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Tommy  
Music: Peter Townshend  
Lyrics: various  
Book: Des McAnuff + Peter Townshend  
Film: 1975

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## CAPTAIN WALKER/IT'S A BOY

### NARRATOR

Captain Walker didn't come home.  
His unborn child will never know him.  
We believe him missing with a number of men,  
Don't expect to see him again.  
He's believed to be missing with a number of men,  
Don't expect to see him again.

### NURSES

It's a boy, Mrs. Walker, it's a boy.  
It's a boy, Mrs. Walker, it's a boy!  
A son! A son! A son!  
Hear the joyful celebrations in the street!  
It's a boy born on this first day of peace!  
We've won! A son! We've won!

## BERNIE'S HOLIDAY CAMP

### FRANK

I'm your friendly green coat,  
And I welcome you to Bernie's Holiday Camp!  
G'day, and you'll be happy,  
And it 's Bernie you will thank.  
You must be little Tommy.  
Well, call me Uncle Frank.  
Welcome you too, Mrs. Walker,  
Here you'll always find a helping hand!  
The camp with the extras,  
.....  
If you come to Bernie's,  
You might think you're in Heaven!

### TOMMY

Did you know I had an Uncle Frank?  
I've never met him.  
Lookie, Mom, a cage of budgies!  
A swimming pool and donkey rides, oh Please!  
It's all free, Mom!

### FRANK

Here we have the winner, folks!

Have you ever seen a lovelier pair?  
What a shapely ankle!  
What a perfect shin!  
If you could feel this silken thigh,  
You'd know who has to win!  
If you could feel this silken thigh,  
You'd know.

MRS. WALKER

You don't know how much I've missed  
To feel a man again,  
To dance, to kiss.

FRANK

Your eyes reveal: You're lovely.

MRS. WALKER

This evening must pass slowly.  
Until we're one, my heart won't rest.  
Will Tommy share our happiness?

You don't know how much I've missed  
To feel a man again,  
To dance, to kiss.

FRANK

I'll be more than an uncle;  
I'll be just like a Dad!

TOMMY

I will be a green coat too,  
And when I'm big, I'll own a Holiday Camp!  
A camp with a difference,  
Always be good weather.  
When you come to Tommy's,  
The holiday's forever!

NORA

I'm glad you like your Uncle Frank.  
He'll surely love you too, just like a Dad.

TOMMY

He's very nice, I think.  
Did he fight in the War?

BOTH

When he's got his green coat on,  
I love him even more.

21/ WHAT ABOUT THE BOY

MRS. WALKER

Gotta feeling '21 is gonna be a good year,  
Especially if you and me see it out together.

FRANK

So you think that '21 is gonna be a good year.  
We'll marry now and see it out together.

MRS. WALKER

I have no reason to be over-optimistic,  
But somehow when you smile I can brave bad weather.  
What about the boy?  
What about the boy?  
What about the boy, he saw it all!

FRANK

You didn't hear it, you didn't see it!  
You won't say nothin' to no one,  
Ever in your life.  
You never heard it.  
How absurd it all seems, without any proof!

MRS. WALKER

You didn't hear it, you didn't see it!  
You won't say nothin' to no one,  
Ever in your life.  
You never heard it.  
How absurd it all seems, without any proof!

BOTH

You didn't hear it, you didn't see it!  
You never heard it, not a word of it!  
You won't say nothin' to no one,  
Never tell a soul what you know is the truth!

AMAZING JOURNEY

NARRATOR

Now he is deaf.  
Now he is dumb.  
Now he is blind.  
The guilty are safe,  
But always accused by his empty eyes.  
Nothing to say,  
Nothing to hear,  
And nothing to see.  
Each sensation makes a note in his symphony.  
Sickness will surely take the mind  
Where minds can't usually go.  
Come on the amazing journey,

And learn all you should know.  
A vague haze of delirium creeps up on him.  
Soaring and flying images spin.  
He is your leader, he is your guide.  
On the amazing journey,  
Together you'll ride.  
Sickness will surely take the mind  
Where minds can't usually go.  
Come on the amazing journey,  
And learn all you should know.  
His eyes are the eyes that transmit all he knows,  
The truth burns so bright it can melt winter snows.  
A towering shadow, so black and so high,  
A white sun burning the earth and the sky.

## CHRISTMAS

MRS. WALKER

Did you ever see the faces  
Of the children, they get so excited.  
Waking up on Christmas morning  
Hours before the winter sun's ignited.  
They believe in dreams and all they mean,  
Including Heaven's generosity.  
Peeping 'round the door to see what  
Parcels are for free in curiosity.  
And Tommy doesn't know what day it is.  
He doesn't know who Jesus was,  
Or what praying is.

CHORUS

How can he be saved  
From the eternal grave?

FRANK

Tommy, can you hear me?  
Tommy, can you hear me?

MRS. WALKER

Tommy, can you hear me?  
Tommy, can you hear me?  
Tommy, can you hear me?  
Can you?

FRANK

Tommy, can you hear me?

MRS. WALKER

Can you hear me?

CHORUS

How can he be saved?

TOMMY

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.

BOTH

Tommy, can you hear me?  
Tommy, can you hear me?

CHORUS

How can he be saved?

FRANK

Surrounded by his friends,  
He sits so silently and  
Unaware of anything.  
Playing poxy pinball, picks his nose,  
He smiles, he cries,  
He pokes his tongue at everything.

MRS. WALKER

I believe in love,  
But how can men who've never seen light  
Be enlightened?  
Only if he's cured  
Will his spirit's future level  
Ever heighten.

FRANK

And Tommy doesn't know what day it is.

MRS. WALKER

He doesn't know who Jesus was,  
Or what praying is.

CHORUS

How can he be saved  
From the eternal grave?

EYESIGHT TO THE BLIND

THE PREACHER

You talk about your woman,  
I wish you could see mine.  
You talk about your woman,  
I wish you could see mine.

Everytime she starts to lovin',  
She brings eyesight to the blind.  
Oh, yeah.  
You know, her daddy gave her magic.  
I can tell by the way she walks.  
You know, her daddy gave her magic.  
I can tell by the way she walks.  
Everytime she starts to shake,  
The dumb begin to talk,  
Wooh, talk, talk.  
She's got the power to heal you,  
Never fear.  
She has got the power to heal you,  
Never fear.  
Just one word from her lips,  
And the deaf can hear.  
Heeeeyyyyyy!

## ACID QUEEN

### THE ACID QUEEN

If your child ain't all he should be now,  
This girl will put him right.  
I'll show him what he could be now,  
Just give me one night!  
I'm the Gypsy, the Acid Queen,  
Pay me before I start.  
I'm the Gypsy, and I'm guaranteed  
To mend his aching heart.  
Give us a room, close the door.  
Leave us for a while.  
Your boy won't be a boy no more;  
Young, but not a child!  
'Cause I'm the Gypsy, the Acid Queen,  
Pay me before I start.  
The Gypsy, and I'm guaranteed  
To tear your soul apart.  
Gather your wits and hold on fast,  
Your mind must learn to roam.  
Just as the Gypsy Queen must do,  
You're gonna hit the road!  
My work is done, now look at him.  
He's never been more alive.  
His head it shakes, his fingers clutch.  
Watch his body writhe!  
I'm the Gypsy, the Acid Queen,  
Pay me before I start.  
I'm the Gypsy, I'm guaranteed  
To break your little heart.  
If your child ain't all he should be now,  
This girl will put him right.  
I'll show him what he could be now,  
Just give me one more night!  
I'm the Gypsy, the Acid Queen,  
Pay me before I start.  
I'm the Gypsy, I'm guaranteed

To tear his soul apart.

DO YOU THINK IT'S ALRIGHT (I)

MRS. WALKER

Do you think it's alright  
To leave the boy with Cousin Kevin?  
Do you think it's alright?  
There's something 'bout him I  
Don't really like.  
Do you think it's alright?

FRANK

I think it's alright,  
Yes, I think it's alright.

COUSIN KEVIN

KEVIN

We're on our own, cousin.  
All alone, cousin.  
Let's think of a game to play  
Now the grownups have all gone away.  
You won't be much fun,  
Being blind, deaf and dumb,  
But I've no one to play with today.  
Do you know how to play Hide and Seek?  
To find me, it would take you a week!  
But tied to that chair,  
You won't go anywhere.  
There's a lot I can do to a freak!  
How would you feel if I turned on the bath,  
Ducked your head under and started to laugh?  
Maybe a cigarette burn on your arm  
Will change your expression to one of alarm.  
I'm the school bully,  
The classroom cheat,  
The nastiest play-friend  
You ever could meet.  
I'll put glass in your dinner,  
and spikes in your seat.  
I'll drag you around  
By a lock of your hair,  
And give you a push  
At the top of the stair!  
What would you do if I  
Shut you outside  
To stand in the rain and  
Catch cold, so you'd die?  
I'm the school bully,  
The classroom cheat,  
The nastiest play-friend

You ever could meet.  
I'll stick pins in your fingers,  
And tread on your feet.  
We're on our own, cousin.  
All alone, cousin.  
We've thought of some nice games to play  
While the grownups has all gone away.  
You weren't too much fun,  
'Cause you're blind, deaf and dumb,  
But I'd no one to play with today.

#### DO YOU THINK IT'S ALRIGHT (II)

MRS. WALKER

Do you think it's alright  
To leave the boy with Uncle Ernie?  
Do you think it's alright?  
He's had a few too many tonight.  
Do you think it's alright?

FRANK

Yes, I think it's alright,  
Yes, I think it's alright.

#### FIDDLE ABOUT

UNCLE ERNIE

I'm your wicked Uncle Ernie;  
I'm glad you won't see or hear me,  
As I fiddle about, fiddle about, fiddle about.  
Your mother left me here to mind you,  
And I'm doing exactly what I bleedin' well want to,  
Fiddling about, fiddling about, fiddle about.  
Down with your bedclothes,  
Up with your nightshirt.  
Fiddle about, fiddle about, fiddle about.  
You won't "shite"  
As I fiddle "abite."  
Fiddle about, fiddle about, fiddle about.

