

Wayne Kerr High

A Musical Soapie

Written by

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Act One

*Apart from the main stage, there are four other raised platforms around the audience. **From the audience's point of view**, stage two is positioned at forty five degree angle coming off the main stage- front right. Stage three is the mirror image of stage two and comes off the main stage- front left. Stage four is midway along the audience, (to their left) and stage five is midway along the audience (to their right). From all five stages, steps lead down into the audience and from stages two, three, four and five, steps are also on the far side to allow actors to move away from the audience. The curtain opens on the main stage. The backdrop is a big school crest: WK High with a suitable motto beneath. Nine chairs, centre-stage. A microphone on a stand, downstage centre and slightly off to the left. On stage, standing in front of the chairs, are half a dozen (or more) students from the school. (These can be a mixture of any of the student characters from the show) They provide a chorus for the opening song. (Chairs must be left vacant in the audience for these actors). Already in the audience are a number of other actors who are students and staff of the high school. In this opening scene the audience becomes the school assembly. A young female student enters and approaches the microphone. She is unkempt, wears too much make up, is chewing gum and looking surly.*

Rayleen Be upstanding for the Wayne Kerr school song. Sing in the choruses. Come on. Get up!

The song is led by Rayleen and sung by the students on stage and the actors in the audience. Audience members are provided with the words to the school song and may sing if they wish.

Song # 1 The Wayne Kerr School Song

Sung by Rayleen

My father was a Wayne Kerr man
His father was one too
And all we Wayne Kerr students here
Are Wayne Kerr's through and through.

How I love the Wayne Kerr life
The Wayne Kerr life's for me
So if you are a Wayne Kerr man
Come sing along with me

Wayne Kerr High Wayne Kerr High
We are truly Wayne Kerr's
Wayne Kerr High Wayne Kerr High
We are truly Wayne Kerr's
Each girl and boy should sing with joy
For we are truly Wayne Kerr's

Our teachers love we Wayne Kerr kids
 We love the Wayne Kerr staff
 The sound of Wayne Kerr laughter
 Rings from every Wayne Kerr class

A Wayne Kerr lad's a happy lad
 A Wayne Kerr lass is gay
 So all we little Wayne Kerrites
 Would dearly love to say

Wayne Kerr High Wayne Kerr High
 We are truly Wayne Kerr's
 Wayne Kerr High Wayne Kerr High
 We are truly Wayne Kerr's
 Each girl and boy should sing with joy
 For we are truly Wayne Kerr's

Rayleen completes the song.

Rayleen Be seated.

Rayleen walks down into the audience followed by the other students and they take their seats. As this is happening, a very dowdy, later middle aged woman enters and makes her way to the microphone. She begins to address the audience but experiences some technical difficulties- the microphone is no longer on. She realises this, blows into it repeatedly, tries to speak again but it still isn't on. She checks both ends, taps it, blows into it again, looks befuddled, points to the microphone and scowls at the sound engineer who turns up his palms and shrugs then, looking very worried, frantically twiddles dials on the sound console. Still no sound, so she begins to speak very loudly.

Winterbottom *(Shouting)* Unfortunately we seem to have some difficulty with the ...

At this point the PA comes to life at very high volume. Miss Winterbottom is shouting at the top of her lungs right next to the live microphone which booms out alarmingly and screeches into feedback. Quickly she retreats and the noise dies. Once again she scowls at the sound engineer. She adjusts her attire, recomposes herself and somewhat cautiously once again approaches the microphone.

Winterbottom *(Blowing into it again)* Hello. Testing one, two. Right. That's better. Students of Wayne Kerr High. I am your new school principal.

At this news the students in the audience react audibly. They are obviously not happy at this news. Miss Winterbottom chooses to ignore this.

Winterbottom For those of you who do not know me, my name is Miss Winterbottom.

The students in the crowd react, some almost convulsively, in fits of laughter and howls of derision. Miss Winterbottom cannot let this pass.

Winterbottom *(Loudly)* Be quiet all of you! *(Pointing to two people in the front row. One is an actor, the other is an unsuspecting male audience member)* You and you - yes you. Stand up, both of you. Heather Silkybreasts.

A very attractive year 12 student stands up.

Heather Yes miss?

Winterbottom Bring those two students up to me right now.

Heather Right now, miss?

Winterbottom That's what I said, Heather. *(Clapping her hands)* Come. Come.

Heather shepherds the two people up to the stage as Miss Winterbottom delivers the next dialogue.

Winterbottom You may not like the idea of disciplining your fellow students, Miss Silkybreasts, but as school captain it comes with the territory. Just as it would be remiss of me to miss any opportunity whatsoever to inflict pain upon a student. I may not like doing it, but that's my job - I'm a teacher. Now you are all going to see how I intend to administer justice during my reign ... er, administration here. Let what you are about to see be a warning to all of you.

Winterbottom moves away from the microphone and addresses the student.

Winterbottom What's your name sonny?

Lucky *(Mumbling)* Lucky, miss.

Winterbottom What? I can't hear you. Speak up.

Lucky *(Loudly)* Lucky!

Winterbottom Very well. Very well. There's no need to shout, is there?

Lucky No, miss.

Winterbottom What's your surname?

Lucky Doorprise, miss.

Winterbottom Lucky Doorprise? What sort of a name is that?

Lucky Oh, it's not my real name, miss. It's only a nickname.

Winterbottom Obviously, Mister Doorprise. Yet another puerile attempt at humour. What is your real name?

Lucky Bo Diddly. I was named after the guitarist.

Winterbottom Bo Diddly Doorprise? Your father must be a fool, son.

Lucky He plays in a rock band.

Winterbottom I rest my case. *(Turning on the audience member)* And what about you? What is your name?

The audience member gives his name.

Winterbottom And what do you want to do when you grow up?

The audience member replies. Winterbottom can ad lib if she wishes.

Winterbottom Very well. Both of you stand over there. *(Pointing to downstage right)* Hurry up. Hurry up.

Heather ushers the boys downstage right smiling like a model in a TV game show.

Winterbottom Heather, fetch me those items over there.

Heather goes off, stage right

Winterbottom Now, you two, put your hands on your heads and stand on your toes. Now repeat after me. I am a useless twit...

The boys repeat the words.

Winterbottom . . . of very little intelligence.

The boys repeat the words.

Winterbottom I am certainly not as good as Miss Winterbottom...

The boys repeat the words.

Winterbottom ...whom I adore...

The boys repeat the words.

Winterbottom ...and to whom I shall later give money...

The boys repeat the words.

Winterbottom ...so that she doesn't expel me.

The boys repeat the words.

Winterbottom I love her and would willingly give my life for her.

The boys repeat the words.

Winterbottom Miss Winterbottom is God.

The boys repeat the words.

Winterbottom Very well. You may put your hands down now.

Heather returns with two large blow up hammers. She smiles broadly and displays the hammers like a model in a TV game show who is trying to make the prize look desirable.

Winterbottom Stop it, Heather. This is not a game show.

Heather Sorry, miss.

Winterbottom Now, young lady, I want you to get the boy school captain and administer a severe beating on these two miscreants.

Lucky I *am* the boy school captain.

Winterbottom How on earth did *you* become school captain?

Lucky I was away the day they nominated.

Winterbottom Alright then, Heather, you will administer the beating on this trouble maker and Lucky, you will beat yourself.

Lucky What? In public?

Winterbottom Give him the hammer, Heather.

Heather does so.

Winterbottom Now, as you are beaten, or beat yourself as the case may be, you will repeat in a 4/4 rhythm complimentary to the attacking hammer: I am a Wayne Kerr, man. Is that clear? Very well- begin.

Heather and Lucky hit the hammers in a set rhythm. Lucky hits himself full on the forehead. Heather hits the audience member gently on the side of the head and plays to the audience, standing beside the man and sticking her bum out, smiling effusively. Lucky leads the chant and encourages the audience member to comply. Finally...

Winterbottom That's enough! Now go back to your seats and if there's any more mischief from either of you I shall force you to eat canteen food for a week. Do I make myself clear?

