

One gifted lady

This is not a pantomime

The vision – An Interactive play

A play in which young ones in the audience maybe invited to have a part. Evaluate suitability. The part may be a silent one, or one where a sign is simply held up.

This play has been written for, and with the aim of including, young children, about seven to fourteen year olds. Young ones lead the way when it comes to using, and exercising the imagination. Much is to be learned from how much energy younger ones exert in using their imagination. Really, this is a field of experience that could be said to be, a science all of its own.

Many people gain much pleasure from having a hobby. For example, some spend much of their spare time collecting stamps. Other people take hundreds, or even thousands of photographs, or collect model cars. Doing these things brings them pleasure. Some people though, gain their pleasure from giving other people pleasure, from seeing their faces light up with joy.

For BB things started when she fixed a neighbour's broken tea pot as a favour, it was much appreciated! She stuck the spout back on! BB was as overjoyed as her neighbour!

BB attended many courses at night school, classes held at her local college. By doing this she has developed more and more skills. Skills in; electrics, electronics, brick laying, plastering, and many, many more besides.

BB has attended courses in plumbing, clock repairing, surveying, and she put all such skills to good use, and this brings her much pleasure. She really enjoys fixing things, mending, repairing, and even just helping out at the school where she works as a teacher. BB,(she is not married, has no children or close relatives), has given herself to her work and helping others. She enjoys doing things like decorating, flagging, mowing lawns, fixing broken appliances, or repairing items that seem to have become worn out. She even re-tiled the entire school roof! The headmaster was ecstatic! She has re-built a knocked down classroom wall, fitted a new engine into the headmaster's aging car, and repaired far too many other things to mention. It's BB's desire to fix whatever gets broken. Now here's the thing, the spanner in the works. Cabbage Street Junior school has been under threat of closure for over three years, due to the noise made by airplanes, flying into and out of Stoppem Airport. Making the nearby cabbage Street school too noisy, (it was thought) for children to learn!

BB is known for her dogged determination. It was this that that drove her to accomplish her greatest feat of all, The building of her masterpiece, the machine that put everything right. BB's baby, her 'Variable Audiosonic Suckomatic Vaculator.' This wonder machine sucks up noise from those wretched airplanes. The planes that dared to threatened the future of her beloved, Cabbage Street junior school. BB was not about to see HER school close!

An idea; young ones could have a small part, a silent one, or they could offer information to the audience.

The last line of the play though is to be said by a young one, after much coaching of course. The noise of planes flying overhead is heard at various junctures, all dialogue pausing while the planes' fly over.

The opening scene begins with a noisy plane flying low overhead. The plane is heard getting louder and louder, then fades into the distance. The two cleaners, Martha and Ethel, start cleaning when noise from the plane is first heard. They mop away until sound of the plane dies down. Only then do they start their dialogue.

#### IN ADDITION TO THE SCRIPT

Although not in the script, throughout the play, people come through the front entrance to bring in an item for repair, or to collect something that has been fixed. As they come through front entrance, and they turn towards the headmaster's office, there is a small unit with shelving. There they place items needing repair, or collect an item that has been fixed.

There is also a contribution box close by. Here they drop in a contribution towards school funds. Some people may just come into the school to put money in the contribution box.

As some come to collect a repaired item, they may check it out before leaving. They can't help but show their delight at getting a treasured item back, be it a camera, music box, radio, or food mixer.

Those coming into the school do so quietly, don't need to talk to anyone, they just do what they have come for, then leave.

Ethel	A non-conformist rebel
Martha	By the book! Does as she is told
Jenny	A young teacher immersed in her career
Suzzy	A young teacher with a problem daughter
Prunella	Administrator very posh , a stand in teacher
Teacher 1	Brief one-liner
2	Brief one-liner
3	Brief one-liner
Buska Bludge (BB)	Our hero! Teacher Granny type. Always in control Very softly spoken. Never flustered
Truck Driver	Could be written out
Frank	Could be written out
Cleaner 1 Ethel	
Cleaner 2 Martha	
Parents 1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
Headmaster	Older man retirement age
Mrs. Grimshaw Parent 1	
Policeman	Middle aged, professional
Pamela Clutch	Brings own personality
Melanie Munch	-- --
Terry Treekle	-- --
Thomas Spoggett	-- --
Peter Partridge	-- --
Muncian Turner	Strong scouse accent
Jimmy Jones	
Mary Maggott	
Minister for schools	
Council Bill	
Council Ben	
The Queen	
Aide, Mary	
Aide, Ruby	
Cafe' Lady	
Cafe' Helper girl	
The Lord Mayor	
Pilot	
Bus Driver	
Children 1) Pamela Clutch	For all children, as above
2) Melanie Munch	
3) Terry Treekle	
4) Thomas Sproggett	
5) Peter Partridge	
6) Muncian Turner	
Helicopter Instructor	
Monica Moon is Pamela Clutch	
Parrot & Barbara	
Sally Crump is Melanie Munch	

Pam is Parent 2  
 Chef  
 Trevor Travis is Terry Treekle  
 Helen Ratchett is Mary Maggott

#### NOTES

If being performed in a school, a project could be to; obtain a large picture of a helicopter, & using a boxed grid reference for guidance, make a full sized image of the helicopter on plywood or MDF board. This could then be cut out, giving a full sized prop of the helicopter.

When planes fly over making the noise, and the children are in the classroom, they should just be natural, and behave like young children. As soon as all dialogue pauses, a few children may huddle together, nattering away. A couple of children may carry on with their game of conquers. A couple may just choose to stay at their desk, reading a book or text a message, or read a text on their phone.

For this to be realistic the children need to be outgoing children. Gregarious, as close to as.....

#### CHARACTERS

There is an opportunity for several people to take on the role of several characters. If it poses some difficulty, there are a few characters in the play that can be omitted. One that comes to mind is the truck driver and Frank, his Assistant.

Here, there could be a message relayed that a member of staff signed for the delivery of the vacuum cleaners. In this way the role of the truck driver has been eliminated.

With a bit of thought, other characters could be written out of the play, with their role not necessary, to carry the plot forward.

If the play was being performed in a school, all of the adult characters could be assigned to teachers, parents, or even to members of the public.

A PLAY BY PHILIP DAVID

TWO NOISY PLANES FLY OVERHEAD FIVE MINUTES BEFORE START OF THE PLAY

Characters	Dialogue
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Ethel:  
Dressed in typical cleaner's gear, maybe scarf  
in hair.

Martha:

They talk while cleaning, mopping, dusting

Ethel:

In and out of the chairs, under the desk, in  
classrooms stopping here and there to  
converse.

Martha:

Ethel:

Martha:  
Martha is diligent, goes to the n'th degree to  
do as she is told

Long pause

Martha continues:  
Ethel just wants to do as little as possible.

Voice getting louder and louder

Ethel:

*I just don't get it! I'm sorry but I just do not  
understand!*

*Oh leave it out Ethel! I get the same old story  
every year.*

*Tell me Martha, why have we spent four hours  
mopping floors and dusting tables and  
cupboards that we cleaned in July, at the end of  
term? They've not been touched since!*

*Ethel, we're doing it because we were told to  
mop all the floors and dust all tops, that's why.*

*Martha, but come on, why? There's not a dirty  
footprint, or a speck of dust in any of the  
classrooms, on any of the walls or floors, not a  
speck!!!*

*Ethel, get this through your head woman, we are  
mopping and dusting these classrooms and  
floors.... because that's what Peter told us to do!  
GET IT!!*

*Ethel, you make this job so hard for yourself, and  
me! Learn the lesson will you! Do.. as.. you.. are  
told, that's it! Simple, just do as you're told!!!!*

*I'm not being funny Martha, but those floors and  
cabinets come to that, do not need cleaning.  
They were only cleaned a matter of weeks ago,  
so why have we been asked to do them again?  
I just don't get it!*

Martha:

The two women carry on- just finishing with mopping and putting the 'wet floor' signs out'

No eye contact

Martha:

Picking up their mop buckets and clothes, put wet floor signs out.

Pause before continuing

Martha:

Very long pause. Martha continues:

Becoming very frustrated with Ethel  
Martha will go the extra mile to do the job

Long thoughtful pause

Martha continues:

Ethel is someone that doesn't do as she is told

Ethel:

Her reply is half hearted

Martha:

The two cleaners pause.

Ethel:

They gather their equipment together, ready to take it all back

*No Ethel, you're quite right you don't get it. You make your own job so hard, you make mine even harder. Why do I have to put up with you?!!!*

*Ethel, I think we're about done!*

*Do me a favour Ethel, before you come to work tomorrow. Just.....*

*Look..., Peter's good with us. He's a really good and fair headmaster, but he IS the boss. He's in charge. He makes an order sound like it's a request. So get that through your head once and for all.*

*When Peter makes a request of us, whatever that request is, mopping floors, dusting paintwork, let's just get on with it shall we.*

*Eh'..., yer..., okay I will. I suppose.*

*Because Ethel., after all., a request from the headmaster is really an order,..... isn't it?*

*Anyway Marth', did you get your alarm clock back?*

Martha:

*Oh Ethel, yer, wow, I was made up. Thought I'd lost that clock for good. Dy'er know, that clock was a present from my last job. When I left the candle works. Love that clock. And yer, I've got it back as good as new. The alarm is actually louder now. It's better than new. Anyway, what about your chirp chirp clock?*

Ethel:

*You mean my cuckoo clock? No don't think B's going to be able to do anything with it. Must be a hundred years old. All the cogs must be well worn. Yer' bird in that clock nearly bit my finger off once! My mum used to have that clock on display in her hallway. All the kids from round about used to love listening to that bird sing.*

Martha:

*Why didn't your mum feed it enough? So what's up Ethel why can't it be repaired?*

Ethel:

*Huh...Good one Martha. Love that bird, I called it Woody. Oh!, I think the moving parts of that clock just got worn out. I mean all the cogs in that clock are really old now. Never mind eh...It's just such a shame. Don't make um like that anymore.*

Jenny enters the school, but in a world of her own. Takes no notice of Ethel & Martha. Walks past them.....