#### DO YOU THINK IT'S ALRIGHT (III)

MRS. WALKER

Do you think it's alright  
Leaving Tommy by the mirror?  
You would think he had sight,  
Been staring half the night.  
Do you think it's alright?

FRANK

Yes, I think it's alright,  
Yes, I think it's alright.

EXTRA, EXTRA

NEWSBOYS AND CHORUS

Extra, extra, pinball bonanza!  
Deaf dumb and blind kid makes the big game!  
Saturday, the final, he faces the champ!  
Extra, extra, extra!  
Pinball, the big time, a million in hand!  
You can rule the world from a yacht in the bay!  
Champagne flowing, you're popular, man!  
Pinball, let's play!  
Tommy keeps on winning,  
He's a millionaire,  
Momma's got a brand new Cadillac.  
Hurry to the show,  
We're nearly on the air!  
Extra, extra!

PINBALL WIZARD

THE PINBALL WIZARD

Ever since I was a young boy,  
I've played the silver ball.  
From SoHo down to Brighton,  
I must have played them all.  
But I ain't seen nothin' like him  
In any amusement hall.  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid  
Sure plays a mean pinball.  
He stands like a statue,  
Becomes part of the machine.  
Feelin' all the bumpers,  
Always playin' clean.  
He plays by intuition.  
The digit counters fall.  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid  
Sure plays a mean pinball.  
He's a pinball wizard,  
There has to be a twist.  
A pinball wizard,  
Got such a supple wrist!

REPORTER

How do you think he does it?

PINBALL WIZARD

I don't know!

REPORTER

What makes him so good?

PINBALL WIZARD

Well, he ain't got no distractions,  
Can't hear no buzzers and bells.  
Don't see lights a-flashing,  
He plays by sense of smell.  
Always has a replay,  
Never tilts at all,  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid  
Sure plays a mean pinball.  
He can't beat me now,  
I've always been the champ!  
I know it's a trick!  
No freak's gonna beat my hand!  
He can beat my favorite table,  
He can beat the best.  
His disciples lead him in,  
And he just does the rest.  
He's got crazy flipper fingers,  
I've never seen them fall.  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid  
Sure plays a mean pinball.  
He's a pinball wizard  
There has to be a twist.  
A pinball wizard,  
Got such a supple wrist!  
He's a pinball wizard  
His score shoots even more!  
A pinball wizard,  
The world's new pinball lord!  
He's scoring more!  
He's scoring more!  
I thought I was the Bally table king,  
But I just handed my pinball crown to him.  
To him! To him!

CHAMPAGNE

MRS. WALKER

It rains champagne!  
A son was born again!  
A genius untamed!  
A life of wealth and fame, wealth and fame!  
Champagne flowing down just like rain,  
Caviar breakfasts every day.  
Merchant banks and yachts and ...  
Servants and cars and private sand.

TOMMY

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me, heal me.

MRS. WALKER

They flock in, thousands strong.  
We'll just play along.  
A million in reserve.  
For love, a just deserve, just deserve!  
Birds and flowers and peacock's wings,  
Sequined gowns and birds that sing!  
Private planes and fishing lanes.  
Bigger crowds and bigger, bigger, bigger takes.  
But what's it all worth?  
What's it all worth when my son is blind?  
He can't hear the music nor enjoy what I'm buying.  
His life is worthless, affecting mine.  
I'd pay any price to drive his plight from my mind!

TOMMY

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.

THERE'S A DOCTOR

FRANK

There's a man I've found  
Could bring us all joy!  
There's a doctor I've found can cure the boy!  
A doctor I've found can cure the boy!  
There's a man I've found could remove his sorrow,  
He lives in this town, let's see him tomorrow,

MRS. WALKER

Let's see him tomorrow.

GO TO THE MIRROR

DOCTOR

He seems to be completely unreceptive.  
The tests I gave him showed no sense at all.  
His eyes react to light; the dials detect it.  
He hears but cannot answer to your call.

TOMMY

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.

DOCTOR

There is no chance, no untried operation.  
All hope lies with him and none with me.  
Imagine though the shock from isolation,  
When he suddenly can hear and speak and see.

TOMMY

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.

DOCTOR

His eyes can see,  
His ears can hear, his lips speak.  
All the time the needles flick and rock.  
No machine can give the kind of stimulation,  
Needed to remove his inner block.

MRS. WALKER

I often wonder what it is he's feeling.  
Has he ever heard a word I've said?  
Look at him, now in the mirror dreaming.  
What is happening in his head?  
What is happening in his head?  
Ooooooh, I wish I knew, I wish I knew.

TOMMY CAN YOU HEAR ME

MRS. WALKER

Tommy, can you see me?  
Can I help to cheer you?  
Tommy, can you hear me?  
Can you feel me near you?  
Oooh, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy.  
Tommy, can you hear me?  
Can you feel me near you?  
Tommy, can you see me?  
Can I help to cheer you?  
Oooh, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy.

SAMSH THE MIRROR

MRS. WALKER

You don't answer my call  
With even a nod or a twitch  
But you gaze at your own reflection!  
You don't seem to see me  
But I think you can see yourself.  
How can the mirror affect you?  
Can you hear me  
Or do I surmise  
That you fear me can you feel my temper

Rise, rise, rise, rise, rise,  
Rise, rise, rise, rise, rise,  
Rise, rise, rise!  
Do you hear or fear or  
Do I smash the mirror?  
Do you hear or fear or  
Do I smash the mirror?

I'M FREE

TOMMY

I'm free -- I'm free,  
And freedom tastes of reality!  
I'm free -- I'm free,  
And I'm waiting for you to follow me.  
If I told you what it takes  
To reach the highest high,  
You'd laugh and say "Nothing's that simple."  
But you've been told many times before  
Messiahs pointed to the door  
And no one had the guts to leave the temple!  
I'm free -- I'm free,  
And I'm waiting for you to follow me.  
I'm free -- I'm free,  
And I'm waiting for you to follow me.

MOTHER AND SON

MRS. WALKER

Tommy, can you hear me?  
Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy.

TOMMY

Mother, Father.  
Touch me, feel me.  
Who am I, where did I come from?  
Have you known me, have you seen me?  
Mother?

MRS. WALKER

You're a hero! You are famous!  
You're a champion of the young!  
You are rich, but it's so absurd to try  
To explain all the things you've done.  
You're a god, and you're loved;  
Thousands watch you play  
Pinball! It's a fever!  
And you're the master of the game!

And now that you're whole,  
You'll be champion of their very souls.

TOMMY

Yes, I'm healed!  
Delivered from silent darkness.  
No more locked doors  
Or stifled screams.  
Pinball! What I see now before me  
Is far beyond the game,  
Beyond your wildest dreams!  
Those who love me  
Have a higher path to follow now.  
And you, dear mother, too  
Must be prepared!

SENSATION

NARRATOR

While Tommy flies, the world is turning.  
Life goes on for you and me.  
Our chief concern is money earning,  
Why can't someone set us free?  
Can't you feel him?  
Can't you feel him?  
Can't you feel him?  
Can't you feel him?

TOMMY

You'll feel me coming  
A new vibration  
From afar you'll see me  
I'm a sensation.  
I'm a sensation.  
I overwhelm as I approach you  
Make your lungs hold breath inside!  
Lovers break caresses for me  
Love enhanced when I've gone by.  
They worship me and all I touch  
Hazy eyed they catch my glance,  
Pleasant shudders shake their senses  
My warm momentum throws their stance.  
You'll feel me coming  
A new vibration  
From afar you'll see me  
I'm a sensation.  
Soon you'll see me can't you feel me  
I'm coming...  
Send your troubles dancing I know the answer  
I'm coming...  
I'm coming...  
I'm a sensation.  
You'll feel me coming  
A new vibration  
From afar you'll see me

I'm a sensation.  
I'm a sensation.  
I leave a trail of rooted people  
Mesmerised by just the sight,  
The few I touched now are disciples  
Love as One I Am the Light...  
I Am the Light!

## MIRACLE CURE

## NEWSBOYS

Extra, extra, read all about it!  
Pinball Wizard in a miracle cure!  
Extra, extra, read all about it!  
Extra, Extra!  
Right now, right now, story and pictures  
Pinball bonanza, a mother's joy!  
... to show times, lessons and actors.  
Extra, extra!

## SALLY SIMPSON

## NARRATOR

Outside the house Mr. Simpson announced  
That Sally couldn't go to the meeting.  
He went on cleaning his black Rolls Royce  
And she ran inside weeping.  
She got to her room and tears splashed the picture  
Of the new Messiah.  
She picked up a book of her father's life  
And threw it on the fire!  
She knew from the start  
Deep down in her heart  
That she and Tommy were worlds apart,  
But her mother said, "Never mind, your part...  
Is to be what you'll be."  
The theme of the sermon was come unto me,  
Love will find a way,  
So Sally decided to ignore her dad,  
And sneak out anyway!  
She spent all afternoon getting ready,  
Decided she'd try to touch him,  
Maybe he'd see that she was free  
And talk to her this Sunday.  
She knew from the start  
Deep down in her heart  
That she and Tommy were worlds apart,  
But her mother said, "Never mind, your part...  
Is to be what you'll be."  
She arrived at six and the place was swinging  
To gospel music by nine.  
Group after group appeared on the stage  
And Sally just sat there crying.

She bit her nails looking pretty as a picture  
Right in the very front row  
And then one of the people came on stage  
And shouted, "Here we go!"  
The crowd went crazy as Tommy hit the stage!  
Little Sally got lost as the police bossed  
The crowd back in a rage!

TOMMY

Your happy welcome is like a favor  
I must now return.  
The darkness of my childhood past  
And flames of blood now burn.  
The pinball game I play so well  
Reflects a way of life.  
This meeting is just another game;  
Let's play to win, tonight!

NARRATOR

She knew from the start  
Deep down in her heart  
That she and Tommy were worlds apart,  
But her mother said, "Never mind, your part...  
Is to be what you'll be."  
Her cheek hit a chair and blood trickled down,  
Mingling with her tears.