Lucky Yes miss.

Heather escorts the two off stage and back to their seats. Winterbottom returns to the microphone. The next dialogue occurs as they do so.

Winterbottom Let that be a lesson to all of you. Things are going to change around here. Henceforth, video cameras and metal detectors will be installed at the entrance to every classroom and smiling is prohibited during class time and in between periods.

Timorous (*From the audience- nervously*) What about during recess and lunch, miss?

Winterbottom (*Loudly*) Who said that?

Timorous (*Tentatively putting his hand up*) I did, miss.

Winterbottom Stand up this instant!

He does so.

Winterbottom What's your name, sonny Jim?

Timorous Brian Timorous, miss.

Winterbottom And what class are you in *Brian Timorous*?

Timorous I'm not a student, miss, I'm a teacher. I'm Head of Science.

Winterbottom Very well, *Brian Timorous*, for your information, *Brian Timorous*, grinning and smirking will be tolerated during lunch but full blown smiling and other facial distortion is banned at all times. Also, recess has been abolished.

The audience actors react with disbelief. Timorous sits.

Worktarool *(Standing up)* You can't do that. It's against union regulations!

Winterbottom Who are you?

Worktarool I'm Ms Worktarool, the Teachers' Federation Representative.

Winterbottom You have my condolences. Now sit down, Ms Worktarool.

She does so, looking disgruntled.

Winterbottom Let us all get one thing perfectly straight from the outset- *(She shouts like a US Army drill sergeant)* this is a school, people! You are here to learn, not to enjoy yourselves! Do I make myself clear?

A few students in the audience mumble 'Yes, miss' rather unconvincingly.

Winterbottom I can't hear you!

She places her hand to her ear to coax more response which she gets this time. Reverting back to her former self.

Winterbottom Good. We understand each other then. Now, along with myself, we have several new members of staff this year. I shall bring them out here one at a time so they can introduce themselves to you. Firstly, a trainee History teacher, Mr Spiceguy. Give him your full attention. Mr Spiceguy.

A man in his early twenties saunters out self assuredly. He has his baseball cap turned backwards (or whatever is currently cool) and is chewing gum. He is obviously making a huge effort to make the students his friends. He gives the thumbs up as he enters. He speaks into the microphone.

Spiceguy Hi, guys. Like the old broad said I'm Mr Spiceguy and you don't know me yet but I'm really cool. Like I don't smoke pot or anything but I know a guy who does, so that's good. So if anyone needs to score or something I'll see what I can do. Also, if anyone's hassling you at school or anything I can get illegal knives and stuff like that so just ask. Really, it's no trouble. Boys, I think you'll find my rates very reasonable and senior girls, payment in kind is fine, if you catch my drift. *(He winks)* So, er, yeah, well that's about it so, hey, check it out.

He gives the thumbs up and swaggers over to the seats and sits down. An incredibly fat man waddles up to the microphone. The students in the audience burst into laughter. Miss Winterbottom scowls at them.

Skidmark *(Very out of breath)* Hello. My name is Mr Skidmark.

Uproarious laughter from the students in the audience. Miss Winterbottom grabs the microphone.

Winterbottom Excuse me, Mr Skidmark. *(Pointing to one student)* You! Up to my office! Now! Move!

The student scurries out. Watched closely by the scowling Miss Winterbottom.

Winterbottom My apologies, Mr Skidmark but it seems that there are some *rude* people in the audience. *(She gives the audience the hairy eyeball- especially the paying customers)* You may continue.

Skidmark Like I was saying, as you've probably realised by now, I'm an American. I'm an exchange teacher from Los Angeles and I'm over here for a year with my girlfriend, Deloris, to see an Aussie school and so far so good. I look forward to meeting you all. And yes, I am aware that I have a slight weight problem but I'm planning on losing it real soon. Thanks.

He exits, somewhat hurriedly, stage left. A very attractive young woman in a short skirt, mid riff top and high heels struts on from stage right to hoots and whistles from the male students in the audience. Miss Winterbottom is still scowling. The young woman speaks like Marilyn Munroe.

Ribald Hi, I'm Candy- I mean, Miss Ribald. *(Giggling)* I still can't get used to using my surname. I'm only a first year out *(She strokes the underside of the microphone)* which means that I'm only a couple of years older than some of you guys. This is my first time ... in a school, so I'm not only here to teach, I'm here to learn as well.

As she struts over to the chairs and sits, the male students in the audience are audibly excited. A man stands up from the front row of the audience. He addresses the assembly.

Babble Alright. Alright. Settle down. Settle down. For those of you Year 7 students in the audience who may not know me, I'm Mr Babble the Leading Deputy teacher. Now, just before you go, if anyone hasn't handed their form in for changes in courses could you see by tomorrow please. As you know with this new course structure we change courses once a week which means that each Thursday your teachers must have collated their marks so that the computer can process them and have your reports to you by each Friday. Also, please tell your parents that parent/

teacher nights will take place every Tuesday and Thursday from now on. These are compulsory for staff but not for anyone else and finally, staff, you voted at our last staff meeting to have two staff meetings a week and one every second weekend, so we can either discuss that at today's forum, which is on today after the staff meeting, or we can form a special committee to come up with suggestions about what we could possibly talk about for that long that couldn't be put on a memo. Thankyou, Miss Winterbottom.

Winterbottom I have been very unimpressed with the behaviour at today's assembly. Be warned, children, if you step out of line, you will be physically hurt. These students report to room thirteen immediately: Beatrice Bushpig; Rayleen Pashmeoff; Gail Mullup; Barney Floppydisk; Oscar Mild and Peter Parson's-Nose. The rest of you- dismissed.

Lights dim on the main stage and come up on stage two. Staff members not already on stage go up and take a seat and the students whose names were called, move to stage two. Beatrice is fat, plain and daggy; Rayleen, as aforementioned, is unkempt, wears too much make up, is chewing gum and looking surly; Gail looks stoned, vacant and totally confused; Barney is a neat and tidy nerd who wears thick glasses; Oscar is a fat Billy Bunter type kid with braces holding up his pants, a school tie and a little peaked school boy cap turned sideways, and Peter has his shirt hanging out, his hair uncombed and he looks aggro. Miss Winterbottom addresses them.

Winterbottom I have a staff meeting to attend so listen carefully. You six people have been chosen as organisers of our Year 12 Farewell which as you know this year is a special occasion because it marks thirty years since the school was founded.

Beatrice Why us, miss?

Winterbottom Because you are not well liked. The school's founding member, Wayne Kerr, will be there. Needless to say, I want no slip ups.

Oscar When is it, miss?

Winterbottom Tomorrow.

The students exclaim in alarm.

Barney Fair go, miss. We can't organise it in twenty four hours.

Winterbottom Well, you'd better or I'm declaring your places vacant.

Again the students exclaim in alarm.

Oscar Excuse me, miss, but why are we having the Year 12 Farewell in the first week of term one?

Winterbottom Year 12 are not required to attend school after the Farewell. This way they have eight or nine months to study for their HSC.

Oscar But aren't they supposed to come to school?

Winterbottom Young man, schools run much more efficiently without pupils? Listen up.

Winterbottom sings the song and the students act as a chorus.

Song # 2 Schools Run More Efficiently With Pupils ...

Sung by Miss Winterbottom

Schools run more efficiently with pupils
Efficiently with pupils when the pupils are away
Schools run more efficiently with pupils
Efficiently with pupils on a pupil free day
More efficiently when pupils are away

All day long sitting in the sun
Sipping on my coffee as the day rolls on
Bells turned off and no rough play
I love those students when they're far away
It's so much easier to rule
When the brats are not at school

Schools run more efficiently with pupils
Efficiently with pupils when the pupils are away
Schools run more efficiently with pupils
Efficiently with pupils on a pupil free day
More efficiently when pupils are away

Absence makes the heart grow fond
Let those absentees abscond
Long suspensions; vacant places
No surly adolescent faces
To clutter up my day
In summary, I say:

Schools run more efficiently with pupils
Efficiently with pupils when the pupils are away
Schools run more efficiently with pupils
Efficiently with pupils on a pupil free day

More efficiently with pupils when they're far away
 More efficiently when pupils are away.