Martha:

Walking slowly with Ethel, carrying mops and buckets

*Let's get all this gear back to the cleaning room. You've got that bus to catch.*

Jenny:

Now talking to herself outside HM office walking towards classroom B1

Ethel and Martha now walking slowly in direction of main hall

*You take your son on holiday,.. fly four thousand miles,.. take him to the Disney parks,.. and what do you hear from him?*

*'Oh,! That cup match is today.' The cheek of it! You travel four thousand miles,.. holiday of a lifetime,.. and my ungrateful son has a long face everywhere we take him.*

Jenny exchanges glances with Ethel & Martha. Martha and Ethel then exchange glances with each other.

Jenny:  
Talking to herself in a world of her own

Enters classroom B1 and walks around looking at 'for repair' and 'repaired' shelves  
Restless, shuffling her feet, disturbed now in her thoughts.

Jenny pulls a chair back at a desk and sits down, gets pen and paper out of her bag, starts writing a list and reading it out loud.

Intense look on her face, almost excited by what she is writing

Jenny continues:

Teacher 1 walking into classroom 1B and collects a digital camera from 'repaired' shelf. Tries camera, (takes photo) looks at image on screen, goes smiling, up towards staff room.

Suzzie, teacher, walks through main entrance and heads for class room B1, carrying PLASTIC Carrier bag with broken ornament in, another bag with an electric kettle Walks to 'For Repair' shelf and puts ornament and kettle on shelf

Jennie:

Suzzie, the other teacher sees Jenny sitting at a table writing her list.

Neither teacher looks at the other, as they hold this conversation.

Suzzie:

*Now let's see,.. what can we say about my son Jack?*

*No 1). Leaves the toilet seat up. A trick he has learnt from his dad no doubt.*

*2) doesn't wipe his feet when he comes back from school. Just walks in. Brings dirty shoes into the house, and walks all over my beautiful new carpet. My CREAM carpet.*

*3) Never, that's NEVER, makes his bed.*

*4) But worst off all, is this lad's addiction to football.*

*I'm still trying to get over what happened in e Sea world. That's.... Sea world,.... Florida.*

*There's a killer whale,.... jumping out of the water,.... Spectators clapping in sheer delight, and my Jack is trying to get football scores on his mobile phone!!! Nearly threw the thing in the water! And jack as well come to that!*

*Well hi there Suzzie, good morning to you.*

*Oh,.. Hi there Jenny. Soon went didn't it?*

<p>Jenny: Still looking at her list</p> <p>Suzzie:</p> <p>Jenny:</p> <p>Suzzie: Now standing close to Jenny without looking at her.</p> <p>Suzzie continues:</p> <p>Jenny: Teacher 2 enters 1B classroom from way of main hall, carrying holdall bag.</p> <p>Teacher 2: takes remote control car out of bag, puts on 'For Repair' shelf.</p> <p>Teacher 2 Walks out of class room and goes to staff room Jenny : continues,</p> <p>Suzzie:</p> <p>Has now made her mind up she wants to swap her son.</p> <p>NOISY PLANE FLIUES OVERHEAD</p>	<p><i>Morning Suzzie, wedding go okay? What was the--- erm the , the.. the.....</i></p> <p><i>Dress?</i></p> <p><i>Yes, what was it like? The erm, the dress? I just can't believe it. Sea world, TEXTING!...</i></p> <p><i>Oh, lovely Jenn', soft white, very long train, with a very delicate pink sash.</i></p> <p><i>Oh Jenn', I wish you could have seen it.</i></p> <p><i>Yer.</i> <i>Morning Jenn', mornin Suzzie, back again hey!</i></p> <p><i>Worked for 12 months and not a day longer. Good job we can have our repairs done here. Marvellous I'd say. Up with B!! That's what I say, See you at morning lecture guys.</i></p> <p><i>Oh yes and number 5. And as if to rub salt into the wounds, never offers to wash up. Virtually needs to be threatened before he will wash the dishes after tea. That's it!! Suzzie, want a son? Because I know where you can get one, for free!</i></p> <p><i>Only if you will take my Jill off me, do you know she lives in her bedroom. I never see her,... apart form when she's hungry.</i></p> <p>NO DIALOGUE TILL NOISE SUBSIDES</p>
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Suzzie (appears anxious, weighing things up)

Also excited at prospect of swapping her daughter for Jenny's son, Suzzie is in a dream world.

Suzzie is now pacing up and down in a purposeful way. Penny drops in Suzzie's mind. Swap is a good idea.

Eye contact made between the two of them. Suzzie pulls a chair up next to Jenny and they start chatting.

Prunella enters main entrance heads for Office, peers in, then heads for B1, after seeing teachers.

Prunella:  
Pointing at shelves 'for repair'

Teacher 3:  
Comes from main entrance carrying a headless doll with head in her hands, puts both on shelf marked 'for repair' and heads up to staff room, head down

Jenny:

Very nervous looking young man comes into school and sees Suzzie with Jenny, walks over to Suzzie

*She's a self appointed glamour queen. You can shout till your blue in the face. She never hears me shouting her for her tea.*

*So yes, go on then Jenn'. Jack for Jill. Sounds like a fair swap. It's got a nice ring to it don't you think?*

*Yep, Jack for Jill, Jenny that's a done deal.*

*Morning y'all. More repairs to do I see.*

*Hi girls, lovely to see you both.*

*Nice hols?*

*How did Florida go Jenny?*

*Yer, good Pru', fantastic! Thanks.*

<p>Suzzie: Reminiscing.....</p>	<p><i>Well hello there, Jerry isn't it? Nice to see you again. First day huh. Remember mine.</i></p>
<p>Jenny:</p>	<p><i>Good memory!</i></p>
<p>Suzzie:</p>	<p><i>Hey, watch it! Met you at the pre term staff meeting didn't I?</i></p>
<p>Jerry:</p>	<p><i>Yer, yes that's right.</i></p>
<p>Suzzie: Checks herself.</p>	<p><i>Well, don't worry, you're with me all week. I'll show you the ropes. Do you have your induction notes with you?</i></p>
<p>Jerry:</p>	<p><i>Yes, my folder's in the car. I'll fetch it in a mo'</i></p>
<p>Suzzie:</p>	<p><i>Good, you'll like it here, you will, its a good school. It's just that.....</i></p>
<p>Jerry:</p>	<p><i>I'm sure I will. Headmaster makes you feel at ease, I must say.</i></p>
<p>Suzzie:</p>	<p><i>Did Peter, you know, the headmaster, did he show you the lesson schedule?</i></p>
<p>Jerry:</p>	<p><i>Yes, yes he did. I'm looking forward to it. This, as you know, is my first placement. My very first lesson test.</i></p>
<p>Suzzie:</p>	<p><i>And I will be marking your lesson plan, so you better give a good lesson. Or else!</i></p>
<p>Jerry:</p>	<p><i>I'm really looking forward to this. Reports about the school are great. It's rated in the top 5 in the country. For the last ten years!</i></p>
<p>Noisy airplane flies overhead</p>	<p><i>ALL ACTIVITY AND ALL DIALOGUE STOPS UNTILL NOISE OF PLANE DIES DOWN</i></p>

Suzzie	<i>Yes it has. It's a good school. You really will love it here. Kids are great, you'll love them too.</i>
Jerry:	<i>Sure I will. (looks at his watch) oh no matter. What time is it?</i>
Suzzie:	<i>Nearly 8.50 (looks at her watch) need to go in a sec. What's up with your watch?</i>
Jerry:	<i>It's not working. Don't know why I've still got it on. Have to get a new one. It's been.....</i>
Suzzie: Puts her hand out	<i>Hand it over!</i>
Jerry:	<i>What?</i>
Suzzie: Gesturing	<i>Your watch, hand over your watch. Remember what I told you?</i>
Jerry:	<i>Oh yer ( hands watch to suzzie)</i>
Suzzie: Walks up corridor with Jerry, in direction of staff room. Jenny tags along, texting on her phone.	<i>Come on Jerry, let's go. Don't want to start you off on the wrong foot do we.</i>
A few more teachers come into school and head up to the main hall. Some chatting as they go	
B B: comes into school and goes to office to talk to Prunnella, who has just come out of classroom Prunnella: Sounding disappointed.	<i>Oh Pru....</i>  <i>Well, I was expecting a phone call last night, from a cheerful and happy camper! What's up Busca?</i>

Both ladies standing and facing each other.

B B:  
Looking for some sympathy

Prunnella:  
Disbelief, wide open hand gesture

B B:  
Acting out how she took a pack

Prunnella:  
More teachers come in and walk towards the main hall

B.B:

Prunnella:  
Quite cross with B B, disappointed with B B 's failure.

B B:  
As if a child to her mother

The bell sounds and thousands of children rush in and noisily walk to main hall.

