# **Sing When You're Winning**

**A musical play in one act  
for youth groups**

**Text & lyrics by Mark Rees  
Music composed by Gordon Mundie**

**Spotlight Publications**

## **Sing When You're Winning**

CAST (in order of appearance)

**Billy**, the manager

**Anita**, the coach

### **THE TEAM**

**Mel**

**Sarah**

**Sharon**

**Rachel**

**Tracy**

**Lizzie**

**Maggie**

**Alice**

**Haley**

**Cath**

**Bernie**, a 13 year-old girl

**Beryl**, Bernie's pal

**Michael**, a would-be photographer

**Spike**, Michael's assistant

**George**, a 13 year-old boy

**Assistant Referee** (non-speaking)

SET - a football dressing-room, and a dugout

TIME - present

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## MUSICAL NUMBERS

Music composed by Gordon Mundie

Lyrics by Mark Rees

1. "We're Here At Last" (Ensemble)
2. "The Manager's Lament" (Billy)
3. "Why Am I Misunderstood?" (Michael)
4. "The Manager's Lament" (Reprise)
5. "We're Here At Last" (Reprise)

For information on the score, please apply to Spotlight for terms.

### Scene 1

*The play is set in a dressing room at a municipal football ground*

*There are benches and a centre rail with coat hooks on. Later the very front of the stage is used as the edge of the pitch. An assistant referee should be present on the touch line during the "match" bits*

*It is the final between two all-female football teams, Eckleston United and Midway Rovers (who are never seen)*

*As the lights come up we see the Eckleston United girls (all aged 15/16) sitting around, already changed into their football strips, they are getting a "team talk" from their manager, Billy, and the coach, Anita*

*Billy is a fifteen-year-old boy who takes the role of manager very seriously; he equates it with managing Manchester United. Anita is not a very good coach but nobody else would do it. She idolises Billy*

*There are two much younger girls (eleven-year-olds) hanging about the dressing room; they are keen supporters "dying" for a game*

### Song 1

**Billy** Listen, everybody, I know I don't really need to tell you how important it is to be in the cup final this afternoon. This is an historic moment for you and for Eckleston United Football Club. We may only be a small school team but the Norman Blinkthorpe Trophy is our World Cup. I know you'll do your best to try and win. So let's make it a game of two halves and if you give a hundred and ten percent, I'll be able to say at the end of the game, "The girls done good". I know we can beat Midway Rovers. We've done it before and we can do it again. Now listen up, while I read the team sheet. As your manager, I've tried to be fair to everyone and pick the strongest side possible.

**Anita** (*blowing her whistle*) He's tried to be fair to everyone and pick the strongest side possible.

**Billy** Thank you, coach.

**Anita** That's okay, Billy.

**Billy** Right, in goal will be. . . .

**Mel** I expect it's just the usual team?

**Billy** It might not be!

**Mel** It will be. We've only got eleven players.

**Sharon** Yeah, get on with it!

**Tracy** You'd think he was picking the national team the way he's going on, not an all-girls school team.

**Billy** It has still got to be done properly, so if you don't mind shutting up, I'll get on with it.

**Sharon** I thought he was only the temporary manager until Mr Saunders came back?

**Tracy** He was but Mr Saunders isn't coming back. He's getting married.

**Sharon** Never! Who to?

**Tracy** You know the woman who works in the florist's? Does all the flower arranging and things?

**Sharon** Yeah.

**Tracy** Well, you know she's got a sister who works for that building society in Castle Street?

**Sharon** Yeah.

**Tracy** Well he's marrying her cousin. And she's ten years older than he is!

**Sharon** Yuck, that's obscene. He must be at least thirty five.

**Tracy** I know, you can't imagine "oldies" "doing it" can you?

**Sharon** Oh shut up, Trace! That makes me feel sick.

**Billy** You both make me sick! Now can I please get on with the team.

**Sharon** No need to get stroppy. I was only saying.

**Billy** Well don't.

**Tracy** Ooh, he's lovely when he's angry, isn't he, Sharon?

**Anita** Stop it, you two, or it'll be twenty press-ups each.

**Both** (*sarcastically*) Sorry, coach.

**Anita** I should think so. This is a big day for us, so don't spoil it.

**Maggie** (*clutching a cigarette*) Anyone got a light? I left my lighter in Jingles night-club last night.

**Billy** You can't smoke in here! In fact you shouldn't be smoking at all. Not before a final anyway.

*He takes the cigarette off her and throws it on the floor*

*Beryl sneaks a look at Bernie, quickly picks it up and puts it behind her ear for later*

You were all supposed to go to bed early last night, not go out clubbing. This is an important fixture; the honour of Ecklestone United is at stake.