TOMMY

Try to walk the path I walked,  
Never mind the pain and fear.  
Each one of you has freedom  
In your heart without my grace.  
Let me see you raise your hands  
See joy upon your face!

NARRATOR

The crowd went crazy  
As Tommy left the stage!  
Little Sally was lost for the price of a touch  
And a gash across her face, her pretty face! Ooooh.  
Sixteen stitches put her right and her Dad said,  
"Don't say I didn't warn yer."  
Sally got married to a rock musician  
She met in California.  
Tommy always talks about the day  
The disciples all went wild!  
Sally still carries a scar on her cheek  
To remind her of his smile.  
She knew from the start  
Deep down in her heart  
That she and Tommy were worlds apart,  
But her mother said, "Never mind, your part...  
Is to be what you'll be."

WELCOME

TOMMY

Come to my house,  
Be one of the comfortable people.  
Come to this house,  
We're drinking all night,  
Never sleeping.  
Milkman come in!  
And you, baker,  
Little old lady, welcome,  
And you, shoemaker.  
Come to this house,  
Into this house!

FRANK AND MRS. WALKER

Come to this house,  
Be one of us.  
Make this your house,  
Be one of us.

TOMMY

You can help  
To collect some more in.  
Young and old people,  
Let's get them all in.  
Come to this house,  
Into this house!  
Ask along that man with a big red carnation.  
Bring every single person  
From Victoria Station.  
Go into that hospital,  
And bring the nurses and patients.  
Everybody go home and fetch their relations.

ALL

Come to this house,  
Be one of the comfortable people.  
Lovely bright home,  
We're drinking all night never sleeping.

FRANK

Hullo, Tommy, there's more at the door.  
Look, upon the floor.  
There's more at the door.  
There's more!

TOMMY

We need more room,  
Build an extension.  
A colorful palace,  
Spare no expense, now!  
Come to this house,  
Be one of us.  
Make this your house,  
Be one of us.  
Come to me now!  
Come to me now!  
Welcome!  
Welcome!

TV STUDIO

MRS. WALKER

To raise your weary spirits high,  
My son will teach your silent hearts  
To talk!  
Every home will have his picture.  
Pilgrims all will touch his hand.  
Pinball tables, gold and silver,  
Altars to the Master's plan!

FRANK

Rio, Paris, New York, London.  
Moscow, Peking, Tokyo, the world!  
A Tommy Camp in every city,  
Millions flocking in like sheep.  
What they want ain't cheap, 's a pity.  
But who am I to upset their dreams?

TOMMY'S HOLIDAY CAMP

UNCLE ERNIE

Good morning, Campers!  
I'm your Brother Ernie,  
And I welcome you to Tommy's Holiday Camp!  
The camp with a difference, never mind the weather,  
When you come to Tommy's, the holiday's forever!  
Welcome!  
Get your Tommy T-shirts, and your stickers,  
And your Tommy mirrors to smash!  
Don't rush, keep steady,  
Have your money ready!  
Buy your way to heaven,  
That comes to one pound seven.  
Bless your heart! (ka-ching!)  
Eyeshades and earplugs,  
Keep in line, I've got a huge supply!  
Get your Tommy records,  
You can really hear him talk!

Tommy pics and matches,  
half a knicker for the cork.  
You lucky people!  
The camp with a difference, never mind the weather,  
When you come to Tommy's, the holiday's forever!

#### WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT CHORUS

These pricy gips don't teach us!  
Your freedom doesn't reach us!  
Enlightenment escapes us!  
Awareness doesn't shape us!  
How can all this trivia  
Take us to the goal you reached?  
We came here to be like you,  
To find the world you've reached!  
These pricy gips don't teach us!  
Your freedom doesn't reach us!  
Enlightenment escapes us!  
Awareness doesn't shape us!  
How can all this trivia  
Take us to the goal you reached?  
We came here to be like you,  
To find the world you've reached!

#### TOMMY

Welcome to the camp!  
I guess you all know why we're here.  
My name is Tommy, and I became aware this year.  
If you want to follow me,  
You've got to play pinball.  
So put in your earplugs,  
Put on your eyeshades,  
You know where to put the cork!  
Hey you, gettin' drunk,  
So sorry, I've got you sussed.  
Hey, you, smokin' mother nature,  
You missed the bus.  
Hey, hung up old Mister Normal,  
Don't try to gain my trust.  
'Cos you ain't gonna follow me  
Any of those ways,  
Although you think you must!  
Now you can't hear me,  
Your ears are truly sealed!  
You can't speak either,  
'Cos your mouth is filled.  
You can't see nothing,  
And pinball completes the scene.  
Here come willing helpers  
To guide you to  
Your very own machine!

#### CHORUS

We're not gonna take it.  
We're not gonna take it,  
Never did and never will,  
We don't have to take it.  
Gonna break it!  
Gonna shake it!  
Let's forget it better still!  
We're not gonna take it.  
We're not gonna take it,  
Never did and never will,  
Don't want no religion,  
As far as we can tell!  
We ain't gonna take you,  
Never did and never will!  
We ain't gonna take you,  
We forsake you,  
Gonna rape you,  
Let's forget you better still!

#### LISTENING TO YOU/ SEE ME

Tommy: See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me, heal me, heal me.

Chorus: Listening to you I get the music.  
Gazing at you I get the heat.  
Following you I climb the mountain.  
I get excitement at your feet!  
Right behind you I see the millions.  
On you I see the glory.  
From you I get opinions.  
From you I get the story.  
Listening to you I get the music.  
Gazing at you I get the heat.  
Following you I climb the mountain.  
I get excitement at your feet!

#### TOMMY AND CHORUS

Right behind you I see the millions.  
On you I see the glory.  
From you I get opinions.  
From you I get the story.  
Listening to you I get the music.  
Gazing at you I get the heat (heat).  
Following you I climb the mountain.  
I get excitement at your feet!  
Right behind you I see the millions.  
On you I see the glory.

From you I get opinions.  
From you I get the story.  
Ohhhhh, listening to you I get the music.  
Gazing at you I get the heat.  
Following you I climb the mountain.  
I get excitement at your feet!  
Right behind you I see the millions.  
On you I see the glory.  
From you I get opinions.  
From you I get the story.  
Listening to you!

---

Tommy  
Music: Peter Townshend  
Lyrics: various  
Book: Des McAnuff + Peter Townshend  
Premiere: Thursday, April 22, 1993

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## Overture

Prologue:1940

Against the black and white backdrop of a gigantic bomber and the projection of a factory worker's propaganda poster (Speed is vital), a welder is at work, face hidden behind a welding mask, on the Royal Air Force bomber. A flight crew appears, followed by Captain Walker, a handsome Englishman in his mid-twenties. His path being blocked by a fuel hose, he stands behind the welder. Sparks fly.

Trying to get the welder's attention, Capt. Walker pats the welder on the back. The welder turns, stands, and flips back the mask, pulls the cap off and wipes sweat away. Hair spills down around her shoulders.

Capt. Walker stares at the young woman. He smiles. (Go to the mirror).

Another factory poster is seen (Come to the Factories) and RAF officers and young Englishwomen appear wildly doing the jitterbug on a smoke-filled dance floor. Uncle Ernie, Capt. Walker's older brother, dressed in civilian clothes (he has a slight limp) watches the dancers, grins, sips his tea as Captain Walker and the welder, now in party dress, whirl across the room. (See Me, Feel Me) The group of officers and women separate and magically Capt Walker and the welder are revealed, he still in uniform, she in a simple white dress. A minister performs the wedding ceremony against the backdrop of a church.

Minister:

The union of husband and wife in heart, body and mind is intended by God for their mutual joy; for the help and comfort given one another in prosperity and adversity; knowledge and love of the Lord. Therefore marriage is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, deliberately, and in accordance with the purposes for which it was instituted by God.

Uncle Ernie walks up by Capt Walker's side and hands him a ring. Capt Walker impatiently places the ring on Mrs Walker's finger and kisses her passionately in silhouette. (Go to the mirror).

Air raid sirens go off as aerial shots of London in the blitz appear in the background. Uncle Ernie produces a civil defense armband, which he dons, and a flashlight. We hear the drone of engines of bombers overhead as searchlights flash in the background to the sound of nearby explosions. Uncle Ernie hurries off. (Listening to you). Mrs Walker is in bed, asleep. Distant explosions. Captain Walker leans over and kisses her softly. She stirs but doesn't awaken. He watches her for a moment longer and then quietly creeps away. (French horns fanfare). Against a giant propaganda poster of Winston Churchill, Capt Walker arrives at the airfield where he is helped into his combat uniform by an aide who fastens a parachute on the Captain's back. Airborne troops perform exercises at the edge of the airfield. (Pinball Wizard). Two rows of soldiers sit on benches facing each other in the hull of a Wellington bomber, where Capt Walker joins them. In flight, bursts of anti-aircraft shells explode around them. A trap door opens; flames from far below are reflected on the faces of the soldiers as, one by one the soldiers step to the edge of the trap and leap into the abyss. Capt Walker is the last to jump. Projections of parachutes fill the sky in a Magritte-like image. A figure slowly descends from above, suspended under his chute - Capt Walker. Two German footsoldiers

start up at the sky. They raise machine guns in the air and fire. There is the deafening sound of the rounds going off as the lights black out.

A series of aerial shots of London take us from the black and white world of the prologue to the warm faded colors of remembered suburbia.

Scene 1: 22 Heathfield Gardens:1941

(A Very pleased Uncle Ernie knocks on the door, answered by Mrs. Walker in a dressing gown.)

Uncle Ernie:  
Sardines! An egg! Un demi-litre du lait!

Mrs Walker:  
Bless you, Ernie!

(As Ernie is leaving, he passes two RAF officers coming to the door.)

Captain Walker

First Officer: (to audience)  
Captain Walker didn't come home.  
His unborn child will never know him.

Second Officer: (to Mrs. Walker)  
Believe him missing with a number of men.  
Don't expect to see him again.

(the Officer presents Mrs. Walker with a document informing her that Captain Walker is missing-in action)

First and Second Officers:  
Captain Walker didn't come home.  
Captain Walker didn't come home.  
Captain Walker didn't come home.  
His unborn child will never know him.  
(To comfort him, one of the officers presses a pint of whiskey, into teetotaling Uncle Ernie's hand. He gives it a try.)