B B walks up with the 2 teachers out of classroom B1 and Prunnella also goes.

They go up towards staff room leaving classroom B1 empty.

A truck driver comes through main entrance doors to an empty reception area  
He walks around.

*It went wrong Pru'  
It went and sank in the middle. And I followed the recipe to the letter, honestly.*

*Well how could it have gone wrong. Oh (pause) that's no good. Did you by and chance...?*

*I just took a peek Pru.' The door was open a fraction of a second, honestly.*

*Oh' B! after all that's been said you.... you went and opened the oven door?*

*Just for a .....*

*That's all it takes B, a fraction of a second. You want to learn how to cook, but you don't follow the instructions! How could you ever.....*

*Give me another chance. I'll make a Victoria sandwich tonight, you'll see! It'll be perfect. I do listen to what you say Pru'. Sorry I won't open the oven door again, honest. I do listen to what you say Pru'. Look,.... I'll do exactly as you tell me, I will,.... from now on. I will honest.*

<p>Truck driver: Walks up to an empty office.</p> <p>Two cleaners now walk down from area of staffroom. Ethel and Martha</p> <p>Truck driver:</p> <p>Cleaner 1 Ethel:</p> <p>Truck driver:</p> <p>Cleaner 2 Martha: Pointing to office.</p> <p>Truck driver goes towards entrance doors and calls his helper</p> <p>Trolley brought in with three boxes the size of vacuum cleaners.</p> <p>Truck driver: Pointing to office</p> <p>Frank puts boxes in the office. While truck driver gets one of the cleaners to sign for them.</p> <p>Truck driver: Goes with Frank out through the entrance doors.</p> <p>Parents come through the entrance doors waving letters in the air. All very angry, raised voices. We can only hear the next dialogue</p>	<p><i>Hello, hello. Anyone there?</i></p> <p><i>Morning. Who's in charge ladies? Got a delivery for you.</i></p> <p><i>Oh Prunella and the headmaster will be in assembly hall just now. Do you need them?</i></p> <p><i>Oh no, well yes...., no... Well, just got three parcels for you. Can I just leave them?</i></p> <p><i>Yes just leave them in the office. Pru'll sort them out.</i></p> <p><i>Bring 'em in Frank!</i></p> <p><i>Stick 'em in there Frank!</i></p> <p><i>Thanks ladies.</i></p>
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<p>Parent 1:</p> <p>Parent 2:</p> <p>Parent 3:</p> <p>Parent 4:</p>	<p><i>What's all this supposed to be?</i></p> <p><i>You can't close this school Our Jerry loves it here</i></p> <p><i>What's going on? My sons only just started here.</i></p> <p><i>We demand to see.....</i></p>
<p>Headmaster comes down from the main hall. He gathers all the parents into a huddle and talks to them very quietly. Parents put letters into bags, and pockets.</p>	
<p>They all go into headmasters' office</p> <p>Parent 1:</p>	<p><i>Look, our Ralph's been working very hard. He starts the big school as he calls it, next year. Our Ralph's told our Carly how great it is here! She's due to start here next September. So what do I tell Carly now? Tell me that?</i></p>
<p>Headmaster trying to speak.....</p>	
<p>Parent 2:</p>	<p><i>Tell us why this school is closing! We know it's near an airport. Were all used to the planes flying overhead. We've all become used to that. Noise has never been an issue with us before.</i></p>
<p>Parent 3</p>	<p><i>May I just say.....</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Yes of course Mrs?</i></p>
<p>Parent 3:</p>	<p><i>Crabtree. Monica Crabtree.</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Yes please go on Mrs. Crabtree.</i></p>
<p>Parent 3:</p> <p>Maybe during this conversation Pru is in and out of the office keeping things going</p>	<p><i>My son recently started at this school, he loves it here. You can't mess the children around like this. Giving them one year, then moving them to another school! It's just not fair.</i></p>

<p>Headmaster:</p> <p>Conversation is interrupted by a plane as it flies overhead.</p> <p>Plane flies overhead making lots of noise.</p>	<p><i>The latest thinking, as the letter outlines, is that this school is too noisy for children to learn. It's thought that a quiet environment is best for children, so that they can concentrate, and learn. For them to progress and reach their full potential they really need peace and quiet in the classroom. So we feel.....</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>As I was saying Mrs. Treehouse, the government is having a big problem with all these noisy planes. They're Getting bigger and noisier all the time and.....</i></p>
<p>Parent 4:</p>	<p><i>We know that headmaster. but the children are used to going to Cabbage Street School. This closing down is going to unsettle a lot of little minds</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Well in my experience our little ones adapt to change very quickly. The point I'm trying to make is this; We are due a visit from the minister for schools very soon, and the government feel that this school is just too noisy for children to learn in. There's just too much disruption.</i></p>
<p>Parent 1:</p>	<p><i>Has this minister for schools asked any of the children whether they want to go to another school?</i></p>
<p>Parent 2:</p>	<p><i>I Bet he hasn't. Bet he hasn't</i></p>
<p>Parent 5:</p>	<p><i>I think we should listen to what the government are saying. They know best.</i></p>
<p>Parent 1:</p>	<p><i>Oh no they don't</i></p>

Headmaster:

*If I may.....look, all I'm saying is that this school may well be closing in the near future, so we sent the letters out because all parents need to be made aware of this.*

*Now, I promise that as soon as I have more information I will let you know but, until then, it's business as usual. Is that all right with you?*

Parent 5:

*Well I suppose you can't say fairer than that.*

Headmaster:

*Splendid. Well I thank you all for coming in and we will speak soon. Very soon.*

Headmaster stands up and shakes the hand of each parent as they make their way to the entrance doors.

Headmaster goes into his office picks up some papers and then walks towards main hall.

A few teachers scurry in through main entrance and rush up to main hall.

The morning bell sounds and a flood of young ones of various ages rush in and up towards main hall.

### **Young one holds board up to audience**

Mrs Grimshaw

A large plump lady teacher comes down from main hall and pulls up young ones pushing and shoving. Tells a few children to stop running.

A noisy plane flies overhead. No one takes any notice of it. Some young ones come into B1 classroom and sit at their desks they start talking amongst themselves.

*It reads "After headmaster's talk, A couple of hours later."*

*Prunella enters the office and starts making a phone call*

*A very noisy aircraft flies overhead  
All activities and dialogue wait while plane flies overhead. It is just an accepted fact that planes fly overhead.*

Policeman in uniform, comes through entrance doors and walks towards the Headmaster's office.

Prunella:

Policeman:

Prunella:

Policeman:

Prunella:

Policeman:

Prunella:

*Policeman is carrying a yacht rudder warped into horse shoe shape. Rudder made of solid oak.*

*He is holding rudder as he would a treasured possession.*

*Hello there, can I help?*

*Oh hello, yes, well I hope so.*

*Yes officer, what can I do for you?*

*Oh yes, well, you see, I've been advised by a friend from the yacht club that this is the place to come. You see, I have a small yacht, and this is my rudder. But as you can see, it's somewhat warped. Now, whenever I take my wife out for a sail in my yacht, I just keep going round in circles.*

*Oh dear.*

*I've tried to straighten the rudder, but I'm afraid that I might snap the rudder in half! You see, this was carved for me out of a piece of solid oak. You see it has, well it has sentimental value to me. It took my friend eight weeks to carve, and I would be devastated if I snapped it in half. Jerry said if anywhere can straighten the rudder out it would be here, though am not too sure how a junior school can help, but look here, what do you think? Do you think it's possible to straighten the rudder out, without it breaking*

*Yes officer. I'm sure we can help. We'll need it for about three days. Pick it up Friday, about 4:00pm. Is that ok?*

Policeman:	<i>Wow! Are you sure?</i>
Prunella:	<i>Alright, we'll make it 4:30 then</i>
Policeman:	<i>No. What I mean is, will you really be able to straighten the rudder? Without breaking it?</i>
Prunella:	<i>Well yes. I'm pretty sure. We ain't failed yet. Yes I 'm sure.</i>
Policeman:	<i>I've tried everywhere, trying to get this rudder straightened. I was told it couldn't be done, not without snapping the rudder in half. Wowee! I am impressed. But how? Are you linked with the boat builders association?</i>
Prunella:	<i>No officer, but this is cabbage street junior school. Great things happen here. Well; they do at the moment!</i>
Policeman:	<i>Thanks, thank you so much, where is the contribution box?</i>
Prunella points to the box	
Policeman tries to put money in the box but the box is full	
Policeman:	<i>The contribution box is full miss!</i>
Prunella:	<i>Oh alright, I'll empty it in a minute.</i>
Policeman:	<i>Righto Miss, I'll leave it till Friday. 4:00pm you say. Great. I'll give you a contribution on friday</i>
Policeman leaves the school elated at his good fortune Curtain closes while children of B1 take their seats, Buska stands at front of class Curtain then opens.	

