

Jack: An' which little birdie would that be? (*Looking back at LILY who mouths 'Sorry!'*)  
Duke: Now you listen to me and you listen carefully. There's nothing wrong with chasing this dream of yours, but do it in your own time... Got it?

Jack: Yeah, but...

Duke: No buts.

(DUKE throws JACK a cloth and the company freeze, except JACK)

Jack: (*Aside to audience*) Welcome to our club, Disco Inferno. Now, the story I'm gonna tell you tonight is probably the weirdest you've ever heard. It was the summer of 1976, and it was as hot outside as the hits and the fashions were in - hottest summer ever recorded apparently. Do you know they even started rationing the water? It was Friday night and my 21st birthday. Not that anyone had remembered and if that weren't bad enough, Duke, the boss, had just told me I had to make up the time I'd missed this week after hours. I'd been working here for quite some time, cleaning tables and stuff but I just knew that I was destined for bigger and better things... but at least I had a job, good mates and a sweet and understanding girlfriend...

Jane: (*JANE walks over to JACK obviously quite irate*) Where have you been?

Jack: (*To audience*) Well, two out of three ain't bad. (*Sarcastically, imitating Jane*) Happy birthday, Jack... How did the audition go?

Jane: Your birthday? I forgot. I'm so sorry.

Jack: Just forget it.

Jane: Well? Come on then. How did you get on at the audition?

Jack: I never even got a chance to sing. I weren't what they were looking for apparently.

Jane: Oh, I'm sorry.

Jack: It's all right... I'm used to it.

Jane: At least you've got me. I can't believe I forgot your birthday. (*Suggestively*) Maybe I could make it up to you after work.

Jack: I can't. Dukes told me I've got to stay behind and make up the hours I've missed this week.

Jane: Not on your birthday?

(TERRY walks over)

Jack: I suppose you've forgotten as well?

Terry: Forgotten what?

Maggie: (*Arguing with TOM*) I don't believe you.

(MAGGIE and TOM have been arguing. MAGGIE storms off crying. JANE sees this and follows her. TOM walks over to JACK and TERRY - he is wearing a new suit. HEATHCLIFFE makes an entrance with his girlfriend, KATHY. KATHY is wearing dark glasses. She takes a seat. HEATHCLIFFE walks over to the stage and then to the bar where he is immediately surrounded by the female members of the company)

Tom: Women?

Lily: (*Walking passed*) Don't look at me, love. Not my department.

I need some (Hot Stuff) baby, this evening

Got to have some Hot Stuff

Got to have love tonight

(Hot stuff)

I need (Hot Stuff)

I want some (Hot Stuff)

I need (Hot Stuff...)

**INSTRUMENTAL**

All Hot, Hot, Hot, Hot Stuff

Hot, Hot, Hot

Hot, Hot, Hot, Hot Stuff

Hot, Hot, Hot

Lady How's about some...

(Hot love) baby, this evening

I need some (Hot Stuff) baby, tonight

I need some (Hot Stuff) baby, this evening

I need (Hot Stuff) baby, tonight

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Hot stuff) baby, tonight

I need some (Hot Stuff) baby, this evening

I need some...

All ... Hot Stuff baby, tonight

*(By the end of the number, JACK is leaning against a table, shaking)*

Lady: *(To the girls as they exit)* Thank you girls

Jack: It's a nice offer... but... I'm... I'm seeing someone... I....

Lady: *(Interrupting)* Relax. Why so nervous, Jack?

Jack: How do you know my name?

*(LADY MARMALADE points to the name badge JACK is wearing)*

Jack: Who are you?

Lady: Who I am is of little importance. Who I work for, now there is a question. But you'll have to promise not to tell a soul. Cross your heart and hope to die? I work for the Devil. The Horned One. Beelzebub, Lucifer - the Prince of Darkness himself. Here's my card.

*(LADY MARMALADE hands JACK a business card)*

Jack: *(Reading from the card. Sarcastically)* Oh, yeah 'The Devil'. Obviously!

Lady: Well, one of his minion anyway... at your service.