Winterbottom Now, I am not an unfair person, just organise the Farewell
 by tomorrow or you're all expelled.

*Miss Winterbottom walks back over to the main stage area and sits with the
 other staff members.*

Peter Mate, she can't do that. I'm gonna kill 'er.

Rayleen Oh yeah, right, Peter.

Peter I am! I'm gonna smash 'er in the head.

Rayleen Yeah, good one, Peter. How come you never said nothin'
 when she was here?

Peter I am!

Beatrice Hey, Peter, if ya still got a spare hand could ya give us
 one here? We got work to do.

Peter
 Maths. Shut up, Bushpig. You're just jealous cos I beat you in

Beatrice Hey, Peter, news flash- tests are different to golf- the
 highest score wins.

Peter That's it. I'm goin'!

Peter exits, angrily.

Beatrice *(Calling out to him as he leaves)* Thanks for your help,
 Peter! *(To the others)* Man, that guy's so full of bull he's
 the envy of every cow in the neighbourhood.

Rayleen What are we gonna do, guys?

Gail Let's all go to my place, get really stoned and think about
 it.

Barney Drugs are no solution, Gail.

Gail To what?

Barney To our problem.

Gail What problem?

Beatrice Aw, short term memory loss, Gail. Hello, is anybody home?

Gail squints as if trying to recall the conversation she was just having.

Oscar So what are we gonna do, guys?

Barney We'll meet at eight o'clock tomorrow morning before school. In the meantime, I'll come up with a plan.

Oscar *(Adoringly)* I really admire you, Barney Floppydisk. You're so smart.

Oscar is all but sighing with admiration for Barney who notices this as if for the first time and appears to be somewhat disquieted by it.

Barney Yeah, right.

Rayleen Okay, but make it good, Barney Floppydisk, or we're all gonna be expelled!

There is a loud stab of shock/ horror music and each character freezes into a tableau of shock/horror as the lights go to black on stage two. On the main stage the lights come up as the staff meeting is about to get under way. Present are the previously seen: Spiceguy; Timorous; Ribald; Worktarool and Babble, along with the prissy-looking Mr Spotrinse, Head of Administration and Corker, the Sports' Administrator who is wearing shorts. Spotrinse carries a clipboard and looks very officious.

Winterbottom Where is the timekeeper?

Spotrinse He's late.

Skidmark *(Puffing as he enters)* Sorry I'm late.

Winterbottom Where have you been, Mr Skidmark?

Skidmark *(Taking a seat)* I'm having trouble getting used to this Sydney water.

Corker True to your name, old son.

Winterbottom Thankyou, Mr Corker.

Corker Not Mr Corker- just Corker.

Winterbottom I assume that you do have a first name?

Corker Not that I know of.

- Winterbottom In that case I suggest that you find one. I am not going to refer to my Sports' Administrator as 'Corker' in front of the students. Let us proceed. (*Looking around*) We don't seem to have a quorum.
- Corker I had one but me fish died so I got rid of it.
- Winterbottom Not an aquarium, a quorum- enough members of staff to vote on issues. Mr Spotrinse, you are Head of Administration, there are sixty members of staff in this school, where are the other fifty two?
- Spotrinse Sick, Miss Winterbottom.
- Winterbottom Sick?
- Spotrinse Yes and I could only get one casual teacher in.
- Winterbottom Where are the students who don't have teachers?
- Spotrinse Probably up at the local service station.
- Winterbottom That is hardly acceptable.
- Corker Not to George.
- Winterbottom Who is George?
- Corker The guy who runs the servo. He makes a fortune from the kids when their teachers are away.
- Winterbottom Is it a regular occurrence to have so many teachers absent?
- Babble No, this is exceptional. Usually the teachers organise their absences on a rotational basis but I guess since it's only first week back they didn't have it properly organised. They'll have it down to the regulation six to twelve per day by week two.
- Winterbottom Are you suggesting that they are not really sick?
- Babble No I wouldn't say that- one or two of them probably are.
- Ribald Excuse me, but why would they take a day off if they're not really sick?
- Spotrinse Because they still get paid.
- Worktarool As they should.

- Spotrinse I have never taken a day off in twenty years of teaching.
- Worktarool That's because you don't have a life.
- Spotrinse Going through my records I see that over the past six years you have been here, Ms Worktarool, you have never failed to take your full fifteen days annual sick leave.
- Worktarool I have a right to take those sick days.
- Spotrinse You have a *right* to take sick days, Ms Worktarool, not a *responsibility*.
- Winterbottom Dock all the absent teachers one day's pay, Mr Spotrinse.
- All the other teachers, except for Mr Spotrinse exclaim: 'What?' in alarm. Ms Worktarool stands up. So too does Miss Winterbottom to meet the challenge.*
- Worktarool You can't do that!
- Winterbottom I just did.
- Spotrinse (*Standing*) Finally, someone with a bit of vision around here.
- Worktarool We'll see about that!
- Ms Worktarool storms out.*
- Skidmark I must admit your actions do seem a little excessive.
- Winterbottom You are an American, Mr Skidmark, not a proper person. If you don't like it, go back to Switch Blade High or where ever it is you come from. Come, Spotrinse, we have work to do.
- Spotrinse Yes, Miss Winterbottom.
- Spotrinse, with his nose high in the air, follows Winterbottom out, smirking at the others and clasping his clipboard.*
- Corker Bloody 'ell. Ghengis Khan's love child.
- Spiceguy And her faithful side-kick, Spotrinse.
- Ribald Can she do that?
- Timorous I think you'll find it's against union rules.

- Babble *(Deep in thought)* Unless of course...
- Spiceguy Unless of course what?
- Babble *(Coming back from his thoughts)* Hmm? Oh, it's probably nothing but I seem to remember a clause in the 'Restructuring' section of this year's handbook which, if I read it correctly, seemed to suggest a loophole with regards to execution of executive power under certain specified circumstances.
- Corker Could ya give it to us in English, boss.
- Babble Put simply, a principal can be given absolute control over a school and its staff if he or she is directly appointed by the Minister for Education. And, unfortunately for us, good people, I think Miss Winterbottom was.

There is a loud stab of shock/ horror music and a gasp of shock/horror and another frozen pose in that attitude, as the lights dim on the main stage and come up on stage three and four.

Note: *The curtain closes on the main stage and the actors should take chairs off stage with them*

Sitting on the edge of stage three are Beatrice and Heather. On stage four is a previously unseen character. He is dressed like a Japanese soldier from World War Two, complete with thick glasses, buck teeth and a bandana with the emblem of the Rising Sun emblazoned upon it. His face is set in a grim resolve as if he were plotting some sinister act. He is growling and swinging around a samurai sword. He looks furtively about the place and generally looks suspicious.

- Heather *(Pointing at the boy)* Who's that?
- Beatrice Some new kid.
- Heather Where's he from?
- Beatrice Japan.
- Heather Where's that?
- Beatrice I dunno, Europe I think.
- Heather He looks kinda creepy.

From behind stage four appear the Adorable twins, Lesley and Wesley. The new boy has not yet seen them but they approach him.

Beatrice *(Suddenly excited)* Oh, look- it's Lesley and Wesley, the Adorable twins.

Lesley Excuse me, old man...

The new boy is startled. His natural instinct is to back away. He immediately jumps back into an overstated karate pose and emits a low karate warning growl. The Adorable twins seem unphased.

Lesley Look, sorry to disturb you...

Wesley ...but you wouldn't have the time by any chance would you?

The boy lets out a maniacal laugh and with a flourish and a loud scream, jumps off the stage. He is still laughing and screaming as he runs out through the front door of the auditorium, dodging imaginary bullets and rolling like a commando all the way. As they watch him depart, Heather and Beatrice have been making their way over to the twins.

Lesley Stylish sort of fellow.

Wesley Yes. Oh, hello ladies.

Beatrice Hi, Les. Hi Wes.