<p>B B:</p> <p>Walks around the classroom opening an envelope. Takes out a card and reads it.</p> <p>A few hands go up</p>	<p><i>Okay B1, our second discussion session. Now lets see, Hmmmm. Let's..... see..... Right..., I see.... well now, the question is... "What does it mean to be gifted?" ....I see so then, Whose going to answer that? Who'll start us off?</i></p>
<p>B B:</p>	<p><i>Pamela, you start the discussion off.</i></p>
<p>Pamela Clutch:</p>	<p><i>It means your better at doing something than other people miss.</i></p>
<p>B B</p> <p>Hands go up</p>	<p><i>Very good Pamela you're absolutely right. Can anyone think of someone that we would say are gifted? What sort of people are we talking about?</i></p>
<p>B B:</p>	<p><i>Yes Melanie?</i></p>
<p>Melanie Munch:</p>	<p><i>A ballet dancer miss.</i></p>
<p>B B:</p> <p>Hands go up</p>	<p><i>Very good Melanie! Melanie is quite right children. Not just anyone can become a ballet dancer, well done! So who else would you say is gifted? Now think hard.</i></p>
<p>BB:</p>	<p><i>Yes Terry?</i></p>
<p>Terry Treackle:</p>	<p><i>Footballers Miss, they are gifted..... Aren't they?.....</i></p>
<p>B B:</p>	<p><i>Yes Pamela?</i></p>
<p>Pamela Clutch:</p>	<p><i>No their not miss Are they, football is a silly game, isn't it Miss?</i></p>
<p>NOISY PLANE FLIES OVERHEADS</p>	<p><i>NO DIALOGUE TILL NOISE SUBSIDES</i></p>

<p>B B:</p>	<p><i>Okay, so what sort of people would you say are gifted Pamela?</i></p>
<p>Pamela Clutch</p>	<p><i>Trudy is gifted isn't she Miss? Trudy off the television.</i></p>
<p>B B:</p>	<p><i>I don't know who Trudy is Pamela. How is she gifted?</i></p>
<p>Pamela Clutch:</p>	<p><i>She's a singer Miss she is lovely.</i></p>
<p>B B:</p>	<p><i>Is she Pamela? I'm afraid I don't know who she is. I've never seen her. Does she have a nice voice?</i></p>
<p>Pamela nods in answer</p>	
<p>B B:</p>	<p><i>I wonder what this thing we call a gift is. Does everyone have a gift, or just some people?</i></p>
<p>Thomas Sprogett's hand goes up</p>	
<p>B B:</p>	<p><i>Yes Thomas?</i></p>
<p>Thomas Sprogett:</p>	<p><i>Don't know Miss</i></p>
<p>B B:</p>	<p><i>I see.....Well, this Trudy from television, if she's got a lovely voice, then she's blessed with the gift of being able to sing well isn't she. What do you think?</i></p>
<p>Peter Partridge puts his hands up</p>	
<p>BB:</p>	<p><i>Yes Peter?</i></p>
<p>Peter Partridge:</p>	<p><i>Jimmy Johnson's scored ten goals this season Miss, is he gifted?</i></p>

<p>B B:</p> <p>Peter Partridge:</p> <p>B B:</p> <p>Just as B B is finishing her statement to Peter Partridge</p> <p>Prunella – Is taking a phone call</p> <p>Comes out of the office and knocks on B1 classroom. She opens the door as BB walks towards the classroom door</p> <p>Prunella leans towards BB and whispers something in her ear. BB points towards the office phone. BB now walks towards office and picks up the phone. (Her conversation is unheard) Prunella stays in BI classroom</p> <p>Prunella: Asks the class:</p> <p>Melanie Munch puts hands up</p> <p>Prunella:</p> <p>Melanie Munch:</p> <p>BB's conversation is unheard.</p> <p>Hands remain up</p>	<p><i>Yes Peter he probably is. Yes..... no doubt he is. Sometimes though someone is very good at something, say singing or playing football and they never used to be able to do very well, so do they have a gift? What do you think?</i></p> <p><i>Yes Miss</i></p> <p><i>Yes they may indeed. Or, could it be that they have practiced at something that they never used to be able to do, like singing or playing football, and now they are good at it, but does that mean they are gifted?</i></p> <p><i>What have you been discussing?</i></p> <p><i>Yes Melanie?</i></p> <p><i>We've been talking about gifted people Miss.</i></p>
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Prunella:	<i>Oh that's nice Melanie. Yes Terry Treekle?</i>
Terry Treekle:	<i>Yeah Miss, we've been talking about what it means to be gifted at something. Like, being able to do something real good!</i>
Prunella:	<i>I see, what it means to be gifted eh? That's a very good question isn't it.....Yes, That takes a bit of thinking about doesn't it.</i>
BB comes back to classroom after phone conversation	
BB:	<i>That was Stoppemm Fire Chief, Wants to know if I'd meet him in The High Street, he said immediately.</i>
Prunella:	<i>Oh, I wonder why?</i>
BB:	<i>Something about a Fire Engine ladder being stuck in the air, with a fireman on it. I've just phoned Peter to let him know. Peter said that's ok if you'll just stand in for me.</i>
Prunella:	<i>Yes, yes of course I'll stay with your class, no problem. I love being with B1, your children are so good.</i>
BB:	<i>I should only be a few minutes. Is that OK Pru'?</i>
Prunella:	<i>That's fine Miss Bludge</i>
BB: BB exits the classroom and goes out of the main exit as Prunella starts talking to the children.	<i>Thanks Pru', I shouldn't be long.</i>

<p>Prunella: walks around the classroom as she starts talking Hands go up</p>	<p><i>While Miss Bludge is out, shall we continue the discussion about what it means to be gifted? What do you think children? Sounds like fun doesn't it?</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Yes Terry?</i></p>
<p>Terry Treekle:</p>	<p><i>Well <u>IS</u> Jimmy Johnson gifted Miss? He's scored ten goals so far this season?</i></p>
<p>More Hands go up Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Ten goals? I should think he is, I have never scored even one</i></p>
<p>Prunella: Continues,  Pru pauses with a thought just coming to her mind</p>	<p><i>Let me tell you a little story children, I'll tell you what it means to be gifted. Where shall I start? (a pause) I know! (while walking towards a window) It was just two years ago on a rainy winters day. It was just after lunch that the teacher, Jenny Jeffries was listening to Stoppem Local radio as she was drinking her coffee.</i></p>
<p>Thomas sprogett put his hand up</p>	
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Yes Thomas?</i></p>
<p>Thomas Sprogett:</p>	<p><i>Do we need to remember all this Miss?</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Oh I think you will remember this Thomas. In fact I know you will remember this. Anyway, Jenny ran into my office shouting at the top of her voice "there is a big lorry that's gone out of control heading towards the school!" it was coming down the big hill on scramble street when the brakes failed. The headmaster got everyone, teachers and children, to go to the main hall at the back of the school, just in case the lorry headed our way.</i></p>

Pamella Clutch shouted:	<i>What happened Miss?.....</i>
Prunella:	<i>Well, seeing that the school is at the bottom of Scramble Street, the lorry was going to be headed our way.</i>
Peter Partridge:	<i>Wow! Did it crash Miss? Was anyone crushed?</i>
Prunella: while pointing to the wall with the window in it	<i>The Lorry came crashing through that wall over there, see. We heard a terrible loud bang, we felt the floor shudder.</i>
Muncial Turner:	<i>Was anyone injured Miss?</i>
Prunella:	<i>Thankfully no, but when the dust settled, Peter came to see if the driver was alright and thankfully he was, but Peter looked at us all, and,..... you'll never guess what he we saw?</i>
Melanie:	<i>What Miss?</i>
Pamela:	<i>What Miss?</i>
Peter:	<i>What was it Miss?</i>
Munchian:	<i>Go on miss</i>
jimmy:	<i>What did he see?</i>
Prunella:	<i>Well, the lorry was carrying 20,000 pounds of bananas and you think that's exciting, guess what else we saw?</i>
Thomas Sprogett:	<i>What did you see Miss?</i>
Prunella:	<i>Because the lorry came through the wall there, the full 20,000 pounds of bananas mashed into every part of this classroom, All my children were wearing bananas. Anyway who do you think rebuilt that wall over there? Oh the driver wasn't injured (no answer)</i>
A long pause <b>A VERY NOISY AIRCRAFT FLIES OVERHEAD</b>	<b>SOME EXTREMELY NOISY SMALL JETS FLY OVER</b>

Terry Treekle:	<i>Was it the headmaster Miss?</i>
Prunella:	<i>No. It was Miss Buska Bludge that's who built the wall. All on her own, on a cold and wet Saturday in October. Miss bludge is always going on training courses learning to do this and that including brick laying.</i>
Just then Buska Bludge comes though the main entrance doors and walks straight into B1 classroom	
Prunella:	<i>Hello miss B. Good as gold, we've had a jolly good natter haven't we children?</i>
All children:	<i>"Yes Miss!!!"</i>
Prunella:	<i>Why would Stoppem fire chief ring here Miss B?</i>
Buska:	<i>Oh, well, I met the chief on a course at the college on hydraulics. The chief wanted some help with a bit of a problem one of the fire engines, has been having this morning.</i>
Prunella:	<i>Oh yes, and what problem was that Buska?</i>
Buska:	<i>Well, the ladder had been extended to its fullest height to fight a fire in a block of flats, but they couldn't lower the ladder down again.</i>
Prunella:	<i>So a fireman had been stuck on the top of the ladder? Really?</i>
Buska:	<i>Well yes, and they'd had to drive like that to another fire.</i>
Prunella:	<i>And I suppose you were able to get the ladder down were you?</i>

All children look expectantly at Miss B  
Peter Partridge:

Terry Treeckle:

Pamella Clutch:

Questions come in quick succession

Melanie Munch:

BB calming the classroom down, plays down  
the whole episode.