Scene 2: Hospital

It's a Boy

Nurse:  
It's a boy, Mrs Walker, It's a boy.

Nurses:  
It's a boy, Mrs Walker, It's a boy.

Mrs. Walker & Nurses:



Four-year Old Tommy:  
Happy birthday, Mum.

Mrs. Walker: ( to Tommy)  
I had no reason to be over-optimistic,  
But somehow when you smile  
I can brave bad weather.

(Mrs. Walker kisses Tommy goodnight and rejoins her lover in front room - who is waiting with a bottle of champagne)

Mrs. Walker & Lover:  
I had no reason to be over-optimistic,  
But somehow when you smile  
I can brave bad weather.

Instrumental

Returning unexpectedly from the war, Captain Walker appears at the door late at night to find Mrs. Walker and her lover in an embrace. The lover attacks Captain Walker and the 4 year old Tommy is woken up by the commotion. Mrs. Walker tries to turn him away from the violent scene but he faces a mirror in which he witnesses the lover slapping his mother and threatening to attack his father with a chair. The father shoots the lover in the head. The Walkers embrace, helplessly, then realize that Tommy has seen it all in the mirror.

Mrs Walker:  
What about the boy?

Captain Walker:  
What about the boy?

Both:  
What about the boy?  
He saw it all!  
You didn't hear it,  
You didn't see it,  
You won't say nothing to no one  
Ever in your life.  
You never heard it.  
How absurd it'll  
Seem without any proof.  
You didn't hear it,  
You didn't see it,  
You never heard it, not a word of it.  
You won't say nothing to no one.  
Never tell a soul  
What you know is the..  
You didn't hear it,  
You didn't see it,  
You won't say nothing to no one  
Ever in your life.  
You never heard it.  
How absurd it'll  
Seem without any :  
You didn't hear it,  
You didn't see it,  
You never heard it, not a word of it.

You won't say nothing to no one.  
Never tell a soul  
What you know is the truth.

Captain Walker:  
What about the boy?

(Police pour on the scene, examine the body and take Mr. Walker into custody)

Mrs. Walker:  
Tommy. Everything is going to alright.  
Do you understand?

(Tommy doesn't respond)

Mrs Walker:  
You needn't be afraid love. Tommy?  
Do you hear me?

(Tommy doesn't answer)

Tommy do you understand Mummy?

(Tommy walks to the mirror on the wardrobe. The objects he sees in it seem to defy the laws of gravity and space. A chair flies into the air. Doors take on a new positions. The view outside of the windows become scrambled)

Mrs. Walker:  
Tommy! Tommy!

(Tommy just stares at the mirror. The police separate the Walkers for questioning while the older Tommy, our narrator, appears on the top of the wardrobe as if by magic.)

Amazing Journey

Tommy:  
Deaf, dumb and blind boy...  
He's in a quiet vibration land.  
Strange as it seems, his musical dream  
Ain't quite so bad.

Four years old  
With thoughts as bold as thought can be;  
Loving life and becoming wise  
In simplicity.

Sickness will surely take the mind  
Where minds can't usually go.  
Come on the amazing journey  
And learn all you should know.

A vague haze of delirium  
Seeps in his mind  
Soaring and flying images blind.  
I'll be your leader;  
I'll be your guide.

On the amazing journey, together we'll ride.

Nothing to say  
Nothing to hear,  
Nothing to see.  
Each sensation makes a note in his symphony.

Sickness will surely take the mind  
Where minds can't usually go.  
Come on the amazing journey  
And learn all you should know.

His eyes are the eyes that  
Transmit all they know.  
The truth burns so bright  
It can melt winter snow.  
A towering figure,  
So brilliant so high:  
A white sun burning  
The earth and the sky.

(The narrator vanishes and the house disassembles)

Scene 4: An English Courtroom: 1945

(Against the backdrop of a huge Union Jack, the Walker family stands to await the judge's verdict. Captain Walker, still in uniform, is in the prisoner's docket.)

Judge:  
Captain Walker, after much consideration, on the grounds of justifiable homicide, this court find you... Not Guilty.

(There is elation in the courtroom, but Tommy doesn't move.)

Judge:  
Little boy, your parents have had some very good news indeed. I hope that you can appreciate that fact.

(There is no response from Tommy. The flag seems to melt. The words spoken to him by the grown-ups start to seem like some sinister, unrecognizable, otherworldly language.)

Little boy, what about a small smile in celebration of this most happy turn of events?

First Barrister:  
Do you hear, my boy?  
The magistrate is speaking to you!

(As he becomes the center of attention - Tommy just stares blankly ahead)

Mrs. Walker:  
My God Tommy...  
what ever is happening to you, my love?

The Walkers kneel by Tommy and begin to realize what they may have done to

their son. As Uncle Ernie sneaks a shot out of a flask, they lead Tommy off to get medical help.)

#### Scene 5: Hospital

##### Sparks (Instrumental)

A very concerned Mr. & Mrs. Walker deliver four year old Tommy to a young doctor who lead him by hand through a door. The Walkers leave and during the rest of the scene Tommy is escorted through the door after door in an accelerating series of examinations and tests. The doctors and nurses usher Tommy around like an automaton. He is the center of a whirl of file cabinets, eye charts and swinging doors as lab technicians work at a counter where tubes are delivered and tested, readings are taken and charts are filled out.

Nurses and Doctors hurry about, passing Tommy and clipboards around like batons in a relay race. They check the boy's pulse, reflexes, heartbeat, eyesight and hearing.

In the end the Walkers return and consult with the young doctor, who shakes his head. For the Walkers this is the real court and the verdict is catastrophic.

As the doctors walk off with the four year old Tommy, a projection screen tells us it is now 1950, and a nurse enters with a 10year old Tommy, who carries a balloon in one hand.

The narrator somersaults in from above to join Tommy and his parents onstage.

##### Amazing Journey (reprise)

Tommy:

Ten years old

With thoughts as bold as thought can be;

Loving life and becoming wise in simplicity.

Sickness will surely take the mind

Where minds can't usually go.

Come on the amazing journey

And learn all you should know.

A vague haze of delirium

Seeps in his mind

Soaring and flying images blind.

I'll be your leader;

I'll be your guide.

On the amazing journey, together we'll ride.

(Unseen by the Walkers, the Narrator takes the balloon from Tommy and floats away with it.)

#### Scene 6: Church & Home of the Relatives- Cousin Kevin and his parents; 1950

##### Christmas

With a giant stained-glass eye projected behind them, the extended family goes to church at Christmas, where the minister presides over a choir.)

Mr. Walker:

Did you ever see the faces of the children?

They get so excited,  
Waking up on Christmas morning.  
Hours before the winter's sun's ignited.  
They believe in dreams and all they mean,  
Including Heaven's generosity.  
Peeping 'round the door  
To see what parcels are in store.  
In curiosity.

Mr & Mrs Walker:  
And Tommy doesn't know what day it is.  
He doesn't know who Jesus was or what praying is.

All:  
How can he be saved  
From the eternal grave?

(The family shakes hands with the Minister and they all proceed to Cousin Kevin's house for Christmas dinner. Ten-year-old Tommy sits rocking on the floor, oblivious to his present, a model of an RAF bomber, which Cousin Kevin opens and plays with for him)

Mr. Walker:  
Surrounded by us all, he sits so silently  
And unaware of anything...  
Playing dumb, he cries, he smiles,  
He picks his nose, he pokes his tongue at everything.

Minister:  
I believe in love.  
But how can men who've never seen  
Light be enlightened?  
Only if he's cured  
Will his spirit's future level ever heighten.

Mr & Mrs Walker:  
And Tommy doesn't know what day it is.  
He doesn't know who Jesus was or what praying is.

All:  
How can he be saved  
From the eternal grave?

(Uncle Ernie plays the French horn to amuse the family; to their amazement, Tommy seems to respond. Mr Walker notices and crosses to Tommy in amazement)

Mr. Walker:  
Tommy can you hear me?  
Can you hear me?

(There is no response from Tommy)

All:  
How can he be saved?

See Me, Feel Me

(Unseen by the others the older Tommy appears and reaches out to his younger self.)

Tommy

See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me...  
Touch me, heal me.

(the Ten year old Tommy rises and moves from the table. The Narrator exits as Mr. Walker noticing that Tommy has moved on his own, goes to him)

Mr. Walker:

Tommy can you hear me?  
Can you hear me?

All:

How can he be saved?

( A group of carollers appear at the door, the older members of the family pair off to dance and young Tommy is grabbed by Cousin Kevin and waltzed around the room.)

All:

Did you ever see the faces of the children?  
They get so excited,  
Waking up on Christmas morning.  
Hours before the winter's sun's ignited.  
They believe in dreams and all they mean,  
Including Heaven's generosity.  
Peeping 'round the door  
To see what parcels are in store.  
In curiosity.

And Tommy doesn't know what day it is.  
He doesn't know who Jesus was or what praying is.  
How can he be saved  
From the eternal grave?

(Uncle Ernie is left on stage alone with a pint of beer in his hand. He downs it in one long gulp. He lets out a thunderous belch and head for his baby-sitting appointment.)

Scene 7: 22 Heathfield Gardens

(Uncle Ernie is met at the door by Mrs. Walker, who is getting ready to go out with Mr. Walker for the evening. As Ernie sinks into the sofa, Mrs. Walker

anxiously goes on dressing in the bedroom.)

Do You Think It's Alright

Mrs Walker:  
Do you think it's alright  
To leave the boy with Uncle Ernie?  
Do you think it's alright?  
He's had a few too many tonight!  
Do you think it's alright?

Mr. Walker:  
I think it's alright.  
Yes I think it's alright

Mrs Walker:  
D'you think it's alright?  
Yes I think it's alright

( Uncle Ernie sprawls drunkenly on the sofa next to Tommy who's rocking back and forth. The Walkers kiss Tommy goodnight and walk out the door.)

Mrs Walker:  
Do you think it's alright  
To leave the boy with Uncle Ernie?  
There's something about this  
I really don't like!