Lesley Hello ..um.. *(He has obviously forgotten her name)*

Beatrice *(Slightly put out)* Beatrice.

Lesley Oh, yes, yes, of course. How are you, Bushpig?

Beatrice has developed a slightly sour look on her face.

Wesley My, my, you're looking well today, Miss Silkybreasts. Doesn't Miss Silkybreasts look smashing, Lesley?

Lesley Delightful, old man, absolutely delightful.

The Adorable twins smile effusively at Heather and completely ignore Beatrice. Heather looks deliciously coy, enjoying the attention. Beatrice is containing her frustration. She tries to win back the boys' attention.

Beatrice So, boys, who are you taking to the Farewell?

Lesley The Farewell?

Heather The school is having a big party tomorrow.

Beatrice *(Hopeful)* So have you guys asked anyone yet?

Lesley Egad! You know, I haven't. It completely slipped my mind. Have you, Wesley?

Wesley Not a soul, old man.

Lesley Oh dear, what a spot. I suppose everyone is taken up by now.

Beatrice *(In a rush)* I'm not.

Wesley And what about you, Miss Silkybreasts?

Looking coy again. Swivelling her hips, biting her finger and shaking her head.

Wesley Well, in that case the solutions clear, wouldn't you say, Lesley old bean?

Lesley Clear as crystal, Wes.

Beatrice is beside herself with anticipation, obviously expecting the double date.

Beatrice Great!

Wesley We shall both escort Miss Silkybreasts to the party; if she'll have us of course?

Beatrice is utterly crestfallen.

Heather I'd love to.

Lesley Excellent. Come then young princess, we shall buy you a dress...

Lesley holds his arm out for Heather to take, which she does.

Wesley ... and lavish riches upon you.

Wesley holds his arm out for Heather to take, which she does.

Lesley We are very wealthy as you know.

Lesley/
Wesley *(In unison over their shoulders as they exit)* Bye, Bushpig.

They exit arm in arm with Heather between them and out through the front of the auditorium, laughing all the way. Beatrice watches them depart. She turns to the audience, her face flushed with hatred and speaks in soliloquy.

Beatrice I'll make you pay for this, Heather Silkybreasts. If it's the last thing I do. Tomorrow night, I'll make you pay.

There is a loud stab of shock/ horror music. She gives one final face full of hate tableau, as the lights dim on her and come up on stage three. Sitting at a table are Benny Skidmark and his date, a horribly disfigured woman. (She could be wearing a 'Phantom of the Opera' style half-mask, or just use an ugly kid- male or female) They are holding hands across the table.

Craphandle There's something you're not telling me, honey. What is it? What's bothering you?

Skidmark Oh, it's probably nothin' to worry about, Deloris...

Craphandle Now you look at me, Benny Skidmark, I know that look, so I'm gonna bug ya 'til ya tell me.

They laugh.

Skidmark I never could fool you, Deloris. It's just that this new school...

Craphandle Uh huh?

Skidmark Well, it's not running' as smoothly as I'd hoped.

Craphandle How come, honey?

Skidmark Oh, it's just this new principal- she's kinda tough.

Craphandle How so?

Skidmark Well, I gotta be honest, she's a real megalomaniac. She keeps bossin' everyone around and everything. She says we can't get any sick pay...

Craphandle Can she do that?

Skidmark I dunno, honey, maybe she can. They do things kinda strange 'down-under'.

Craphandle Just like we used to huh, Benny.

They both laugh.

Skidmark Yeah, before you got horribly disfigured in that bear attack and I got really fat.

Craphandle You always overeat when you worry.

- Skidmark *(Making a decision)* You know, Deloris, you're right. I'm not gonna worry about this school thing anymore.
- Craphandle Good for you.
- Skidmark Come what may, I am gonna lose weight as of right now. *(He stands up)* What do I need food for when I got you?
- Craphandle What d'ya mean, Benny?
- Skidmark Just that I've been beatin' around the bush for too long. I suddenly realised when you were talking just then. I don't need food, I'm already full.
- Craphandle But we haven't even eaten yet.
- Skidmark I tell, ya Deloris, I can't eat another bite because I *am* full.
- Craphandle *(Looking up at him adoringly)* Full, Benny?
- Skidmark Yes, Deloris Craphandle, I'm full of love for you.

During the first section of the song Benny makes his way to the main stage area. The curtain opens as he does so, revealing a dance team who are beginning a tap dance. Benny performs the song on the main stage, complete with a little tap dance of his own. The dance team performs behind him.

Song # 3 Loving You is Easy

(Benny's Proposal Song)

Take this food away for another day- I won't eat it
Give it, if you can, to some other man who may need it

Your love fills me to bursting
My life is now complete
When you smile in your saucy way
Dessert has never been so sweet

Believe me, girl, loving you is easy
You really are the fat in my fries
The apple of my eye
The kidney in my steak and kidney pie
Believe me, girl, loving you is easy
You really are the bacon on my rind
The lard in my behind
The undigested matter in my lower intestine

I don't need to eat for I am replete now you're near me
Come what courses may, send them all away, I'm not hungry

Be it chocolate or pizza-
All food I now abhor
My appetite has been sated
By your love. Henceforth, I'll eat no more.

Believe me, girl, loving you is easy
You really are the ice in my cream
The baked in my bean
The butt in my butter and the marg in my rine
Believe me, girl, loving you is easy
You really are the meat in my stew
The fibre in my poo
The carrots in my nostrils when I've had a spew

So take this food away for another day- I won't eat it
Give it, if you can, to some other man who may need it

(Over end section) Don't bring any courses, waiter
My appetite's fully sated

Dispense with the strawberry sorbet
Take all of your hors d'oeuvres away

(At end) Whoops! Have a banana! Be mine!

At the conclusion of the song Benny has made his way back to Deloris. He ends the song on his knee beside her.

Craphandle Oh, Benny.

Skidmark Will you marry me, Deloris.

Craphandle But Benny, this is so sudden.

Skidmark We've been going out for fifteen years. It's time we tied the knot. *(Motioning to the audience)* In front of all these people eating here in this restaurant tonight, what d'ya say?

Craphandle Yes, Benny. Oh yes. I was a Craphandle, now, I'm going to be a Skidmark!

She bursts into tears and they embrace. The lights fade on them as Mr Spiceguy enters onto the main stage. He addresses the audience.

Spiceguy Hi guys. Hey, listen is this Year 12 history?

Two or three students in the audience reply that it is.

Spiceguy Cool. Okay then, Indian hemp was first cultivated by...

Mr Timorous has entered and taps Mr Spiceguy on the shoulder at this point.

Spiceguy *(To the class)* Hey look, it's Arnold Schwarzenegger. Hey Arnie, what's new?

Mr Timorous hands a note to Mr Spiceguy and whispers something into his ear as Mr Spiceguy reads the note.

Timorous Break it to him gently.

Timorous exits.

Spiceguy Is there a Lucky Doorprise in here somewhere?

Lucky raises his hand.

Spiceguy Stand up, kid.

Lucky does so.

Spiceguy *(Gravely)* How many brothers have you got, Lucky?

Lucky Three.

Spiceguy *(Laughing)* Well, now you got two. Go to the Admin. office.

Lucky runs out crying. Spiceguy laughs and plays up to the class.

Spiceguy Anyway, like I was saying, Indian hemp was first cultivated by

The lights fade on the main stage. Lights up on stage four where Miss Ribald is standing. She is holding a feather duster.

Ribald Could everybody face the front please.

She waits until everyone has turned in their seats to face her, ad libbing if necessary. She has a feather duster in her hand.

Ribald Thankyou. Now, because I'm a first year out they've given me all the rotten classes and you're the worst one I've got but don't let that fool you. I intend to discipline anyone who does anything naughty.

A student in the front row of the audience yells out 'Cool!'

Ribald That was so rude! Who just shouted in my classroom?

The student in the front row slowly raises his hand and stands up.

Ribald Was it you?