BB:

Jimmy Jones and Munchian Turner together:

BB walking to the front, and looks at her class  
BB:

Prunella:

Walking to back of the classroom, looking  
around with her finger to her lips:

Prunella:

BB:

As Prunella closes the door after her  
Mary Maggot's hand goes up and Miss B nods  
at Mary

Mary Maggot:

*Did you Miss?*

*Could you lower it Miss?*

*You did didn't you Miss? How did you manage to  
lower the ladder Miss?*

*Were you alright Miss? and the Fireman?*

*It's alright children, the fireman is fine. Well a  
little sea sick maybe, from all that swaying  
around, but he's okay.*

*How did you lower the ladder Miss? Was it hard  
to do?*

*Well thank you Prunella, very kind of you, has  
the headmaster been up?*

*No Miss B. But We've had a lovely chat haven't  
we children*

*So now you know children, don't you?*

*And what is it that you now know children?*

*Where Bananas come from Miss!*

Headmaster walks down from the main hall with the minister for schools.

BB continues with her class as Prunella goes back into the office. Nothing is heard from the classroom as BB holds a silent lesson with her class- putting hands up and answering questions, writing in their books- a busy classroom.

The headmaster walks towards the office.

Headmaster:

*Oh they won't be long minister. I have given them a rough idea of the time of the meeting anyway.*

*Minister, this is Prunella Longshaw the school administrator. Pru,' this is the minister for schools, from London, Mr. Higgins.*

*Parents are on their way Pru' could, you pull those chairs out.*

About 8 chairs are positioned so they can be clearly seen.

Prunella:  
Checking her clothing and her hair

*Can I get you a drink minister? Tea? Coffee?*

Minister:

*Coffee please. White please, no sugar.*

Prunella exits the office and walks up to the staffroom by the main hall.

Headmaster and the minister arrange papers on desk from their briefcases as the parents arrive.

Parents walk in a huddle from main entrance nattering away with each other.

Headmaster comes to the door to his office and introduces the parents to the minister.

Headmaster:

*Ladies and gentlemen, this is the minister for schools, Gerald foster Higgins.*

Mumble from the parents

*Gerald foster who?.*

Headmaster:

*May I just say that it's good for us all to meet with the minister, and we all await your comments minister.*

Minister:

*Well ladies and gentlemen, after a great deal of thought and consideration of all the reports given to the government, a decision has been made. I'll get right to the point. After considering all the latest reports as I say, it is believed that children learn best when they are within calm quiet surroundings.*

*Now, because Stoppem Airport has grown and grown over recent years, it's become noisier and noisier. Those are just not suitable surroundings for a children's junior school to be next door to. It really has been so well thought out, so..., well, It's been reluctantly decided that this school WILL close at the end of summer next year. Look, this school has been first rate, it has a fine reputation within the community, and the good teaching staff here are first rate. This school has much to be proud of.*

Headmaster:

*Thank you minister. I honestly don't think that any of us are surprised by this news. Really, we were half expecting it. Oh yes we've tried triple glazing and sound insulation but sadly without great results.*

*We even tried my idea of children's ear muffs, but they didn't work either.*

<p>Headmaster: continues</p>	<p><i>And so, while we've all, including the children, become used hearing all those noisy aeroplanes, Let's face it, this IS a noisy school. But, ok, so the school has to close, and we were half expecting that news, but listen, let's have a FANTASTIC last day, a gala day. A day we'll always remember.</i></p>
<p>Parent 5:</p>	<p><i>A day our children will always recall.</i></p>
<p>Minister:</p>	<p><i>A spectacular day, to mark the end of a wonderful school. You could do that headmaster</i></p>
<p>Parent 2:</p>	<p><i>Yes, we could have like an open day couldn't we?</i></p>
<p>Parent 4:</p>	<p><i>There's no point having an open day Brenda, the schools closing down.</i></p>
<p>Minister: It starts reflecting a party atmosphere, parents talking amongst themselves laughing and joking</p>	<p><i>YES, You can have a gala day, no uniforms worn, let all the children exchange phone numbers and addresses, things like that.</i></p>
<p>Parent 3:</p>	<p><i>We could invite all the residents to come from all around the school. I'm sure they would love to come to our Gala Day, if that's what we want to call it.</i></p>
<p>Parent 4:</p>	<p><i>We could give a special gift to miss B for all the repair work she's done?</i></p>
<p>All laughing and joking now.</p>	
<p>Parent 2:</p>	<p><i>We could get some hot air balloon rides. I've always wanted to do that.</i></p>
<p>Parent 5:</p>	<p><i>We could hire the red arrows. That would be good too, don't you think?</i></p>

<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Yes wonderful idea! but YOU can pay the 25 thousand pounds to hire them.</i></p>
<p>Minister: Getting up from his chair</p>	<p><i>Well, I must go now, but I'm pleased we had this opportunity to explain the situation. I'm so pleased you all see why the school has to close. Although cabbage street junior school will close next summer, every pupil will have a suitable new school to go to. We assure you all of that. And we will arrange a trip for each child to visit his or her new school for half a day in a few months time.</i></p>
<p>Minister:  excuses himself and leaves via the main entrance.</p> <p>Jenny the teacher we met earlier enters the office knocking on the door</p>	<p><i>Well I'll leave you all now with the headmaster. And yes, you can start thinking about holding a gala day, why not. What a splendid idea. But I must advise strongly against booking the red arrows for a fly by. That could well prove to be very costly.</i></p>
<p>Jenny:</p>	<p><i>Oh, excuse me headmaster, but I thought you should know, the piano tuner we were expecting to tune our piano, has just phoned to say that he's broken his leg and won't be able to visit the school as planned. Would you like me to ask.. you know.. , someone else.., if they could tune the piano in the main hall?</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Oh yes please Jenny. Good idea . I'm sure they won't mind.</i></p>
<p>Headmaster: Continues after jenny leaves the office</p>	<p><i>Let me just add to the ministers words, just to say that I am grateful to all parents for their hard work, and for coming here today. At least we now know for sure, what we have suspected for some time. Next summer this school closes.</i></p>

Headmaster: continues

All stand up

Headmaster:

Parents exit via main entrance and headmaster and Prunella walk up to main hall.

Scene changes to just piano with lid up and B.B though as not yet recognisable, working on piano strings.

Some very strange sounds are coming from the piano as if it is being tuned.

After a few minutes another female teacher walks in and silent words are exchanged then B.B leaves the stage.

The teacher sits at the piano and plays a beautiful melodic tune known by all.

Then the teacher calls her class to come in for their music lesson.

They sit around the piano and the teacher starts playing, well knows children's songs and all the children start singing.

One of the children gets up and comes to the edge of the stage and shouts, maybe hold up a sign saying 'join in.' All the children sing well knows songs for about ten minutes.

**A VERY NOISY AIRCRAFT FLIES OVERHEAD**

*Well then, let's make this day, our Gala day, a day like no other... I'll be writing to all parents shortly. I'll include about the gala day in the letter. It can be sent home with each child. The teachers can explain all of their classes tomorrow morning.*

*So thank you so much for coming in today. Let's make sure the school goes out with a big bang.*

*Come on you know the song, join in*

**ALL ACTIVITY PAUSES TILL PLANE GOES OVER**

After the sing song the stage goes dark with the scene changed back to B1 classroom and office.

Before curtains open a little boy comes on holding a large sign  
'several months later'

As the curtains open a very noisy plane flies overhead.

Headmaster is on the phone in his office and Prunella coming to meet two men by the main entrance, they are rolling in a huge clock face.

Prunella:

Council workers dressed in work overalls

Bill:

Prunella:

Headmaster continues with phone conversation with back to what is going on.

Bill:

Prunella:

The men continue rolling the clock face towards headmaster's office

Bill:

*Excuse me gentlemen, is this from the town hall?*

*Eh yes miss. The clock from the tower in the Town Hall.*

*I'm sorry, but shouldn't this clock be brought to the school on Wednesday morning?*

*Yes it was originally Miss, that's true, but the council decided that they want the clock working on the big day. Your headmaster knows Bessy's coming today.*

*Oh.....*

*It's alright Miss, councillor from the town hall office has spoken with headmaster. This is all official Miss.*

Headmaster turns round still having a silent phone call puts his thumbs up to Prunella

Ben:

B.B Has a classroom of children having a lesson in silence. Hands are going up and notes being taken

Prunella:

Ben:

Prunella:

Prunella softly knocks on door window of class B1 and pops her head into classroom. Conversation is unheard. Pru gestures to the council workers to bring the clock face into B1 classroom.

Council workers Bill and Ben roll the clock into the classroom as they talk to each other.

B.B;  
Looks up and points to the work bench . B. B just happens to have some wooden wedges, she puts a wedge against the bottom of the clock,

Bill and Ben walk to classroom door.

B.B goes back to her lesson in silence

Prunella meets Bill and Ben. We only hear their conversation . Classroom is in silence.