Mr. Walker:  
Do you think it's alright?  
I think it's alright.  
D'you think it's alright?  
Yes I think it's alright  
Yes I think it's alright

(Still sitting on the sofa next to Tommy, Uncle Ernie doesn't touch him, hardly looks at him. He only glances over occasionally to make sure that Tommy can't hear or understand him.)

Fiddle about

Uncle Ernie:  
I'm your wicked Uncle Ernie  
I'm glad you won't see or hear me  
As I fiddle about,  
Fiddle about  
Fiddle about!  
Your mother left me here to mind you  
Now I'm doing what I want to:  
Fiddling about,  
Fiddling about,  
Fiddle about!  
Down with the bedclothes,  
Up with the nightshirt!  
Fiddle about

Fiddle about  
Fiddle about!

Ensemble:  
Fiddle about  
Fiddle about  
Fiddle about!

Uncle Ernie:  
You won't shout as I fiddle about.

(Ernie picks Tommy up and carries him to the bed which begins to spin  
demonically.)

Uncle Ernie & Ensemble:  
Fiddle, fiddle, fiddle  
Fiddle, fiddle, fiddle  
Fiddle, fiddle, fiddle  
Fiddle, fiddle, fiddle  
Fiddle!

(There is the sound of a slamming door and everything stops. The Walkers have  
come back. Uncle Ernie rushes through the bedroom door, finger to his lips to  
hush them, and leaves. Tommy crosses to the front of the room past his parents  
to stare at himself in the mirror. The 10 year old Tommy suddenly sees his  
older self in the mirror.)

See me, Feel Me (reprise)

(Everything else fades into darkness and all we see is the ten-year old Tommy  
gazing at the older Tommy in the wardrobe mirror.)

Tommy: (to 10 year old Tommy)  
See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me,  
See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me.

Scene 8: 22 Heathfield Gardens

(Tommy is alone with Cousin Kevin, his new baby-sitter)

Cousin Kevin

Cousin Kevin:  
We're on our own, cousin  
All alone cousin,  
Let's think of a game to play  
Now that the grownups have all gone away  
You won't be as much fun  
Being blind, deaf and dumb  
But I've no one to play with today.  
D'you know how to play hide and seek?

To find me it would take you a week  
But tied to a chair you won't go anywhere:  
There's a lot I can do with a freak.

(Cousin Kevin sticks a lampshade on Tommy's head, then flings it away, pushes him out the front door and leaves him out there.)

How would you feel if I turned on the bath,  
Ducked your head under and started to laugh?  
What would you do if I shut you outside  
To stand in the rain  
And catch cold so you died?

I'm the school bully!  
The classroom cheat!  
The nastiest play-friend  
You ever could meet.  
I'll stick pins in your fingers  
And tread on your feet:

(Against a projection of a London backstreet filled with laundry lines, Cousin Kevin sick Tommy into the trash can, puts the lid on and sits on top)

We're on our own, cousin  
All alone cousin,  
Let's think of a game to play  
Now that the grownups have all gone away  
You won't be as much fun  
Being blind, deaf and dumb  
But I've no one to play with today.

( The backdrop changes to the courtyard behind the church. Cousin Kevin rolls the trash can on it's side, finally dumping Tommy out in a heap. The Church Youth Club full of tough-looking boys and girls, gather around them. They toss Tommy around and treat him as if he were a living mannequin, dressing him in odd hats and scarves, sticking cigarettes in his mouth and ears and lighting them)

Cousin Kevin & Local Lads & Lasses  
Maybe a cigarette burn on your arm  
Would change your expression to one of alarm.  
I'll drag you around by a lock of your hair  
Or give you a push at the top of the stairs:

I'm the school bully!  
The classroom cheat!  
The nastiest play-friend  
You ever could meet.  
I'll put glass in your dinner  
And spikes in you seat:

(the Minister and his wife enter and everyone is immediately on their best behavior..until they leave)

We're on our own, cousin  
All alone cousin,  
Let's think of a game to play  
Now that the grownups have all gone away  
You won't be as much fun

Being blind, deaf and dumb  
But I've no one to play with today.

#### Instrumental

Bored with Tommy, Cousin Kevin jokingly stands him in front of the Youth Center's pinball machine. Tommy stares into the mirrored surface backboard and starts to play. The machine comes to life. The youths begin to gather around him. He plays hypnotically, beating the machine, and begins to rack up an incredible score. Lights flash, bells ring, buzzers sound. The youths start cheering Tommy on as the Narrator tumbles in from above him.

#### Sensation

Tommy:  
I overwhelm as I approach you  
Make your lungs hold breath inside!  
Lovers break caresses for me.  
Love distracted don't know why.  
You'll feel me coming  
A new vibration  
From afar you'll see me.  
I'm a sensation:  
I'm a sensation!

(The Minister comes back to see Tommy's miraculous behavior. He runs out to get the Walkers.)

They're moved by me and all I touch;  
Hazy-eyed, they catch my glance.  
Pleasant shudders shake their senses.  
My warm momentum throws their stance  
You'll feel me coming  
A new vibration  
From afar you'll see me.  
I'm a sensation:  
I'm a sensation!  
Soon you'll see me. Can you feel me?  
I'm coming...  
Send your troubles dancing. You know the answer...  
I'm coming...  
I'm coming...  
I'm a sensation!

(The youths begin to dance and celebrate wildly as Tommy's pinball score continues to mount)

I leave a trail of rooted people  
Mesmerized by just the sight.  
All these lovers feel me coming,  
Love as one-in love tonight.  
You'll feel me coming,  
A new vibration,  
From afar you'll see me,  
I'm a sensation:  
I'm a sensation!  
I'm a sensation:

I'm a sensation!  
I am the light.

(The Narrator disappears as the Minister brings Tommy's parents in. They stand watching in amazement for a while and then Mrs. Walker puts her arm around Tommy. The Walkers lead Tommy off with new hope.)

#### Scene 9 : A Psychiatric Clinic

Sparks (reprise)

A psychiatrist and his assistant experiment with Tommy. The psychiatrist guides Tommy to a cymbal, a drum and a bell, encouraging him to play each instrument. The Walkers urge Tommy on but he only responds like a puppet. Mr and Mrs Walker become discouraged. Tommy gets very tired and they all seem hopelessly defeated.

#### Scene 10: Heathfield Gardens

Eyesight to the Blind

The front door of 22 Heathfield Gardens appears as the disheartened Walkers lead Tommy down the street. Mr. Walker puts his key in the door and lets Mrs. Walker and Tommy enter, while he remains at the doorstep and takes out a package of cigarettes. He is clearly upset.

The Hawker glides down the street, glances through the window and nods at a not yet visible companion. A rather unsavory-looking character, he arrives at Mr. Walker's side in time to light up his cigarette. While Mr. Walker smokes, the Hawker begins to sing "Eyesight to the blind" and pulls out photographs of his woman, which he shows to Mr. Walker. His proposition is clear and Mr. Walker is dubious.

The Hawker's companion appears down the street, playing wailing riffs on his harmonica. Mr. Walker is now somewhat amused and looks at the photographs again with interest at the prospect of a woman who could cure his son. After some hesitation, he goes inside and rushes Tommy out of the house. Mrs. Walker appears at the door and seems to be about to stop them but then thinks better of it and stands watching them go.

Mr. Walker and Tommy follow the two men through a heavily industrial, urban London landscape. The Hawker continues to sing as he leads them to a godforsaken back alley where aggressive hookers and filthy derelicts couch around fires burning in oil drums. A group of thugs is gathered around a manhole on a circle of tires while, in the background, drunks sip at cheap beer and rubbing alcohol. Despite the surroundings, Mr Walker, who is at his wit's end about his son, is eager to meet the woman he's been told has "got the power to heal"

#### Scene 11: The Isle of the Dogs

(The others slink away as the Hawker and the Harmonica Player lead Tommy and his father to a hooded figure, a drug-addicted prostitute called the Gypsy, badly in need of a fix. She looks down at Tommy, puts her hand on her head and gazes up at the heavens.)

Acid Queen

Gypsy:

If your child ain't all he should be now;  
This girl will put him right.  
I'll show him all he could be now;  
Just give me one night.

(The Gypsy removes her cloak and steps into the light)

I'm the Gypsy- the Acid Queen!  
Pay before we start.  
I'm the Gypsy- I'm guaranteed  
To tear his soul apart.

Give us a room and close the door.  
Leave us for a while.  
Your boy won't be a boy no more.  
He'll be young but not a child.

I'm the Gypsy- the Acid Queen!  
Pay before we start.  
I'm the Gypsy- I'm guaranteed  
To tear his soul apart.

Gather your wits and hold on fast;  
Your mind must learn to roam;  
Just as the Gypsy must do,  
You're gonna hit the road.

When the work is done, you'll look at him;  
He'll never be more alive.  
My blood will run through his skin.  
Watch his body writhe!

I'm the Gypsy- the Acid Queen!  
Pay before we start.  
I'm the Gypsy- I'm guaranteed  
To tear his soul apart.

(The Gypsy hustles Mr. Walker away from Tommy and over to the Hawker. She dances sinuously around the boy who seems to respond in a voluntary motion. Mr. Walker is encouraged enough to pay her.)

If your child ain't all he should be now;  
This girl will put him right.  
I'll show him all he could be now;  
Just give me one night.

I'm the Gypsy- the Acid Queen!  
Pay before we start.  
I'm the Gypsy- I'm guaranteed  
To break your little heart.

(The Gypsy starts to lead Tommy off, but Mr. Walker, horrified at the actual deed, changes his mind and pulls him away from her. As they exit, the Hawker

takes the money from the Gypsy, who turns away in despair.

Scene 12: Amusement Arcade; 1958.

( A wall of mirror appears in the background as a slide tells us it is now 1958. A disheveled young Teddy Boy complains to an unimpressed Cousin Kevin, who is filing his nails.)

Pinball Wizard

First Local Lad:

Ever since I was a young boy,  
I've played the silver ball.  
From the Soho down to Brighton,  
I must have played them all.  
But I ain't seen nothing like him  
In any amusement hall.  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid  
Sure plays a mean pinball!