**Maggie** I wasn't that late.

**Billy** How late?

**Maggie** I got in at two o'clock.

**Billy** Two o'clock! No wonder you look terrible.

**Maggie** Oh thanks. If a girl can't have a few drinks to relax then there's something wrong with the world.

**Billy** How many drinks?

**Maggie** For God's sake it's like being at home. I only had eight vodkas.

**Billy** Eight vodkas!

**Maggie** And five lagers.

**Billy** Five lagers!

**Maggie** I was thirsty.

**Billy** You shouldn't have had anything to drink at all, and you should definitely have been in bed earlier.

**Sharon** Normally if she's not in bed by twelve she goes home. Isn't that right, Maggie?

**Maggie** Shut it you.

*Sharon and Tracy laugh*

**Maggie** And can you all keep the noise down. I've got a splitting headache.

**Billy** Headache! That's great. What if you have to head the ball during the game?

**Maggie** I can't do that today.

**Billy** But you're our centre forward!

**Maggie** All right, look I'll take something for it. Give me some time to myself and I'll be raring to go, I promise.

**Billy** You'd better be! Right, back to the team list.

**Anita** (*blowing her whistle*) Back to the team list.

*Billy gives her a look*

**Billy** In goals, Mandy. . . .

**Haley** Sorry, Billy, it's not going to happen.

**Billy** What do you mean?

**Haley** She's not coming.

**Billy** Why not?

**Haley** She got arrested last night.

**Billy** She wasn't soliciting again, was she?

**Haley** No, shoplifting. She was caught in the all-night shop with a hundred Benson and Hedges down her bra.

**Billy** Well this is great. Here we are poised to kick off the most important match we've ever played in and we haven't got a goal keeper. *(Pause)* How did she get a hundred fags down her bra? I wouldn't have thought there was room! Anyway it's really inconvenient; she's so selfish.

**Sarah** What about giving Kylie a ring? She played in goal for us last season.

**Anita** She's five months pregnant!

**Sarah** I'd forgotten that. At least she'd fill the goalmouth!

**Anita** Don't be so nasty.

**Rachel** What about Joanne? She's out on bail.

**Anita** No, she broke her leg falling off the roof of that shop she was burgling.

**Sarah** Mary?

**Anita** Had the baby last week.

**Rachel** Samantha?

**Anita** She's a possibility.

**Billy** Nah, she ran off with the art teacher, don't you remember? Her mother had a postcard from Ibiza explaining how "she loves him and that she was starting a new life with the man she adores". *(Pause)* This is a disaster, the only answer is for one of you lot to go in goal and we'll try and find an outfield player from somewhere.

*Bernie and Beryl, the two eleven-year-olds push forward, seeing their chance*

**Bernie** One of us could play. We're really good. We wouldn't let you down, would we, Beryl?

*Beryl shakes her head*

Perhaps one of us could play in the first half and one in the second? We've played before. We have been to all your games; we know how you play. It would be a great chance for us, wouldn't it Beryl? *(Beryl nods her head)* We wouldn't be any bother. Oh please, Billy, it would mean so much to us.

**Billy** No, sorry.

**Haley** I'm not playing in goal.

**Sarah** Nor me.

**Rachel** Certainly not.

**Mel** I've never played in goal.

**Lizzie** Nor me.

**Alice** Me neither.

**Cath** I can't do it.

**Sharon** Might break a nail wearing those gloves.

**Tracy** No way. That ball's heavy if it hits you.

**Maggie** I won't do it either.

**Billy** Well somebody's got to do it.

*They all look at Anita*

**Anita** Oh no, not me. I'm happy being the coach but I'm no goalkeeper. I'm forever dropping things at home, you ask my mum. Butterfingers is my middle name. I couldn't possibly do it.

**Billy** Well that's it then. We'll have to cancel the game. This is pathetic. After all the hard work I've put into this club. You were nothing until I took over. Nothing. You were bottom of the Eastern County Second Division, but with my hard work and persistence you are where you are today, at a cup final. I thought we had a chance to pick up the silverware but now. . . . .

**Sharon** There may be a way.

**Billy** What do you mean?

**Sharon** Do you trust me?

**Billy** Not as far as I could throw you.

**Sharon** Good, I've got a plan. I think we can pull it off. I need you to come to my house. It's not far, and we can be there and back in ten minutes.

**Billy** What are we going to your house for?

**Sharon** You'll see. You want a goalkeeper, don't you?

**Billy** Of course!

**Sharon** Well come on then, no more questions. I'll explain it all on the way. Oh come on, Billy. It's for the good of the club.

**Billy** It better be.

**Sharon** If we hurry up we'll be back ages before the kick-off.

**Billy** All right. But this better be good.

**Sharon** It is, trust me. You better come as well, Trace.

**Tracy** I'm right behind you.

*The three of them exit*

**Haley** Do you know what's going on, coach?

**Anita** No, but I really don't trust those two. I mean Billy's such an innocent when it comes to women.

**Sarah** He won't be so innocent when those two have finished with him!

**Anita** There's no need for that sort of talk. Billy's not like that, he's saving himself for the right girl.

**Cath** Who's that, you?

*Anita blushes deeply*

**All** (*chanting*) Anita fancies Billy, Anita fancies Billy etc.

*Anita blows her whistle, and they stop*

**Mel** What do we do if they don't get back in time?

**Lizzie** We'd definitely have to call the game off then.

**Alice** Well let's hope they can sort out a goalie for us.

**All** Yeah.

*Anita gives a sharp blast on her whistle*

**Anita** Right you lot, outside. It's about time we did a warm-up and I also want to look at our free kick options. We'll take some corners as well.

**Maggie** Do we have to?

**Anita** You want to win this final, don't you?

**All** Yeah, suppose so, *etc.*

**Anita** Well then come on. Light jog. One, two, three, four.

*They exit unenthusiastically with Anita blowing her whistle*

## **Sing When You're Winning**

### **Plot Summary**

It's Cup Final Day, and the Blinkthorpe Trophy is up for grabs. The girls of Eckleston United are geared up ready for the titanic struggle. Unfortunately their goalie, Mandy, has been nicked for shoplifting. And that's only for starters. Join manager Billy, coach Anita, and the girls in their quest for glory. Will they triumph despite overwhelming odds? And who are Bernie and Beryl?

Mark Rees' lively and humorous text combine with Gordon Mundie's upbeat and melodic songs to make ideal material for a large teenage cast.

Duration: approx. 40 minutes