*Where do you want us to put it Miss?*

*Okay, I see, I wish I got told what's going on in this school. Change of plans, okay I see.*

*Well, we have only got a few days to get Bessy working again. Where do you want her miss?*

*There's only one place it can go. Hang on a mo.'*

*Oh, if you could roll the clock over to the workbench, and lean it back against the bench, that's it. I think it's safe there now. I'll take a look.*

Ben:	<i>Tell me something Miss.</i>
Prunella:	<i>And what might that be?</i>
Ben:     Prunella just smiles to herself and says nothing	<i>We had two clock repair firms out to look at that clock and neither of them could tell us what's wrong with the clock, let alone repair it. So...., well....., I just don't know why we've brought it here anyway. Why, who do you think you can repair Bessy, here,..... in a school You're not going to be able to repair the working of a big clock are you,? come on!</i>
Bill:	<i>It was the Lord mayor who suggested bringing the clock here. We just don't know why.</i>
Ben:	<i>We've only got two days, two days then she's going to be here! At the town hall reception.</i>
Prunella: just smiles	<i>Well, let's just put it this way, there's very little, well, actually nothing, to my knowledge, certainly not in the last ten years, that's left this school unrepaired.</i>
Bill:	<i>Well who does the repairing? I suppose you're going to say a teacher? I don't think so.</i>
Prunell: B1 class is hard at work, heads down writing in books with B.B walking around the classroom looking over children's shoulders at their work. Classroom silent.	<i>Well, why not ring the school in the morning to see if the clock is repaired. Say about 9:30. Then you can collect Bessy, is that what you call her? Pick the clock up about 11:00.</i>
Prunella takes a phone message . headmaster is at another desk talking to someone unknown. Prunella gets up rather quickly and goes to B1 classroom and knocks on the door then opens it and pops her head in .B.B walks over.	

Prunella:

B.B walks into the office and takes the phone call then goes over to head master and has a brief word with him

B.B:

Still in office with prunella

Two police officers come and strand with BB

Prunella:

B.B :

B.B goes back into her classroom while Prunella makes a phone call then continues with her work.

B.B carries on walking around the classroom . gradually we hear police sirens getting louder and louder, blue flashing lights can be seen. Plus sound of police motor bikes.

**NOISY PLANE FLIES OVERHEAD**

Police car headlights now light up the entrance as two policemen in motorbike leathers come through the doors. They go to the office as Jenny walks into B1 classroom. Prunella goes and knocks

Policeman:

Prunella:

She escorts the officers to B1 classroom as B.B is just talking to Jenny then comes out of the classroom.

The two officers escort BB out the entrance. and to the waiting police car.

*Buska, I'm sorry to interrupt you but, I have an important phone call for you. It's the police chief.*

*Pru' could you please ask Jenny could she sit with my class. There's plenty of work for the children to do. Sorry, but the police chief wants me to go with him.*

*Were on earth to? You've not robbed a bank have you?*

*Not that I can remember, no.*

*Hello Miss ,Stoppem police. I've been asked by the chief of police to collect and escort a Miss Bludge to a special SECRET meeting.*

End of act one

Curtains close and all goes very quiet.

Young child with notice held up

The scene is centred on the Queen's helicopter. Sitting inside we have the Queen wearing a tiara and dressed in an official occasion dress. Two of the Queen's aids, the Lord mayor of stoppem wearing the Lord mayor's chains around his neck.

There is a tray of tea and coffee with one of the custard tarts left.

There are used cups and plates jumbled up on the tray.

All is quiet, no one is talking , the Queen has at her side her security agent called James

Royal crest on side of helicopter

Inside seated is the Queen, Lord mayor, two aids to the Queen, one young, one old.

No one is talking , all just stirring straight ahead, some have a cup of tea some don't. Small table in middle with tray on.

Lord mayor:

Aide Mary

*Then we hear police cars roaring along with sirens blaring. With escorting motor bikes.*

*'Twenty three Minutes Later'*

*Well that drink of tea was most welcome and as for that custard tart, I can honestly say, that was the best custard tart I have ever tasted.*

*Well, I think that went very we. May I compliment you your majesty . your speech was top drawer, very good.*

*Yes maam it was.*

<p>Lord mayor:</p> <p>A custard tart stands alone on a plate on the tray</p> <p>Queen:</p> <p>Lord mayor:</p> <p>Aide Mary:</p> <p>Aide Ruby</p> <p>Queen: With a gloved hand sweeps for the last custard tart</p> <p>Everyone looks away as the queen devours the last one.</p> <p>Lady from local cafe appears with a young helper, both curtsy and come aboard</p> <p>Cafe lady: Puts hand on queens shoulder but the aide Ruby takes her hand off the queen</p> <p>Dancing up and down, like a little girl.</p> <p>The young girl with the cafe lady cant help herself with excitement.</p>	<p><i>Well we better drink up. We will be out of here soon. Sorry maam.</i></p> <p><i>Does anyone want the last custard tart?</i></p> <p><i>No thank you your majesty, nice as they are, I better not eat another one.</i></p> <p><i>No thanks maam</i></p> <p><i>No maam, no thanks very much</i></p> <p><i>I'd just like to say, these are the finest custard tarts I have ever tasted . Can't leave the last one can we.</i></p> <p><i>Well your majesty I hope that refreshed you . oooh, we are so excited your majesty that you have come to see us.</i></p> <p><i>Oh sorry ducks , I don't mean no harm, but i'm just so excited. I'm so sorry your majesty.</i></p> <p><i>I've just come for your cups, if you've finished.</i></p> <p><i>Oooh I'm just so excited your majesty that you have come to our new shopping mall.</i></p> <p><i>I really enjoyed your speech your majesty.</i></p>
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Young girl:  
Holds pen and paper out

Queen's Aide Ruby:

Cafe lady and young girl gather up cups and saucers and plates

Young girl:  
Looks at lord mayor

Cafe lady:

A few curtsies from both of them

Several more curtsy's until they leave the helicopter.

The chief of police and BB enter round the side, police chief in uniform

Police chief:  
Out of shot of the helicopter

BB:

BB:  
She curtsy to the queen and bows her head

The curtain at the side of the helicopter is lifted up by the pilot with police chief looking on

Queens first aid:

*Yer it were wicked! May I just ask for your auto' maam?*

*Her Majesty does not give autographs. Her Majesty is not a rock star.*

*Oh yes Lord mayor, your reverence. Sir your speech was cool too sir.*

*It's been an honour your majesty. I hope the tea and cakes were alright for you. Should spur you on until your helicopter is working again.*

*So whatever you can do to help would be most appreciated by all concerned. Anything you could do would be great. So, If you can assist her majesty to get air bourn the whole nation would be most grateful. Oh, and thanks for straightening out my rudder. No more circles!*

*I'll do what I can chief*

*Hello maam. This is a great honour. I'm so sorry that you are in this predicament but I'll do all I can to help.*

*Would you like a cup of tea miss Bludge before you get underway?*

BB:  
With toolbox

She steps off the copter and joins the pilot who is scratching his head.

No one talks on the helicopter , all just stare blankly in front of themselves .

BB: opens her tool bag and starts dismantling the engine . Parts are piled up just inside the helicopter.

Lord mayor:

More parts are piled up inside the helicopter.

Queen:  
Talking to the young aide sitting listening to all that is going on

Young aide:  
Looks very nervous

Queen:

Aide:

Queen:

Mary:

Queen:

*No thank you very much but I'll get right to it*

*Well yes indeed, I thought your speech went very well, very well Maam very well indeed, Splendid.*

*How long have you been in the royal household service my dear?*

*Just two weeks Maam. I've only just started really.*

*I'm sure you'll settle in just fine. What's your name my dear?*

*Mary your majesty.*

*Do you like being in service to the royal family*

*Oh yes your majesty. I think I'll love serving the royal family maam. I'm sure I will, everyone is so kind to me maam.*

*I've noticed that you keep looking at my tiara, do you think it's pretty Mary?*

Mary:	<i>Oh maam its so lovely, I'ts beautiful.</i>
Queen:	<i>Come closer Mary I'll not bite, I am quite friendly really , whatever you may have heard about me.</i>
Mary: Looking bat tiara	<i>Oh maam that's exactly what everyone keeps telling me . All your personal aides keep telling me how kind and understanding you are.</i>
Queen	<i>How old are you Mary?</i>
Mary: Stands before the queen and curtsy very slowly	<i>I'm 18 maam 19 in july.</i>
Queen:	<i>The tiara I'm now wearing is known as the king George 111 fringe tiara, it was made in 1839. It was originally made as a necklace of brilliant stones. Queen Victoria wore it as a tiara in 1839. Do you like the way it sparkles Mary?</i>
Mary:	<i>Oh yes maam it sparkles and shines so much. it's spectacular maam, it really is.</i>
With big smile, Queen:	<i>Yes Mary, I think you're right.</i>
Pilot comes aboard	
Pilot:	<i>Maam, just to let you know were now getting somewhere. This lady seems to know what she's doing. She tells me the problem is with the spiralling cognator.</i>
Queen:	<i>Really?</i>
There is now a pause	
Pilot bows and excuses himself	

<p>Lord Mayor:</p>	<p><i>Well fancy that. How would a teacher, a lady teacher, know about such things?</i></p>
<p>More engine parts are piled up on the inside of the helicopter.</p>	
<p>Lord Mayor:</p>	<p><i>Nice helicopter maam, have you had this problem before?</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>No Lord mayor. It's a new helicopter. This was the first flight this morning</i></p>
<p>Lord mayor:</p>	<p><i>I see maam. Do you have another helicopter, like a spare one?</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>Yes I have 4 other helicopters</i></p>
<p>Lord mayor:</p>	<p><i>You have 4 other helicopters? 5 helicopters?</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>Yes 5 and of course one aeroplane.</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor:</p>	<p><i>I say maam! Five helicopters and an aeroplane</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>That is correct . You see Lord mayor I travel all over the world, and of course there's state visits.</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor:</p>	<p><i>How does one go about getting a helicopter? Would you happen to know maam</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>Well no I don't know, but I'm dining with the PM a week on Thursday. I could ask him for you if you'd like?</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor:</p>	<p><i>Oh yes please Maam. Would you maam? yes please. Oh thank you. That would be very much appreciated your majesty, and if I may say how very kind of you maam.</i></p>

Lord Mayor continues:  
Looking around copter.