Student I cannot tell a lie, miss. *(Pointing to the man sitting beside him)* It was this guy. *(The student turns to the audience and pulls a face)*

Ribald Very well. Bring the culprit up to me. *(To the culprit as he is brought up)* I don't know what you're used to at home young man but in my classroom there will be no naughty behaviour. Do you understand?

She waits for a response.

Ribald *(Moving closer to him suggestively)* Are you sure you understand?

Again she waits for a response by this time she is standing quite close to him.

Ribald Very well. Now place your hands behind your back. Go on, do it. Now then.

She begins to tickle him all over with the feather duster, giggling while she does so and saying 'Coochy coochy coo'. The boys in the class are all audibly excited. Yelling out: 'Alright. Me next!' etcetera

Ribald *(Finally stopping)* Now don't do it again or next time you'll get a thorough spanking. Now let me take you back to your seat.

She puts her arm in his and walks him down the steps back to his seat.

Ribald Now you realise you've been naughty, don't you?

He responds.

Ribald You've been a very, very naughty little fellow but I forgive you. Do you know why I forgive you?

He responds.

Ribald Because I know that you probably had a terrible upbringing and any damage that you may do to other people in your life is not your fault. You are completely blameless. *(Handing him a piece of paper)* Here is my home number in case you ever need a helping hand.

(Speaking from the floor level) Now, who else has been naughty?

The predictable chorus of 'Me. Me, miss!' etcetera follows as boys stand up and compete for attention. The lights go down on Miss Ribald and come back up on Mr Spiceguy on the main stage.

Spiceguy Hey, you guys at the back- turn around and sit down will ya? I'm still talking here, guys. Come on. Be a little fair, fellas? I'm a prac. teacher. Give me a break.

He waits for everyone to turn back around, ad libbing if necessary.

Spiceguy Thankyou. Now then ...

Heather enters.

Heather Excuse me, Mr Spiceguy, but I have a note for you.

Spiceguy Hey, alright. Check it out. Come on in, honeybuns.

Heather walks in and gives him a note.

Spiceguy Hey, thanks, baby but you know you shouldn't pass me love notes in class.

Spiceguy is in full sleaze mode but Heather doesn't quite catch his drift.

Spiceguy *(Reading the note- laughing)* Really? No way. This is so cool. *(To Heather)* Okay thanks, sweetheart.

Heather turns and walks out.

Spiceguy *(Watching her exit)* Oh, baby, when I look at you all I see is iron bars. *(Back to the class)* Okay, now where was I? Oh yeah, acid. There was some really bad stuff goin' around about a year ago and ...

Lucky enters he is blowing his nose in a handkerchief and looking thoroughly miserable. He moves downstage.

Spiceguy Hey, Lucky, before you sit down- I got a note for ya.

Lucky moves dejectedly over to Mr Spiceguy and takes the note and begins to read it.

Spiceguy *(Gravely)* So, uh, how many parents you got, Lucky?

Spiceguy bursts into laughter as Lucky screams and runs off stage, sobbing. Spiceguy is still laughing and playing up to the audience as the lights fade on

the main stage and come up on stage two. Oscar is sitting on the floor. Rocky Valentino steps out of the audience, climbs the steps and sits beside him.

Oscar Hi, Rocky.

Rocky Hi, Oscar. How are you?

Oscar shrugs. Rocky sits beside Oscar.

Rocky I haven't seen you for a while, little buddy.

Oscar I went on holidays.

Rocky Really? Where did you go?

Oscar Wonderland.

Rocky Fantastic. How long did you go for?

Oscar The whole summer break.

Rocky Didn't you get bored?

Oscar Aw, a bit.

Rocky How come you went for so long?

Oscar My dad tried to get into the Guinness Book of Records for the longest time spent on a roller-coaster without stopping and mum said I had to go too.

Rocky Did he do it?

Oscar Nah, he gave up after two gos but he said I couldn't get off until late January. It wasn't much of a Christmas. No one loves me, Rocky.

Barney and Gail enter onto stage two behind Rocky and Oscar who do not see them. Oscar nestles into Rocky's arm for comfort. Rocky puts his arm around him.

Rocky Hey, chin up little guy. I still love ya.

Barney See, I told you.

Gail *(Looking puzzled)* Told me what?

Barney Come on, let's get out of here.

Barney grabs Gail by the sleeve and they leave.

- Rocky Come on, mate. Everything's gonna be fine.
- Oscar *(Looking at Rocky closely)* Rocky, are you okay?
- Rocky Sure, mate, why do you ask?
- Oscar I don't wanna be rude, Rocky, but why are you talking like that and pulling all those faces?
- Rocky Oh, that's just my summer school training.
- Oscar Summer school training?
- Rocky Yeah while you were going around on that roller-coaster I was in Acting School. *(He pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and gives it to Oscar)* See?
- Oscar *(Reading)* Soap Opera Acting. *(To Rocky)* Hey, that's hard to say.
- Rocky Yeah, just like the scripts, eh? But I learned heaps, listen. *(Demonstrating)* 'I really love you, Doreen!' Or this: 'Shut up, John- alright?'
- Oscar Hey, that's good.
- Rocky That was what we learned in the first week but then we got on to the advanced stuff.
- Oscar Like what?
- Rocky Like, you know if something really bad happens and you just can't believe it?
- Oscar Yeah.
- Rocky Well, when that happens all you gotta do is this: *(Demonstrating)* 'What the...'. Pretty good, eh? I'll show it to you again cos it's pretty subtle. 'What the...'
- Oscar *(In awe)* That is great, Rocky. You are so talented.
- Rocky Aw, thanks mate. It's all pretend but, it's not like real life.
- Rayleen comes racing in, apparently furious, and stands with her arms akimbo. Through this whole section she is incredibly sarcastic.*
- Rocky *(Standing)* Hi, Rayleen. How are ya?

Rayleen Rocky- I'm pregnant!

There is a loud musical stab.

Oscar *(Looking up)* What was that?

Rocky What's that got to do with me, Rayleen?

Rayleen Ah, yeah, right, like you don't know.

Rocky But I don't know.

Rayleen Yeah right.

Rocky Rayleen, we've never had sex.

Rayleen Sure we haven't, Rocky.

Rocky But we haven't. You know we haven't.

Rayleen Yeah sure, of course I know.

Rocky *(Trying to work out what she is doing)* Rayleen are you being sarcastic?

Rayleen No , what, me, sarcastic? Never.

Rocky So you do agree that you're not pregnant with our baby?

Rayleen It goes without saying doesn't it? It's obvious.

Rayleen sings the song with gusto and plays it to Rocky. She shoves him around etcetera as she sings it.

Song # 4 Rocky, I'm Pregnant

Sung by Rayleen

Rocky- I'm pregnant and I don't know what to do
 I just seen the ultrasound
 And the kid looks just like you
 What ya got to say about it?
 What ya gonna do?
 Cos Rocky, I'm pregnant and the kid looks just like you

It wasn't like I did all this to hassle anyone
 Dead set, I was only out to have a little fun
 Rocky, now it turns out I am gonna be a mum (Bummer!)
 Cos I seen them things and when they cry

Mum goes crook and dad says bye
 He goes to the pub and mum gets left at home
 The kid wakes up all through the night
 Mum gets bags beneath her eyes
 Two in the mornin', sittin' all alone

I'm too young to sit at home while all my friends are out
 Chasin' blokes at discotheques and drivin' 'round the town
 But if I'm gonna have a kid then all of that is out (Bummer)
 I'll be stuck at home with napsan
 Changin' nappies, rockin' prams
 And generally up to me neck in poo
 When your husband's in another place
 Chasin' after pretty faces
 Single parenthood comes pretty soon

At the end of the song, she stands scowling at him with her hands on her hips.

Rocky Oh good. Well- see ya, Rayleen.

Rayleen Yeah, right, Rocky. Whatever you say.

Rayleen exits hurriedly. She brushes past Beatrice who is entering.

Rocky What was that all about? Oh, hi Beatrice.

Beatrice Rocky, I'm pregnant.

Rocky What the ...