(A second Teddy Boy stumbles on, clearly another local champion)

Second Local Lad:

He stands like a statue  
Becomes part of the machine.  
Feeling all the bumpers,  
Always playing clean.  
He plays by intuition;  
The digit counters fall,  
The deaf, dumb and blind kid...

The Two Lads:

...Sure play a mean pinball!

( The rest of the arcade assembles around them, complete with funhouse mirrors and several pinball machines played by the local lads and lasses. Cousin Kevin's popularity clearly rests on the unseen Tommy's status as local legend.)

Cousin Kevin & The Two Local Lads:

He's a pinball wizard.  
There has to be a twist.  
A pinball wizard,  
S'got such a supple wrist.

First Local Lad:

How do you think he does it?

Second Lad:

I don't know.

First Local Lad:

What makes him so good?

Cousin Kevin:

He ain't got no distractions;

Can't hear those buzzers and bells.  
Don't see no lights a-flashin';  
He plays by sense of smell.  
He always get a replay,  
'N never tilts at all.  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid...

Cousin Kevin & Two Lads:  
...Sure plays a mean pinball!

The Two Lads:  
I thought I was  
The Bally table king...

Local Lads:  
...But I just handed  
My pinball crown to him.

Local Lasses:  
How do you think he does it?

First Local Lad:  
I don't know.

Local Lasses:  
What makes him so good?

First Local Lad:  
Even at my favorite table,  
He can beat my best.

Second Local Lad:  
The kids all lead him in  
And he just does the rest.

Cousin Kevin:  
He's got crazy flipper fingers;  
Never seen him fall.  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid...

All:  
...Sure plays a mean pinball!

(Riding in on a pinball machine, a teenage Tommy - our Narrator - appears to the delight of the Arcade.)

Cousin Kevin & Lads:  
Even at my favorite table,  
He can beat my best.  
The kids all lead him in  
And he just does the rest.  
He's got crazy flipper fingers;  
Never seen him fall  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid

All:

Sure plays a mean pinball!!!!

(Sirens wail, lights flash, bells ring as Tommy runs up an astronomical score, and the curtain comes down.)

## ACT TWO

### Underture

1960: In the arcade, against a backdrop of brilliantly colored pinball images, Tommy is playing at a pinball machine, surrounded by the youths. Tommy at 20, is a neighborhood celebrity and the adored official mascot of this particular local gang. His playing builds to a fever pitch; a buzzer sounds as he beats the machine. The lads scream in victory...

Local Lads:  
Right!!!!

...and carry Tommy over their heads down the street, with Cousin Kevin leading the way.

Local Lads:  
Oy! Oy! Oy! Oy! Oy! Oy!:

### Scene 13: The Sunlight Laundrette

(The local lads carry the inert Tommy into the Sunlight Laundrette, where Mrs. Walker. Quietly folding her laundry, watches their loutish but lively behavior with some sadness. They deposit Tommy on a chair and depart.)

It's Boy(reprise)

Mrs. Walker:  
Hmm, Hmm, hmm  
It's a boy, Mrs. Walker, it's a boy.  
It's a boy, Mrs. Walker...

(She crosses to Tommy and gently wipes something from his face with a tea towel. Mr. Walker rushes in, bursting with news.)

There's a Doctor

Mr. Walker  
There's a man I found  
Could bring us all joy!  
There's a doctor I found can cure the boy!  
A doctor I found can cure the boy!

Mrs. Walker (cynically)  
A doctor you found can cure the boy!

Mr. Walker:  
There's a man I found can remove his sorrow.  
He lives in town. Let's see him tomorrow.

Mr. & Mrs. Walker:  
Let's see him tomorrow!

(The Walkers lead Tommy out of the laundrette and into a very modern looking laboratory.)

#### Scene 14 : A Research Laboratory

(The modern research laboratory is teeming with lab technicians, as the Specialist speaks to the Walkers about Tommy's condition.)

Go to the Mirror

Specialist:  
He seems to be completely unresponsive.  
The tests I give him make no sense at all.

Specialist & Specialist's assistant:  
His eyes react to light; the dials detect it.  
He hears but cannot answer to your call.

(Against a backdrop of atomic images and X-rays, Tommy is placed in a nightmarish contraption that spins around 360degrees)

Ten-year old Tommy: (voiceover)  
See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me.

Specialist:  
There is no chance; no untried operation.  
All hope lies with him; and none with me.

Specialist & Specialist's assistant:  
Imagine though, the shock from isolation  
If he suddenly could hear and speak and see.

(Tommy is moved onto a glowing, brightly-colored table that slides him into the tunnel of a similarly brilliant CAT scan machine. Multiple images of the brilliant readings of the machine appear on the screens behind them.)

Ten-year Old Tommy (voiceover)  
See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me.

Specialist:  
His eyes can see,  
His ears can hear, his lips can speak.  
All the time the needles, flick and rock.

Specialist & Specialist's Assistant:  
No machine can give the kind of stimulation

needed to remove his inner block.  
Go to the mirror boy!  
Go to the mirror boy!

(The specialist turns Tommy toward the mirror; he walks to it and stares at his own image.)

Mrs Walker:  
I often wonder what he's feeling.  
Has he ever heard a word I've said?

Mr. & Mrs. Walker:  
Look at him the mirror, dreaming.  
What is happening in his head?

(Tommy sees his 4 year old and 10 year old selves in the mirror)

Listening to You (reprise)

The Two Young Tommys:  
Listening to you, I get the music.  
Gazing at you, I get the heat.  
Following you, I climb the mountain.  
I get excitement at your feet!

(As Tommy joins in the singing, he levitates several feet off the floor, unnoticed by anyone.)

The Three Tommys:  
Right behind you, I see the millions;  
On you, I see the glory.  
From you, I get opinions;  
From you, I get the story.

(Tommy lands gently back on the floor as his younger selves disappear)

Mr. & Mrs Walker:  
What is happening in his head?  
Ooooh, I wish I knew:  
I wish I knew.

(Left alone on stage, Tommy is beginning to surface into consciousness. Very slowly, he raises his hand and stares at it.)

Scene 15: The Street/22 Heathfield Gardens

(Projected scenes of urban industry give way to a tough-looking street where Cousin Kevin joins some leather-jacketed rockers surrounding Tommy.)

Cousin Kevin (spoken)  
Tommy's been to hospital.

First Lad:  
Oh, so he's been cured then, has he?

Cousin Kevin:

Oh completely cured, yeah. He's a wonder of science. They're going to make him prime fucking minister.

Tommy Can you Hear Me?

(The lads start playing roughly but good-naturedly with Tommy. 22 Heathfield Gardens assembles behind them.)

Local Lads:

Tommy can you hear me?  
Can you feel me near you?  
Tommy, can you see me?  
Can I help to cheer you?  
Oooh, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy...

(Cousin Kevin knocks on the Walkers' door and the youths carry Tommy into the house and deposit him on the sofa.)

Local Lads:

Tommy can you hear me?  
Can you feel me near you?  
Tommy, can you see me?  
Can I help to cheer you?  
Oooh, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy...  
Tommy, Tommy, Tommy...

(The lads file out, one giving Mrs Walker a flower from her own vase. The image of Tommy as a 10 year old magically appears in the mirror)

10-year old Tommy:

Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy.

(Tommy crosses to the mirror and stares. Mr. Walker stiffens)

Scene 16: 22 Heathfield Gardens

(Oblivious to young Tommy in the mirror, the Walkers sit at the table. Mrs Walker shuffles a deck of cards)

Mrs Walker: (spoken to Mr Walker)

Like to play love?

(Mr. Walker silently fuming doesn't respond)

...Suit yourself.

I Believe My Own Eyes

Mr Walker:

This can't continue  
It makes no sense  
We're getting nowhere.  
I've lost all my confidence.

The boy wants something.  
I'm satisfied;  
He needs attention  
And care our love can't provide  
And then, there's the matter of us...

(Mr. Walker takes his wife's hands and holds them with tender intensity.)

I'd like to prove  
That I don't think that you've  
Seen the best of me.  
I've stood up for the boy  
And I've clung to the hopes and the lies.  
I wish that the pain  
In your gaze could again  
be a test of me.  
But when I look in the mirror  
I believe my own eyes.

(Mr. Walker crosses to Tommy, still staring into the mirror)

I believe my own eyes  
Know I've come to the end...  
All my patience is gone.  
When I'm doubtful, I tend  
To believe my own eyes.

Mrs Walker:  
I'd like to declare  
This devotion and care  
Is the life to live.  
That nothing has changed  
And that time isn't passing us by.  
But I have to say here  
That, for us, there's a clear-  
cut alternative.  
When we look at each other  
We believe our own eyes.

(Mr. Walker leads Tommy to the sofa and sits him down)

Mr. & Mrs Walker:  
I believe my own eyes  
Know I've come to the end...  
All my patience is gone.  
When I'm doubtful, I tend  
To believe my own eyes.  
This has gone far enough!  
After all we've been through...  
We can't be blamed;  
We've done all we can humanly do.  
It's a time to be tough,  
A time to be wise.  
We must stop chasing false dreams  
And recover our lives.  
I believe my own eyes  
Know I've come to the end...  
All my patience is gone.  
When I'm doubtful, I tend

To believe...  
I'd like to believe  
That I don't feel that we've  
seen the best of us.  
And the way to believe  
is to see where the real future lies.  
I hope that the pain  
In your gaze can again  
Be a test of us.  
And when I look in the mirror  
I believe my own eyes.  
Let's believe our own eyes.  
Know that we've come to the end...  
All our patience is gone.  
Let's admit we intend...

Mr. Walker (exiting)  
...To believe our own eyes.

Mrs. Walker:  
...To believe our own eyes.

(The image of Tommy as a four year old appears in the mirror)

Four-year old Tommy:  
Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy.

(Tommy crosses to the mirror and stares. Furiously Mrs. Walker wrenches him away from his reflection.)