*I do a lot of travelling in my role as well maam, and I'd love one of these, and oh I wonder if I could use the chopper at weekends. Like for recreation purposes. I'd really love a chopper!*

Queen:

*Well give me your number, and I'll text you what the P.M says. He should know.*

Lord mayor scribbles down his mobile number and gives it to the queen.

Lord Mayor:  
Hands the number to the eldest one of the aides who puts it in her handbag.

*Oh thank so much you maam. That's tremendous of you. Thank you ever so much.*

Lord Mayor has a small bag with him (brief case) he roots around in it and produces a deck of playing cards.

Lord Mayor:

*Well, if it pleases you your majesty, I have a pack of playing cards with me. We could play a hand of poker if you wish maam?*

Queen:

*I don't think so Lord mayor, do you?*

Lord Mayor:

*No, no, of course not maam, how silly of me.*

Aide Mary:

*We could play a game of snap your majesty, it's easy and it will pass the time.*

Queen:

*Well I suppose we could. It's my favourite game of cards, and it WOULD pass the time, you're right. So yes, let's have a game of snap.*

Lord Mayor:

*Snap?*

Queen:

*Yes Lord mayor, snap!*

Aide ruby leaning over and taking the pack of cards from the lord mayor.

Aide Ruby:

Queen:

Everyone pulls their chairs closer to the small table with cups and saucers on.

Aide Mary collects all the cups and puts them on the two trays and puts them on the floor.

Aide Ruby shuffles the pack

Aide Mary:

Queen:

Lord mayor:  
Somewhat sulking

Aide Ruby

Queen:

Aide Ruby:

Some excitement becomes evident as Ruby deals the cards out.

All players, Queen, Ruby, Mary and Lord mayor hold their cards.

Queen:

The hand commences and all put their cards on top of the pile.

*Shall I deal your majesty?*

*Yes Ruby, you deal.*

*Snap is the only game of cards that I know as well, your majesty.*

*It's such a healthy game, is snap! poker indeed!*

*It'll pass the time maam. I suppose.*

*How many cards shall we have your majesty?*

*Deal the whole pack my dear, except the jokers of course.*

*Yes I've taken the jokers out maam.*

*You go first Ruby.*

<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>SNAP!</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor looks glum</p>	
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>Oh right, that was good. Let's try again</i></p>
<p>Queen plays her card and the game starts again. Some giggles are heard.</p>	
<p>Queen: Starts laughing</p>	<p><i>SNAP!</i></p>
<p>Aide Ruby and Mary are both laughing and giggling.</p>	
<p>Mary: Another game is played</p>	<p><i>They complete a game. Queen wins all hands. Let's have another game your majesty!</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>SNAP!</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor looking particularly put out and somewhat annoyed.</p>	
<p>Lord Mayor:</p>	<p><i>This is rigged, 'snot fair.</i></p>
<p><b>AN EXTREMELY LOUD AICRAFT FLIES OVER</b></p>	<p><i>NO DIALOGUGUE-NOISY PLANE IS IGNORED</i></p>
<p>Aide Mary:</p>	<p><i>Come on Lord mayor, you're not trying.</i></p>
<p>The game starts again</p>	
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>SNAP! You'll all have to be quicker than that.</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor now looking really annoyed and frustrated.</p>	
<p>Lord Mayor:</p>	<p><i>Right I'm going to win this one .</i></p>

The game continues with laughter and giggles from both aides Mary and Ruby obviously feeling much pleasure from the Queen.

Queen:

*SNAP!*

Aide Mary:

*How are you doing this your majesty? Your winning every game*

Lord mayor becoming grumpier and sulking in a child like fashion

Aide Ruby:

*Come on Lord mayor, you're not trying hard enough.*

Lord Mayor:  
He turns away and sulks.

*This is not fair, I'm not playing anymore.*

Aide Ruby:

*Oh come on lord Mayor. You're behaving like a child now.*

Lord Mayor:

*Well, how does her majesty keep winning?*

Aide Mary:

*Well I'm really trying, I'm not just letting her win all the time. So's Ruby.*

Queen:

*No of course you're not my dear. I think It's the Lord mayor who's really trying! Is this related to my helicopter by any chance Lord mayor?*

Lord Mayor:

*Well, you've got four of them, no five, and they've got jet engines too.*

Queen:

*And my jet aeroplane Lord mayor, don't forget about that.*

Pilot comes aboard , bows several times.

<p>Pilot:</p>	<p><i>Just to let you know maam it WAS the spiralling cognator. It was jammed, and stopping the rota blades turning. Miss, Miss bunch is it? She's rebuilding the engine now. Won't be too long now your majesty.</i></p>
<p>Engine parts being taken from the helicopter now.</p>	
<p>Ruby:</p>	<p><i>Your majesty, with us being stuck here for so long, it means we won't be home for the usual time. I wonder if I could just nip to the shops before takeoff. Just want to get a few items maam.</i> <i>Do you think that would be possible maam?</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>I don't see any reason why not Ruby. That's if you're not too long. Don't want to leave you stranded in Stoppem. No offence intended Lord mayor.</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor:</p>	<p><i>no, no of course not your majesty. None taken</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>Oh yes Ruby, you can nip to the shops, and can you get me something while you're gone? I've noticed a lot of the younger ones wearing headphones and listening to those eye pads is it?</i></p>
<p>Aide Mary:</p>	<p><i>i pods your majesty, they're called i pods</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>I see, well I wonder if I wore very discreet ear phones, could I listen to some music while on some state duty? They can be so boring.</i></p>
<p>Aide Mary:</p>	<p><i>I should think so maam. No one would know maam, the ear pieces are very small. I'm sure that some of your state duties must be somewhat long! Pause,..... no one would be able to tell maam, honestly.</i></p>

Queen:	<i>I see, well there is some music I would enjoy listening to. On the odd long haul shall I say.</i>
Aide Mary:	<i>I could put a few CDs on an i pod for you to enjoy your majesty. I could do that for you very easily maam.</i>
Lord mayor:	<i>I'm afraid this is all a bit beyond me, but I do like the thought of having my own chopper, I must say.</i>
Queen:	<i>Yes I can tell. Well we'll see.</i>
BB comes aboard curtsies, bows her head	
BB:	<p><i>Maam just a progress report. It was what I suspected. The rotor blades wouldn't turn because the spiralling cognator couldn't spiral, and so the cogs that turn the rotor blades couldn't engage.</i></p> <p><i>Just putting things back together now maam. shouldn't be too much longer now. I've let pilot know your majesty, you should be airbourne very soon now.</i></p>
Queen:	<i>Well, you are a clever lady my dear. How can I ever repay you. How do you know these things?</i>
BB:	<i>I've read a lot of science journals maam and I just love repairing things.</i>
Queen:	<i>Well, you are a clever thing. You must come to one of my picnics. You just must come.</i>
Aide Ruby whispers to the queen	

Queen:	<i>Oh yes I suppose they are. I should really say my dear, you must come to one of my garden parties, but they're a picnic to me.</i>
BB:	<i>Oh thank you your majesty, I'd love to come.</i>
Queen:	<i>I'll get Ruby to make the arrangements my dear, that's final. You must come too lord mayor. I'll get Edward to pick you up in one of my helicopters.</i>
Lord Mayor:	<i>Oh thank you your majesty, I'd be honoured.</i>
Aide Ruby:	<i>Well if I can just nip to the shops maam. Shall I get you an i pad still, and what about music. What CD's would you like maam?</i>
Queen:	<i>Oh yes, but don't be long my dear. Get me a good i pad and a Max Bygraves CD. Greatest Hits maybe, and any one by Shirley Bassey please. Yes I'd enjoy listening to music when I'm at work.</i>
Aide Ruby:	<i>Yes your majesty.</i>
Queen: Opens her bag and hands ruby 30 pounds	<i>If that's not enough Ruby, I'll gladly pay you back. I'll ask Philip for some cash.</i>
Aide Ruby: Nips off the helicopter	<i>Of course your majesty.</i>
Queen: Leans out the door Become more composed	<i>Ruby, and call in at that ladies cafe will you, and see if she has any more of those custard tarts. Philip would love them I think, I certainly do.</i>
Lord Mayor:	<i>Well I agree your majesty, I think those custard tarts are mighty fine. Yes I must say, like Max Bygraves too.</i>

<p>Pilot pops his head into the helicopter Pilot:</p>	<p><i>We're nearly there now your majesty. Just finishing off now. won't be long.</i></p>
<p>Aide Mary:</p>	<p><i>Will this delay cause problems for you your majesty?</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>Oh no my dear. The pilot's informed the palace. I have no engagements this evening. I'll have a quiet night at home.</i></p>
<p>Aide Mary:</p>	<p><i>Maam, may I ask you something?</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>Yes Mary of course. What would you like to know?</i></p>
<p>Aide Mary:</p>	<p><i>Well maam, I just wondered how many tiaras and crowns you have? I don't mean to be disrespectful maam, maybe I shouldn't have asked.</i></p>
<p>Queen: Smiles</p>	<p><i>I don't mind you asking Mary. In fact had you not have asked now, you may well not get another chance. Oh look....., I think Ruby is back. Well that was quick! We'll speak again Mary, I promise.</i></p>
<p>Aide Ruby: Rushes back on board and curtsies Quite breathless.</p>	<p><i>Thank you your majesty, I've bought what I needed to get, and I got you an i-pod and the CD you wanted, Max Bygraves wasn't it? I couldn't get the other CD though. Shirley Bassey.</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>Right you are, well, thank you Ruby, you'll have to show me how to use the music devise. Hope it's not too difficult. Anyway, we will be off in a minute, so please check with the pilot.</i></p>