Another loud musical stab. Oscar looks at Rocky. Rocky looks at the audience with a pained expression. the lights fade on stage two and come up on stage three. Ms Worktarool is sitting at the table and speaking on the (mobile?) telephone.

Worktarool *(Angry)* I cannot believe it! Are you telling me that the union will do nothing to prevent this? *(Pause)* I don't care if she was appointed by the King of Iceland! *(Pause)* Yes, I know Iceland is a republic. That is not the point! *(Pause)* No, I didn't know that it had about two hundred volcanoes, will you please listen to me? Will you send a union rep out to speak to the staff? *(Pause)* Well what do I pay you my twelve dollars a week for? *(Pause)* Yes, I am aware that I have taken my full fifteen days annual sick leave for the past six years. *(Pause)* Oh, forget it!

She slams down the phone as Corker and Timorous enter.

Corker Ouch! That's gotta hurt.

- Timorous Bad news?
- Worktarool Ah, bloody union won't help us.
- Timorous *(Shaking his head)* What do those people do with their time?
- Corker Don't you watch the Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras? Takes 'em twelve months to make the costumes.
- Timorous There must be something we can do.
- Worktarool *(With resolve)* If the union won't help us, we'll just have to take matters into our own hands.
- Corker What do ya mean?
- Worktarool *(Standing)* We'll pay one of the students to kill Miss Winterbottom.

Loud musical stab. Timorous and Corker look at each other with concern.

- Timorous/
Corker *(In unison)* What!
- Worktarool *(Slowly and deliberately)* Yes, that's it. We'll pay a student to kill Miss Winterbottom.

There is another blast of Shock/ horror music as Timorous and Corker freeze in shock/horror and Worktarool freezes in evil resolve. The lights die on stage three and come up on the main stage revealing Winterbottom and Spotrinse. Winterbottom is pacing up and down; Spotrinse is taking notes.

- Winterbottom Read back what I have just said, Mr Spotrinse.
- Spotrinse Memo to staff: As previously advised recess no longer exists. Instead, three minutes will be added on to each class period. Staff are to actively police the anti-smiling offensive and are themselves expected to set a good example. Further, an electrified fence is to be erected around the perimeter of the school grounds. This will be operational at all times and no staff member will be allowed to leave early under any circumstances especially to mark HSC exams.
- Winterbottom What is the annual school budget, Mr Spotrinse?
- Spotrinse I'm not exactly sure, but I think it is in the order of two hundred thousand dollars.

Winterbottom Add this to the memo: Departments can expect to have their budgets halved this year due to savage government cuts. End memo. Now, order me these items for my office.

She hands him a list. He reads.

Spotrinse 200 inch HD television; HD recorder and player; pro logic surround sound system; 8 by 4 slate pool table; custom bar made of rain-forest pine; studded rubber collar with whip and accessories ...

Winterbottom There is no need to read out the entire list, Mr Spotrinse. Your job is simply to procure those items, not to make a broadcast to the staff- if you understand me?

Spotrinse *(Realising what she means)* Certainly, Miss Winterbottom. You can trust me.

Winterbottom *(Moving towards him)* Can I, Mr Spotrinse? Can I *really* trust you?

Spotrinse *(Eager to please)* Oh yes, miss. I can be very discreet.

Winterbottom And just *how* discreet can you be, Mr Spotrinse?

Spotrinse Miss Winterbottom, I'll do anything you say and I won't tell a soul. I'll ...

With this, she kisses him passionately. She takes on the traditionally masculine role and he convulses in her arms. Finally, she withdraws and adjusts her hair. While he composes himself.

Spotrinse Oh, Miss Winterbottom, I'm so honoured.

Winterbottom *(Looking out over the audience)* You and I, Mr Spotrinse; all for you and I.

Song # 5 All For You and I

Sung by Miss Winterbottom and Mr Spotrinse

Winterbottom	Together we shall fly
Spotrinse	Together, you and I
Winterbottom	I'll be the master
Spotrinse	And I shall follow you
Winterbottom	Together we shall rule
Spotrinse	We shall terrorise the school
Winterbottom	Ah- the power is divine

Together All for You and I

Spotrinse I love you and you love me
So what about we celebrate with a pie
From the school canteen?

Winterbottom I love you too much to let you eat the canteen food
Spotrinse But it won't cost us a dime
And we can push into the line

Winterbottom Ah- the power is divine
Together All for you and I

At the end of the duet, Spotrinse sidles up beside her and nestles under her arm. They both gaze out over the audience.

Winterbottom *(Stroking his hair)* By tomorrow, my beauty, together we shall rule Wayne Kerr High.

They freeze in character to the shock horror musical stab, as the lights dim on the main stage and come up on Benny and Deloris on stage two. Benny's clothes hang off him slightly.

Skidmark Hey, Deloris, how do I look?

Craphandle You look great, Benny. Have you lost a little weight, honey?

Skidmark You think so? Yeah, now that you mention it, I think I have.

Craphandle How did you manage to do that?

Skidmark I stopped eating.

Craphandle Benny, you can't stop eating altogether.

Skidmark I told ya, honey, I don't need food anymore. I'm already full of love for you.

Craphandle *(Concerned)* You mean you haven't eaten anything since you proposed to me?

Skidmark Not a thing, honey. *(Looking in an imaginary mirror)*. Hey I have lost quite a bit of weight, haven't I? *(Patting his tummy)* Hey, I feel great. I'm losin' it by the minute. You'll love me even more when you finally see the new me, huh, Deloris?

Craphandle But I love you anyway, honey.

Benny continues to admire himself in the mirror but Deloris looks very troubled. She looks out over the audience with a concerned expression frozen on her face as the lights drop on stage three and come up on the main stage. Barney is speaking to Gail and Beatrice.

Barney I'm tellin' ya- Oscar's gay.

Gail I don't get it.

Barney What part of gay don't ya get?

Gail Why would Oscar be gay?

Barney I dunno. He just is.

Beatrice How do you know this, Barney?

Barney Cos I saw him kissing Rocky.

Beatrice Kissing him?

Barney Well, they weren't exactly kissing, they were talking.

Gail There's a bit of a difference, Barney.

Barney Rocky had his arm around him but.

Beatrice Rocky's not gay- no way.

Barney I know what I saw, Beatrice, and you know what else? I reckon Oscar loves *me* too. Have you seen the way he looks at me?

Gail I wouldn't worry, Barney, no one loves you.

Barney Gee thanks, Gail.

Rayleen rushes in furiously.

Rayleen Barney, I'm pregnant!

Barney Well don't look at me; I haven't reached puberty yet.

Beatrice Hey, Rayleen, guess what? Oscar's a poof.

Barney I thought you said you didn't believe me?

Beatrice I don't, but hey, gossip's gossip.

Rayleen I always thought he was. All you gotta do is look at him.

Gail Look out. Here he comes now.

Oscar enters.

Oscar Hi fellas. Have we worked out what we're doing about the Farewell yet? (*Looking at the ground*) Hey look, a two dollar coin.

He bends over to pick it up and points his bum towards the others as he does so. He takes his time to pick up the coin, wiggling his bum awkwardly. The others look at each other as if convinced. This is the final proof.

Oscar (*Standing up*) Hey what about that? Things are looking up, huh?

He moves towards them to show them the coin but they all back away as if scared.

Oscar What's the matter, guys?

Rocky enters.

Rocky Hi everyone.

Oscar (*Showing him the coin*) Hey, Rocky, look what I found.

Rocky comes up to him and puts his arm around him.

Rocky Hey, that's great, little man. See, someone does love you.

The others look at each other.

Oscar Yeah, I know they do, Rocky. Come on, I'll buy you an ice-cream.

Rocky Roller coaster man- you are *on*.

Rocky and Oscar exit. Rocky still has his arm around Oscar and ruffles his hair as they leave. The others are momentarily speechless. They watch Rocky and Oscar depart and look at each other in surprise.

Gail I *don't* believe it.

Barney See, I told you.

Gail Aw yuk, I shared a bong with that guy.

Barney Who, Oscar?

Gail No- Rocky. Oscar wouldn't smoke if you put a barbeque under 'im.