Smash the Mirror

Mrs. Walker:  
You don't answer my call  
With even a nod or a wink  
But you gazed at your own reflection!  
You don't seem to see me  
But I think you can see yourself.  
How can the mirror affect you?  
Can you hear me  
Or do I surmise  
That you fear me?  
Can you feel my temper  
Rise, rise, rise, rise  
Rise, rise, rise, rise  
Rise, rise, rise, rise  
Rise!  
Do you hear or fear me or  
Do I smash the mirror?  
Do you hear or fear me or  
Do I smash the mirror?

(Mrs. Walker tries to pull Tommy away from the mirror, but each time one of the younger Tommys appears in the mirror, Tommy tries to move toward the image of the child.)

Do you hear or fear me or

Do I smash the mirror?

(Mrs. Walker picks up a chair and threatens to smash the mirror with it)

Mrs. Walker:  
Do you hear or fear or  
Do I smash the mirror?

(In the mirror, appears the image of the terrified 4 year-old Tommy on the night of the killing long ago. Mrs. Walker furiously swings back the chair: Darkness. The crash of breaking glass and the sound of a gunshot. In the background are projections of a shattered house and the Lover falling dead. )

(The mirror has been completely smashed. Tommy looks around and sees everything in the room. He stands in the spot where the lover was killed and kneels to touch the floor. He looks at his mother and reaches out to touch her. She embraces him, but he does not return it. she rushes off to get Mr. Walker.)

I'm Free

Tommy  
I'm free...I'm free  
And freedom tastes of reality.  
I'm free...I'm free:  
And freedom lies here in normality.

(Mrs Walker returns with Mr. Walker and they watch Tommy in utter amazement)

I could tell you what it takes  
To feel the highest high.  
You'd laugh and say "Nothing's that simple!"  
But you've been down this path before  
While I was waiting at the door.  
This place is sacred as a temple.

(Uncle Ernie enters and Tommy's family gather to watch him in amazement.)

Tommy  
I'm free...I'm free.  
Right here I've found immortality!

(The minister knocks on the door and is dragged in to witness Tommy's miraculous change. Uncle Ernie takes Tommy's photograph.)

Tommy:  
I'm free...I'm free.  
And freedom tastes of reality!

(Mr. Walker opens his arms to embrace his son, but Tommy sharply pushes him away. Tommy opens the front door and walks him away. Tommy opens the front door and walks down the street, looking at all that surrounds him.)

Scene 17: The Streets of London: 1961-1963

(Against a lurid backdrop of Fleet Street at night, a reporter joins Uncle

Ernie, who produces a photograph)

Uncle Ernie: (spoken)

What you've stumbled upon here my son, could be ginormous- a story on par with the opening of King Tut's tomb or the Hindenburg disaster. Happily I was able to capture the moment of young Tommy Walker's miraculous recovery for all posterity right there in black and white. One would think that such a valuable snap would be worth a hundred quid:but it's yours for a mere fifty.

(The photo is a bad one of Tommy holding up his hand to the camera. The reporter gives him back the photograph.)

Uncle Ernie:

I could of course, just hand the Nobel prize over to one of your Fleet Street Colleagues from say, the "Mirror" or the "Times" or the "Guardian"

(The reporter walks away)

Uncle Ernie:

What about for a bottle of Scotch?

(The reporter exits)

(Tommy enters, takes the picture out of Ernie's hand, looks at it and tosses it into the air. Suddenly his picture is everywhere. In front of a background of black and white printing presses, a rather bored, middle aged news vendor enters, hawking the tabloids headlining Tommy's recovery.)

Vendor:

Deaf, dumb and blind kid in a miracle cure. Read about it here. Deaf, dumb and blind kid. Special section. Final edition. Deaf, dumb and blind kid in a miracle cure

Miracle Cure

(As the picture is repeatedly projected in the background, the local lads enter, delighted with the news. The lads surround the News vendor and swipe his papers, one by one.

Local Lads:

Extra! Extra!

Read all about it!

The pinball wizard in a miracle cure!

Extra! Extra!

Read all about it!

Extra!

(Uncle Ernie buys a paper and furiously leafs through it. The lads go off as the newly conscious Tommy rides in on a pinball machine.)

Sensation (reprise)

Tommy:

You'll feel me coming,

A new vibration.

From afar you'll see me.

I'm a sensation...

I'm a sensation!  
Soon you'll see me. Can't you feel me?  
I'm coming...

Reporters: (rushing in to surround Tommy)  
Sensation... Sensation.

Tommy:  
Send your troubles dancing; you know the answer.  
I'm coming...Reporters...  
I'm coming Sensation...Sensation!

Reporters:  
Sensation... Sensation!

Slide: 1961

( The Walkers enter and are surrounded by reporters.)

Mrs Walker (spoken)  
It's true, our son doesn't come round anymore. We never get to see him.  
I do worry sometimes, you know, that we're the only ones who really  
understand and all:but we're grateful, of course- grateful for his  
transformation.

Mr. Walker:  
Which is a better word for it. We don't like the use of the word "miracle" one  
bit. He simply got well. That's the extent of it. And his mother and I never  
gave up the faith through all the years. Not once.

Mrs Walker:  
We just hope he's happy. It seems he's become all the rage today, doesn't it?

(Reporters rush in to surround Tommy's machine. The local lads appear in  
security uniforms. A uniformed Kevin seems to be in charge.)

The Reporters:  
Sensation...Sensation!  
Sensation...Sensation!

Slide:1962

(Tommy pivots; pulls back the plunger and fires)

Cousin Kevin: (being interviewed; his image appears in video monitors above  
the stage.)  
Those of us who've known my cousin a long time, his friends from before like,  
we're providing the necessary protection. So as far as family relations are  
concerned, all I'm saying is he's been very good to me. Very good. And I for  
one am glad I can be of some assistance. I believed in him from the beginning,  
right from the very start. I know what it was like. I was there.

All:  
Sensation...Sensation!  
Sensation...Sensation!

Slide:1963

All:  
Sensation...Sensation!  
Sensation...Sensation!  
Ahhh, Sensation...  
Sensation!

(A television studio appears and Tommy sits with the talk show hostess. Their images appear on video screens)

Tommy (to interviewer)  
I won't answer that. I want to be very clear with you. I won't answer any questions about my personal life. So leave off.

(The Walkers fade quietly into the background and go off)

As for people's interest...I got a lot out of playing...learned a lot from it, you know. It's all I had, really. And my dreams. It's like ...people want me to pass that on in some way. So that's what I'm trying to do. Pass it on.

I'm Free/Pinball Wizard (reprise)

Tommy: (to interviewer)  
I could tell you what it takes  
To feel the highest high.  
You'd laugh and say "Nothing's that simple!"

(Tommy sings directly into the camera and a close-up of his face appears on the video screen.)

I'm free...I'm free...  
And I'm waiting for you to follow me!

(The studio disappears and only Tommy and his security guards remain on the stage. Tommy is inventing a public self, Tommy the star, as images of the younger Tommys, the murder, pinball, the brain-scan and finally his new self flash before us.)

Tommy:  
He stands like a statue  
Becomes part of the machine.  
Feeling all the bumpers,  
Always playing clean.  
He plays by intuition;  
The digit counters fall,  
The deaf, dumb and blind kid  
Sure plays a mean pinball!  
He ain't got no distractions;  
Can't hear those buzzers and bells.  
Don't see no lights a-flashin';  
He plays by sense of smell.  
He always get a replay,  
'N never tilts at all.  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid ...

Sure plays a mean pinball!

Tommy & Security Guards:  
He's a pinball wizard.  
There has to be a twist.  
A pinball wizard,  
S'got such a supple wrist.

Cousin Kevin & Guards:  
How do you think he does it?

Tommy:  
I don't know.

Local Lasses:  
What makes him so good?

( A dazzling, mirrored pinball machine rises from out of the floor. Tommy, in a helmet that makes him deaf and blind again, staps himself to the machine and rides it as it twists and turns manically.)

Cousin Kevin & Guards:  
Even at my favorite table,  
He can beat my best.  
His disciples lead him in  
And he just does the rest.  
He's got crazy flipper fingers;  
Never seen him fall.  
That deaf, dumb and blind kid  
Sure plays a mean pinball!

(The pinball machine faces out with Tommy behind it. Suddenly, pulsing lights, shrieking buzzers and bells surround us, as if we were inside the guts of the machine. Tommy continues to play furiously as the pinball machine gyrates in an accelerating pyrotechnic fit. When the pinball machine finally explodes in a glorious climactic fireball, Tommy steps back victorious. Silence. A huge audience responds. Tommy is now performing on a raised platform in a stadium before an adoring crowd.)

Tommy:  
I'm free...I'm free!  
And I'm a waiting for you to follow me!

Crowd:  
How can we follow?  
How can we follow?

(Multiple video screens display the live action of Tommy's act before the crowd, as Cousin Kevin and the lads-turned-patrol guards patrol the stage.)

Scene 18: The Stadium: Tommy's Holiday Camp

(Uncle Ernie stands with a megaphone on a bridge made of videos and shamelessly works the crowd.)

Uncle Ernie: (spoken)  
Hello there darlings!

I'm Tommy's Uncle Ernie,  
And I welcome you to Tommy's Holiday Camp!  
The camp with a difference!  
Never mind the weather!  
When you come to Tommy's, the holiday's forever!  
Get your Tommy T-shirts and your stickers  
And your Tommy mirrors to smash!  
Don't rush...keep steady!  
Have your money ready!  
Buy your way to heaven.  
That comes to one pound seven.  
Bless you love.  
Buy your shades and ear plugs here!  
Keep in line. I've got a huge ...supply.  
Get your Tommy record.  
You can really hear him talk!  
Tommy pics and badges..  
Half a nicker for the cork.

(spoken)Watch this then.  
(He does a little dance while showing videos of Tommy merchandise)

Uncle Ernie:  
The camp with a difference!  
Never mind the weather!  
When you come to Tommy's, the holiday's forever!

Uncle Ernie (spoken)  
This is your chance! Tommy's Holiday Camp is coming to your town. At eight  
tonight - Tommy, live on-stage! You lucky people!

