

DION: (Waiting to go on - shouts) DION!

MC: (OFF) Dion and the Belmonts.

DION and the BELMONTs give a hop and a skip and go onstage.

SX: Applause onstage. Music in the background throughout the following.

RITCHIE approaches Buddy.

RITCHIE: Hey Amigos... I hear you've got a plane laid on for tonight?

BUDDY: Well yeah Ritchie we do.

The MC returns and waits to talk to Ritchie.

RITCHIE: You got a spare seat for me?

BUDDY: Well no we don't Ritchie, there's me and the Bopper here and Tommy and that's the three seats.

RITCHIE: Hey man I've gotta get on that plane tonight, I've got a couple of chicks waiting in Moorhead. Where's Tommy?

BUDDY: He's around somewhere Ritchie.

RITCHIE: (Moving) I'll find him.

MC has been awaiting his chance.

MC: Ritchie, no more pelvis.

RITCHIE: Hey, Elvis does it, why can't I? (He moves his pelvis) Don't it just drive you wild.

MC: Ritchie I've told you, just sing the songs huh?

RITCHIE walks off then turns back to the MC

RITCHIE: Sure man. Hey man who's on next?

MC: (Following) Ritchie, RITCHIE have you seen my programmes?

SX: Small applause off SL. They both exit.

BUDDY: No foolin' around after the show Bopper, we've got to get to Mason City Airport by midnight.

BOPPER: (Looks to the sky) Praise the Lord. The thought of sleeping on that

bus one more night was killing me.

BUDDY: How long we got?

BOPPER looks at his watch.

BOPPER: One more act then the intermission. Then it's me - then you.

BUDDY: Just got time to phone Maria Elena.

BOPPER fools with the phone.

BOPPER: Hello baby... this is your big Buddy speaking... Let's get this show on the road.

BUDDY: Rock 'n' roll it Bopper.

BOPPER: See you out there man.

BOPPER leaves, singing "Running Bear" as he goes.

BUDDY picks up the phone

BUDDY: Long distance please, New York City 345 9628... thanks.

Lights catch RITCHIE as he walks TOMMY to a place SR.

RITCHIE: Ok Tommy, heads or tails?

RITCHIE tosses a coin.

TOMMY: Tails.

RITCHIE: You lose.

RITCHIE moves to BUDDY.

BUDDY: Maria Elena it's me... how are you... and that baby of mine..? That's fine... Oh not so good... where do I start honey... it's freezing, so is the bus, and they're dirty and the whole tour is badly organized, you know we're having to carry our own equipment around... yeah, I know...

RITCHIE: Hey - guess who's the lucky one?

BUDDY: You?

RITCHIE: You betcha. I talked Tommy into tossing a coin for the seat on the