Barney How do you think I feel? I shared a cabin with Oscar down the snow. He saw me in me undies.

Beatrice I bet that's a frightening sight.

Barney pulls a face at Beatrice. She pokes out her tongue at him.

Rayleen And did ya hear what Rocky said about being his 'roller coaster man'?

Gail Yeah, and about being *on*.

Beatrice And he virtually admitted that he loved him- *in public*.

Barney Aw, that is so gay.

They all shiver and go 'Yuk' in unison. Gail finishes slightly behind the others.

Beatrice Look out, boy friend stealer alert. Heather's comin' I'm outa here.

Gail I thought you were best friends?

Beatrice Aw, grow up, Gail, that was last week. Come on let's go.

Beatrice and Gail exit. Heather and the Adorable twins enter arm in arm. Rayleen walks briskly up to them.

Rayleen Hey, you two- I'm pregnant!

Wesley How delightful, isn't it Lesley?

Lesley Absolutely smashing. Nothing like the pitter patter of tiny foetus about the place.

Rayleen So what are yous gonna do about it?

Lesley What would you suggest?

Rayleen Aw, nothin', just don't worry about it!

She storms off.

Wesley *(Calling after her)* Very well. Have a pleasant day! *(To Lesley)* Charming girl.

Lesley Who is that?

Heather Pashmeoff.

Wesley That's awfully nice of you.

Heather (*Giggling*) No. Rayleen Pashmeoff.

Wesley Oh I see. Silly me.

The three of them laugh. Barney approaches them.

Barney Excuse me, fellas, but could I talk to you (*Motioning to Heather*) in private for a minute?

Lesley Yes of course old boy. Heather, do be a love and fetch us our pipes and slippers would you?

Heather Sure.

Heather exits, giggling. The three watch her go.

Lesley What a marvellous intellect that girl possesses. Now what can we do for you?

Barney Gentlemen, I'll be honest. I need money to finance the school Farewell by tomorrow or I'm gonna get kicked out of school and so are my mates. I know your father's rich so I thought I'd ask.

Wesley Oh yes, father is incredibly rich. He's in oil.

Barney What is he, a sardine?

Lesley Wait here.

Wesley and Lesley go into a huddle and occasionally look over at Barney who looks over at them nervously. After much grave head nodding they break the huddle and return to him. Wesley stands on one side, Lesley on the other. Suddenly both of them seem quite serious.

Lesley We've considered your request, young man, and we think we can help you.

Barney Great!

Wesley However, our services do come at a price.

Barney A price?

Skidmark enters. He has lost a lot more weight. His clothes hang off him.

- Timorous Seriously everyone. I'm very concerned about this.
- Skidmark About what?
- Spiceguy Apparently one of the teachers wants to kill the principal.
- Skidmark *(Sitting)* So what's new?
- Babble She intends to get a student to do it.
- Skidmark You guys in Australia really do follow US trends, don't you?

Miss Winterbottom enters, followed by Mr Spotrinsse.

- Timorous This is serious. If she does something stupid, we're all accomplices.
- Winterbottom Accomplices to what?

The teachers stand in unison.

- Timorous Oh, nothing, Miss Winterbottom.
- Winterbottom *(Eyeing them all suspiciously)* It had better be nothing. I want things to run smoothly tomorrow night. Do I make myself clear?
- All Yes, Miss Winterbottom.
- Winterbottom Good. Now, call a school assembly immediately, Mr Babble. I have something to show the school.

She turns to leave.

- Ribald But lunch only just started.

Winterbottom turns and looks daggers at her.

- Winterbottom Make a note of that, Mr Spotrinsse. Insolence from a first year out teacher.
- Spotrinsse *(Writing in his note book)* Tch tch tch.
- Winterbottom *(Spitefully-with mock sweetness)* Still on probation are we Miss Ribald? Relying on me for your teaching certificate are you? *(Looking her up and down)* Put some clothes on

before you come in tomorrow. (*Turning to go*) The bell, Mr Babble. Now! Come, Spotrinsse.

Winterbottom exits followed by Spotrinsse who smiles smugly.

Spiceguy I say one of us puts on the gorilla suit and beats the crap out of Spotrinsse.

Corker Actually, I have got a gorilla suit.

Spiceguy Cool bananas. Let's do it.

Babble Gentlemen, please. We are professional people.

Corker I'm not.

Timorous We must find another solution.

Babble Okay, but we'll have to talk later. I'd better ring the bell.

Babble leaves hurriedly.

Corker Look at us, runnin' around like a bunch of frightened kids.

Spiceguy I'll catch up with you later, Corker. I got an idea for tomorrow night's function. Hey, Skidmark, you lost a lot of weight there, man.

Spiceguy exits.

Corker Hey, he's right. You okay?

Skidmark Yeah. I feel a little weak but otherwise I'm okay.

Corker Well, don't lose it too fast. Come on, let's go see what witches britches wants.

Corker and Skidmark exit.

Ribald moves up close to Timorous.

Ribald (*Suggestively*) Are you a married man, Mr Timorous?

Timorous (*Hesitantly*) I ... er ... used to be.

Ribald Used to be? How long ago was that?

Timorous Um ... this morning.

Ribald *(Playing with his tie)* Oh, what a pity. You can still have a dance with me at the Farewell tomorrow night, can't you?

Timorous *(Gulping nervously)* Well, I'd love to but, you see, my wife is coming along and ...

Ribald *(Close to his ear)* Well now, why don't you just see if you can get a permission note from your little wifey. Hmm?

She blows into his ear, giggles and sashays out. Timorous watches her go he gets out a handkerchief and mops his brow nervously. Then, clutching the handkerchief with resolve ...

Timorous I must kill my wife. Yes, that's it-I must kill my wife.

Musical stab as he freezes in angry resolve. The lights fade on the main stage and come up on stage three where Peter Parsons-Nose is sitting at a table, cleaning out a gun and inspecting its barrel. Satisfied, he nods his head in approval and gazes out over the audience.

Peter Tomorrow night, Winterbottom. Tomorrow night- you die!

Musical stab as he laughs maniacally and freezes. The lights come up on stage two where Beatrice is sticking pins in a large doll which has the name Heather scrawled in crayon across its chest.

Beatrice Tomorrow night, Silkybreasts. Tomorrow night, you'll pay.

Musical stab as she laughs maniacally and freezes. The lights come up on stage four onto the two Adorable twins.

Wesley Just think of it, Les, if Floppydisk succeeds in his mission
...

Lesley ... then by tomorrow night, Wayne Kerr high shall be
ours.

Musical stab as Peter, Beatrice and the Adorable twins all break into maniacal laughter. Instantly the music stops, the lights come up on the main stage and Miss Winterbottom's voice booms out. The lights are up on all four stages, so Peter, Beatrice and the Adorable twins are visible to her and she is addressing all of them.

Winterbottom You! You! You and you! All of you! Sit down in your roll call classes immediately! Alphabetical order! This instant! And get these chairs off the stage!

Students not sitting in the audience hurriedly return to their seats. Behind Miss Winterbottom, clip board still in hand, with a smug expression on his face, is Mr Spotrins. The teachers scurry from backstage, remove the chairs and exit

off stage. The lights fade on the other stages as Winterbottom paces up and down the main stage area, grimacing at the audience as the students take their seats. At last, confident that everyone has settled, she walks up to the microphone. She begins to speak, but as in the first assembly, the microphone is not on. She screams furiously at the sound engineer.

Winterbottom Will you turn this blasted microphone on!

He does so.

Winterbottom *(More calmly into the microphone)* Thankyou. I appreciate it. *(With mock sweetness)* Could somebody please turn a light on up the back so I can see who I'm talking to? *(A light is turned on to illuminate the sound engineer)* Thankyou. Could you stand up please.

He does so.

Winterbottom Excellent. Now, you are the sound engineer, are you?

The sound engineer nods.

Winterbottom Good. And do you like being the sound engineer?

The sound engineer smiles and nods.