(Tommy appears on video screens as guards threatenly escort a somewhat  
sheepish Uncle Ernie from the stage as Cousin Kevin watches approvingly. He  
stays as we are introduced to the Simpson household)

Scene 19: Sally's House/The Stadium

(The security guards are gathered at the edge of the stage, confronting the  
audience. Tommy is on the podium behind them with his back to the guards and  
audience.)

Sally Simpson

Cousin Kevin:  
Outside the house, Mr. Simpson announces  
Sally can't go to the meeting.  
He goes on cleaning his blue Rolls Royce  
And she runs inside-a-weeping.  
She gets to her room and cries on a picture,  
Always keeps it by her.  
She picks up a book of her father's life  
And throws it on the fire.

(The videos show stadium crowds and Tommy's face as a weeping Sally is joined  
at her dressing table by her mother.)

Sally & Mr. & Mrs. Simpson:  
She knew from the start,  
Deep down in her heart,  
That she and Tommy were worlds apart:  
But her mother said "Never mind: your part  
is to be  
what you'll be."

Sally:  
Tommy's gonna beat his best tonight;  
I just have to see him play.  
I feel so bad; I'm sorry Dad.  
Gonna sneak out anyway.  
I've spent all day doin' up my hair;  
I've gotta look exactly right.  
Maybe he'll see that I can be free  
And I'll get backstage tonight.

(Sally does herself up and rushes off past her parents)

Mr. & Mrs. Simpson:  
She knew right then from the start,  
Deep down in her heart,  
That she and Tommy were worlds apart...  
But her mother said "Never mind; your part is to be  
What you'll be."

(Sally, hair blowing in the wind, rides across stage on her motor scooter.)

Two Guards:  
She lands at six and the gig is a rocking;  
The devil is out tonight.  
The band cuts loose and the stage is a knocking  
She grabs her chair- she's hot to dance  
Right down their in the very first row.  
Then a slick DJ who is pissing his pants  
Runs on and says:

DJ  
Here we go...

(Sally appears in the front row of the audience, eager to jump up on stage)

Guards:  
The crowd goes crazy  
As Tommy hits the stage!  
Little Sally is lost  
As the police boss  
The crowd back in a rage! Wooooo!

(Tommy stands on a high podium doing his act while his face appears on video screens. The guards surround him in an unbreakable line.)

Sally Simpson:  
A flash of fire - the whole place stops.  
Tommy is a tranquilizer,  
But Sally's so hot- she risks a shot  
And jumps up on the riser.

(Sally rushes past the guards and climbs up onto Tommy's podium, where she throws her scarf around his neck.)

Cousin Kevin:  
She's up there now - she's hit the top.  
She brushes his handsome face.  
Tommy whirls around as a uniformed man  
Ushers her from the stage.

(Tommy turns and inadvertently knocks Sally from the stage and the guards below grab her and beat her viciously)

The Guards:  
She knew from the start  
Deep down in her heart,  
That she and Tommy were worlds apart.  
But her mother said "Never mind; your part is to be  
What you'll be"

(Tommy leaps off the podium, pushes through the security guards and kneels beside her, realizing how completely out of hand everything's gotten. He rocks her in his lap.)

Tommy:  
Be...  
What you'll be,  
What you'll be,  
What you'll be,  
What you'll be,  
What you'll be,

(Tommy looks at the guards, and the crowd, which has gone silent.)

Tommy (to crowd)  
I've had enough. I think I'm gonna go home now. Suss everything out. I'm going home. But ...you can all come if you like. Yeah. You've all got your families, right? Come and be a part of mine for a bit. See what it's been like for me.

(The guards look dumbfounded at Tommy's invitation to the crowd as the pieces of 22 Heathfield Gardens assemble behind them.)

Welcome

(Still cradling the wounded Sally, Tommy sings to the audience)

Tommy: (quietly cynical)  
Come to my house.  
Be one of my family's people.  
Lovely bright home...  
We're dancing all night,  
Never sleeping.

(Tommy helps Sally to her feet and disarms the security guards)

Milkman, come in!  
And you baker!

Little old Lady welcome!  
And you, shoemaker!  
Come to this house!  
Into this house!  
You can help  
To collect some more in.  
Young and old people,  
Let's get them all in!

(Videos and projections appear, first of small groups, then lines, then crowds of people.)

Come to this house!  
Into this house!

(Not having seen him at home since the cure, the Walkers and Uncle Ernie are startled to see Tommy bringing home a crowd of guards, reporters and the battered Sally Simpson. Tommy leads Sally with them and rushes out to bring more people in as the reporters mill around the house.)

Tommy: (To the guards)  
Ask along that man who's wearing a carnation.  
Bring every single person  
From Victoria station.  
Go into that hospital  
And bring nurses and patients.  
Everyone go home and fetch your relations!

Tommy & Crowd:  
Come to this house;  
Be one of this family's people.  
Lovely bright home...  
Dancing all night, never sleeping.

Cousin Kevin (spoken)  
Sir, there's more at the door.

Cousin Kevin and Guards:  
There's more at the door.  
There's more at the door.  
There's more at the door.

( A cutout backdrop of the crowd flies in, leading us to believe that the stadium audience and crowds of people off the street fill the Walker's house. The monitors show crowds surging down a London street.)

All:  
There's more at the door.  
There's more ...

Tommy:  
We need more room.  
Build an extension!  
We'll all work together.  
Spare no expense now.

(Mrs. Walker brings Sally from the bedroom. Tommy crosses to her)

Tommy :  
Come to this house;  
Be one of us.  
Come into this house;  
Be one of us.  
Come to our house.  
Come to me now!

(Tommy sits Sally down next to him on the sofa, as the reporters crowd around to capture Tommy's answer to Sally's question. Their image is picked up by the television camera and displayed on screens all over the stage.)

Sally's Question

Sally:  
How can we share the great sights you are seeing?  
Hear all the glorious music you hear?

(Sally waits for Tommy to answer; he just shakes his head)

How can we be a small part of your being?  
Why do you seem so alive when you're near?

(Tommy doesn't answer.)

Sally (spoken)  
Tell us. Tell us now. How can we be more like you?

Tommy:  
Why would you want to be more like me?  
For fifteen years I was waiting for what you've already got.

Sally:  
What's that?

Tommy:  
All this. In my dreams I was seeing it,  
hearing it, feeling it. Those are  
the true miracles and you have them already.

Sally:  
I don't understand.

Tommy:  
The point is not for you to be more like me.  
The point is...I'm finally more like you.  
I can't be who you want me to be.

(The crowd of reporters, guards and the family are all asking a confusion of questions. Tommy looks around him and stands up impatiently, to address the camera and the crowd.)

We're not Gonna Take It

Tommy:

Welcome to this house;  
I think I know know why you're here.  
You wanna be like Tommy?  
I'm glad you're not, I hope that's clear.  
You shouldn't try to ape my show,  
It's just pinball.  
You don't need to claim  
A share of my pain...  
You're normal, after all.

(He crosses over to the guards)

You might as well get drunk.  
So sorry-I've got you sussed.  
No instant high for free here.  
This is a bust!  
I didn't live out some fairy story,  
Some rags to riches crawl..  
I couldn't see,  
I couldn't hear,  
I couldn't talk at all.

(Tommy turns back to the mirror, as his face appears on the videos. Disgusted by his answer, the guards and reporters start to turn against Tommy.)

Security Guards & Reporters:

We're not gonna take it.  
Never did and never will.  
We're not gonna take it.  
Gonna break it, gonna shake it,  
Let's forget it, better still.

(The family seems confused and mystified, the guards becoming openly hostile)

Tommy: (to the crowd)

You don't need to hear me;  
You've got ideas of your own.  
Don't have to come and cheer me;  
That's something you've outgrown.  
You don't need to see me;  
Your vision makes the scene.  
Don't let Uncle Ernie make you play  
On Tommy's old machine!

Crowd:

We're not gonna take it.  
We're not gonna take it.  
We're not gonna take it.  
We're not gonna take it.

(The crowd begins to disperse; the reporters start to pack up and leave, as do

the security guards whom Cousin Kevin tries to reassure in vain.)

Crowd:

We're not gonna take it.  
Never did and never will.  
Won't take your derision  
And , as far as we can tell,  
We don't have to take you...  
Never did and never will.  
We're not gonna take you.  
We forsake you, maybe rape you;  
Let's forget you, better still...

Guards:

We forsake you, maybe rape you;  
Let's forget you, better still...

The crowd gradually abandons Tommy until Sally is the only fan left. Tommy turns to her but she walks out after the others. As Tommy crosses back to the mirror, the family fears he may have a relapse.)

(The image in the mirror is now the ten-year old Tommy. The two Tommys reach for each other tenderly. Everything else fades away.)

See Me, Feel Me/Listening to You (reprise)

Tommy & Ten-year old Tommy:

See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me.  
See me, feel me,  
Touch me, heal me.

(The image of the boy fades away and Tommy is left gazing at his adult self. He turns toward his family, who are a bit wary of him.)

Tommy:

Listening to you, I get the music;  
Gazing at you, I get the heat.  
Following you, I climb the mountain;  
I get excitement at your feet.  
Right behind you, I see the millions;  
On you, I see the glory.  
From you, I get opinions;  
From you, I get the story.

(One by one, Tommy embraces Cousin Kevin, Uncle Ernie, and his parents- with acceptance and understanding. They respond hesitantly but are finally exhilarated by this reunion. The family joins the song - even Cousin Kevin.)

Tommy & Family:

Listening to you, I get the music;  
Gazing at you, I get the heat.  
Following you, I climb the mountain;  
I get excitement at your feet.  
Right behind you, I see the millions;  
On you, I see the glory.  
From you, I get opinions;  
From you, I get the story.

22 Healthfield Gardens disassembles and the family is joined by others,  
they've met along the way. They face the audience.)

All:  
Listening to you, I get the music;  
Gazing at you, I get the heat.  
Following you, I climb the mountain;  
I get excitement at your feet.  
Right behind you, I see the millions;  
On you, I see the glory.  
From you, I get opinions;  
From you, I get the story.

( The others leave the stage as Tommy remains alone with his four-year-old  
and ten-year-old selves flanking him as he looks out through an invisible  
mirror.)