Winterbottom That's great. So here's the thing. If you want to continue being the sound engineer, could you make sure that my microphone is on when I wish to address the assembly?

The sound engineer smiles and nods.

Winterbottom Fantastic. *(Completely changing her attitude and screaming into the microphone)* Now get your ineffectual adolescent butt over there *(pointing to stage five)* and give me a hundred pushups! Move it or lose it, brother!

Watched by the audience, the sound engineer jumps up from behind the sound desk, scurries as quickly as he can up onto a raised section in the back corner of the auditorium and begins doing the pushups.

Winterbottom All of you! Look at me! Anyone who wants to watch him, can join him! Do I make myself clear?

A few unconvincing 'Yes, misses' come from the audience.

Winterbottom *(With her hand to her ear)* I can't hear you!

The audience reply with 'Yes, miss' in unison.

Winterbottom Now, as I was about to say ...

Winterbottom stops mid sentence and gives the hairy eyeball to some unsuspecting audience member.

Winterbottom It never ceases to amaze me, Mr Spotrinse, how many times I can say the same thing over and over again and yet still some people do not listen.

Spotrinse 'tut tuts' and makes a note on his clipboard

Winterbottom *(To the audience member)* You! Up on stage! Now! One of you prefects bring it up here!

The audience member is brought up onto stage by the student, as Miss Winterbottom delivers the next dialogue

Winterbottom Hurry up. Hurry up. We haven't got all day. I have some important announcements to make and you are holding everybody up. Now what is your name?

The audience member responds. (There is plenty of room for ad libs. Some audience members will give false names etcetera)

Winterbottom Well young (whatever their name is) you will tap dance for ten seconds. *(To the audience)* I want all of you to count to ten, in an orderly fashion. Go!

The audience member does the tap dance whilst the audience counts to ten. He or she finishes.

Winterbottom You got off lightly this time. Now go back to your seat and behave yourself. Go on. Off you go.

The audience member does so, escorted by the student.

Winterbottom Now, how is our sound engineer doing up the back there?

In the back corner of the auditorium a student is standing beside the raised section on which the sound engineer was doing the pushups and is now lying, inert. The student is holding the sound engineer's wrist and is counting to him or herself like a nurse taking a pulse.

Student He's dead, miss.

Winterbottom Dead? What do you mean dead?

Student Well... as in ... not living.

Winterbottom *(Inconvenienced)* Very well. Very well. Leave him there. We'll sort it out later. There's no need to make a federal case out of it. *(To the audience)* All of you turn around! I have one or two announcements to make before I let you go to a *brief*, let me repeat ...*brief* ... lunch break. Firstly, it has been brought to my attention that yesterday our year seven remedial class overdosed on laxatives and none of them are present today. This should serve as a reminder to the rest of you that you cannot get high on laxatives, no matter how many you take. Secondly, contrary to popular rumour, Mr Spotrinsse is *not* an undercover policeman and if he was, he would certainly not admit to it, because if he did, he would no longer be undercover, would he? So please stop asking him. Now Mr Spotrinsse has an announcement for you. Mr Spotrinsse.

Winterbottom exits as Spotrinsse makes his way to the microphone.

Spotrinsse Thankyou, Miss Winterbottom.

Spotrinsse casts his eye grimly over the audience before beginning. He is about to speak into the microphone when a loud message booms out from a walkie-talkie radio. NOTE: The names of teachers at your school should be inserted for street names.

Radio *Static...* Robbery in progress, ...*static* ... corner of **Saxon** and **McCallum** streets. Repeat- robbery in ...

Spotrinsse frantically reaches into his jacket and switches off a walkie talkie. In the process he inadvertently reveals a handgun inside his jacket. Quickly, he hides the walkie-talkie in his jacket again. He looks ill at ease, tugging at his collar etcetera. but finally composes himself.

Spotrinsse Truants beware. We have you in our sights. Earlier today two misguided youths were badly hurt when they became entangled in the electrified barbed wire on the newly erected south wall. Both are still in hospital. One thinks he is Elmer Fudd, the other keeps singing 'I'm Just a Girl Who Can't Say No' from the popular musical 'Oklahoma'. Neither are expected to fully recover, so- be warned. On a happier note, the school has acquired a new computer. This new 'Android' computer is the latest in technology from Japan and to present it to you we have the computer's programmer, our Japanese exchange student. Would you welcome him please: Hiroshima Nagasaki!

To audience applause, Hiroshima enters. He is still dressed as he was earlier, in his soldier's uniform. As he enters, a middle aged Japanese man in a suit

starts furiously taking flash pictures from the side of the audience. Hiroshima struts onto stage with military arrogance.

Spotrinse Would you also welcome please, Mr Nagasaki, the inventor of our new computer, who has accompanied his son to our country.

Audience applause as Mr Nagasaki smiles effusively and bows repeatedly and takes another photograph, this time of the applauding audience.

Spotrinse If you could please sit down, Mr Nagasaki.

Mr Hiroshima does so, still bowing repeatedly.

Spotrinse Hiroshima can understand English, but does not speak it fluently, so we have with us our very own Japanese student, Pearl Harbour, to translate for him. *(motioning for her to take the microphone)* Pearl.

Mr Spotrinse steps back. Pearl comes on dressed neatly in school uniform and takes up the microphone.

Pearl Thankyou, Mr Spotlinse. Hiroshima, the school ask me welcome you as our flend and ask you how your computer will help school?

Hiroshima Ehhhh bonzai, Mount Fujiama, Mr Miagi, Mikado, Phantom Agents!

Pearl He say: dis new compruter mean your executive no ronger need work. Dis compruter do all work for you. You vely rucky. It contlol evlyting.

Spotrinse whispers something into Pearl's ear.

Pearl Hai! *(To Hiroshima)* Can we see computer?

Hiroshima Hai! *(Shouting to off stage in slow broken English)* Bling in 'Lock and Loll'!

A walking computer enters. Shoe boxes for feet; cardboard box for a body etc.

Pearl Why you nickname lobot, 'Lock and Loll'?

Hiroshima *(Into microphone)* Beclause he rike to sing. He ruv lock and loll!

Pearl Can Lock and Loll speak to us?

Hiroshima Ohhhh, ikedo, sumo wrestling, karate, jujitsu, shintaro, tora tora tora! Hai hai hai!

Pearl He say Lock and Loll can speak but he plefer sing. He say we fank you all for your flendship and would rike to perform for you popular Japanese song to concrude assembrly. The song he sing called: Evlybody Leally Ruv Lock and Loll. After song we take a short blake for tea. Now, prease, you give him crap.

As the song begins, Spotrinse, Pearl and Hiroshima exit and a group of bobby-socked rock 'n' roll dancers enter.

Song # 6 Evlybody Leally Ruv Lock and Loll

Sung by Lock and Loll

Evlybody leally ruv Lock and Loll
Evlybody ruv Lhythym and Brue
Lock and Loll it here to stay
So I sing song for you

Lock and Loll arive and well
Put on dancin' shoe
Evlybody leally ruv Lock and Loll
Evlybody ruv da Lhythym and Brue

All you guy
Get on feet and sling girl aloud
Da dance froor waitin' der for you

Disco came and went away
Lap's a Dodo too
But Lock and Loll it here to stay
Leally ruv dat Lhythym and Brue

Somebory once tell me
So now I gonna tell to you
Evlybody leally ruv Lock and Loll
Evlybody ruv da Lhythym and Brue

All you guy
Get on feet and sling girl aloud
Da dance froor waitin' der for you

Lock and Loll arive and well
Put on dancin' shoe
Evlybody leally ruv Lock and Loll
Evlybody ruv da Lhythym and Brue

Somebory once tell me
So, buddy, I tell to you
Evlybody leally ruv Lock and Loll
Evlybody ruv da Lhythm and Brue
Evlybody ruv da Lock and Loll tune
Evlybody ruv da Lhythm and Brue (oh yeah)
Evlybody ruv da Lhythm and Brue (my my my my)
And Lock and Loll lobot too

Students who are planted in the audience gradually make their way backstage as the audience gets up for intermission.

End of Act One