<p>BB: Comes aboard and curtsies and bows</p>	<p><i>Your majesty I think your helicopter is A OK now for take off, or should I say lift off, no it is lift off isn't it. Anyway, the helicopter is now fixed maam.</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor: Readies himself for leaving.</p>	<p><i>Well, your majesty. Thank you so much once again, for coming to open our shopping mall. I'm just so sorry you've been stranded here for so long.</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>Not at all Lord Mayor. I've had an education talking with you, and getting to know my aides a bit better. And of course meeting you miss Bludge. I just don't know how you were able to repair a helicopter engine. They're so big! You're such a clever lady, you really are.</i></p>
<p>BB:</p>	<p><i>My pleasure maam. Glad to have been of help.</i></p>
<p>Queen:</p>	<p><i>I've heard so much about you on the news, but now I've actually met you. You must come now, to my next picnic. Alright Ruby, I know, Garden party. Has Ruby given you the details?</i></p>
<p>BB:</p>	<p><i>Yes thank you maam, I'd love to come.</i></p>
<p>Pilot: Comes aboard</p>	<p><i>Ready to go if you are maam, whenever you are.</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor: As he exits the helicopter</p>	<p><i>Thank you so much your majesty. I'll await your text message maam, after you have seen the prime minister, you know about the....</i></p>
<p>Queen: Aide Mary comes to the queen to check she has her safety belt fastened.</p>	<p><i>Yes, I know Lord Mayor. Bye for now.</i></p>

Pilots voice over intercom	<i>Ready for lift off your majesty. Please remain in your seat maam. Our flight will take about 45 minutes.</i>
Loud helicopter noise as the helicopter preparing for lift off	
Queen:	<i>Please put my new DCQ on please pilot, I'd like to listen to some music on the flight home.</i>
Unseen Pilot:	<i>Do you mean one of your new CD maam?</i>
Queen:	<i>Oh, yes CD, that's it. Yes put that on please, and don't get clever with me if you don't mind.</i>
Pilot:	<i>Righto maam. Sorry your majesty.</i>
Queen:	<i>That's alright. Crank the sound up please.</i>
Pilot	<i>Right-on your majesty. Lots of sound coming on up.</i>
Queen:	<i>That's fine, but let's keep things dignified.</i>
Pilot:	<i>Yes maam.</i>
Queen:	<i>Oh, hold it a minute pilot, when I get back I won't have a moment to myself. This has been a real treat, I've enjoyed myself immensely. Just before we go, I'd like to see how Mary would dance to my kind of music. Would you show me Mary?</i>
Mary:	<i>Yes of course maam. I'd be delighted.</i>
The music starts to play over the speakers. A slow ballad by Max Bygraves.	
Queen:	<i>Alright Mary. This is a slow song, but how would you dance to this?</i>

Mary:  
Mary starts dancing

Queen:  
Mary gets up and picks up a mobile phone from coffee table. She talks to the pilot in an unheard conversation.

Pilot starts playing a faster tune

Queen:

Mary gets up and starts dancing with Ruby

Queen:

Ruby:  
Ruby sits back down.

Queen:  
The Queen takes Mary's hand(s)  
Mary shows the Queen how  
The two dance for a couple of minutes.

Queen:

Mary:  
Mary talks to pilot again on mobile phone  
Conversation is unheard.  
Mary and Queen dance again to same piece of music.

*I love this music maam. This is a popular dance in clubs in town. Is this the sort of dance you wanted to see maam?*

*Well, actually, that's a nice dance, but I actually meant, something a little quicker. Tell the pilot to try another song, if you'd be so kind.*

*This is more like it Mary. Show me how you would dance to this song.*

*Now that's more like it. Yes I like that. I want to surprise Philip, and the rest of the family at the dinner dance being held at the Palace next month. Yes Mary, I like it. Would you mind Ruby, if Mary shows me the way. I'd love to surprise them all with this dance. If I can of course.*

*Of course not maam, and of course you can, and will your majesty.*

*Okay Mary, show me how. Let's do it, as they say.*

*Oh, this is so lovely, lets just dance to that one again Mary. Then we'll go I promise.*

*Maam, you're doing so well, you really are.*

Queen:	<i>Mary, that was lovely, thank you my dear. As I said Mary, I'll tell you about my crown, and the state crown, and my tiaras, I'll make the time for it. I'll see my secretary, and tell her to make a space in my diary.</i>
Mary:	<i>Oh, thank you so much your majesty, I'd love that.</i>
Ruby:	<i>You danced really well your majesty. You were splendid maam</i>
Queen:	<i>Oh really Ruby. Mary's the one who showed me, but I was quite good wasn't I</i>
Mary:	<i>Yes ,maam you really were</i>
Queen:	<i>Would you say that was wicked Mary?</i>
Mary looks sheepishly at the Queen	
Ruby:	<i>Forgive me maam, if I say that you were indeed very wicked, or should I say, perfect maam, just perfect.</i>
Queen:	<i>Tell the pilot to take my home Ruby, let's go!</i>
<b>A VERY NOISY HELECOPTER LIFTS OFF</b>	<b>CURTAINS CLOSE FOR SCENE CHANGE</b>
<p><b>Scene changes back to school setting</b>  BB walks into the school carrying a big cake box. Just behind BB is Prunella. They walk into the Headmaster's office.</p> <p>BB:</p> <p>Prunella: gets two plates and a cake knife, while BB takes the cake from the box. BB also brings over to the table two cups and saucers.</p> <p>Prunella:</p>	<p><b>EVERYONE IGNORES THE AIRCRAFT</b></p> <p>Just wait till you've tried it Pru', don't write me off till you've tasted it.</p> <p>I'll make us a cuppa in a minute. Let's see what this cake tastes like. Go on, cut us both a slice.</p>

BB:  
Cuts two slices and puts a slice on each plate.

Prunella:

BB:

Prunella:  
takes a bite of the cake, and lets out a loud shriek.

BB:

Prunella:

BB:

Prunella:

BB:

Prunella:

Go on Pru' taste it. I was up till three in the morning making this cake.

What???

I was. Pru' I'm determined to get this right. I want to move on to making pastry. Won't to be able to make myself a nice apple pie, that would be great. I think I know how to

Buska! You've got egg shell in this cake!! A big piece of shell, look! I nearly broke my teeth on it.

Egg shell. How's that happened? I was very careful. I don't understand that!

Oh I understand it alright. You can't cook Buska. I seriously doubt you'll ever be able to cook. You've cracked the eggs and thrown all the shell in for good measure! When the recipe says crack two eggs into a bowl, it doesn't mean to throw the shells in as well!

Oh, I'm sorry Pru' I really am. I really thought I'd cracked it this morning, I really did.

No Buska, that took place last night, or should I say three O'clock this morning, when you threw in the two eggs.

Oh Pru!

Well go on Buska, you take a bite of your cake. Take a big bite. Have you got any shell? Must have been big eggs.

BB:	No Pru,' no shell in my slice. Maybe it was just a small bit of shell that got in my mixing bowl. Suppose that can happen sometimes, can't it?
Prunella:	No Buska, not in the real world. Egg shells don't just suddenly appear!
BB:	Pru, give me another try. I'll bake a fruit cake, with cherries in. I'll bake it tonight. Bring you a slice tomorrow. I'll bring some for your hubby too. A big slice, you'll see, I can do it. Don't know where the egg shell came from.
Prunella:	Buska, there's no shame in not being able to cook. My husband can't even boil an egg. So.....
BB: Sitting in the office; Several teachers, the headmaster, and most of the parents that were present at the first meeting.	Look, I know what my strengths are, I know what I do well, but I am determined to be able to cook as well. I am going to make you proud of me, just wait, you'll see.
Headmaster:	<i>So yes the date is set, so you can write it down in your diaries. Wednesday july 15<sup>th</sup> That will be the date of our gala, at cabbage street junior school but also...</i>
Parent 1:	<i>Also the last day of cabbage street junior school</i>
Parent 2:	<i>Yes, but what a last day it will be. Oh we're all sad that it is closing but as we said let's make this a day to remember. Something all the children will remember.</i>
Parent 3:	<i>And?</i>

Parent 2:	<i>Well yes I've booked them hot air balloons together with expert pilots.</i>
Headmaster:	<i>For the life of me I don't know how you managed to pull that off</i>
Parent 4:	<i>I've told the local newspaper about our gala day. I can tell him the date now. Jack said he will send a reported to get photos for the paper and interview a few of the children and a few teachers</i>
Teacher 1: Man	<i>I see, better put my nest suit on then. Is chef doing a spread Peter?</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Sure is. He's laying things out as a buffet. People can help themselves. There will be plenty of food. I told Bert order enough food for about a thousand.</i>
Teacher 2: Woman	<i>If all the parents are here and the tenants from the housing estate there will be more than a thousand. I'm overseeing the entertainment and the rides. Well have to charge I think won't be much, well not too much.</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Well if we need more food ill send out for 500 chicken in the baskets. That should do it</i>
Parent 3:	<i>Peter I've got an estimate for a fly by. It will depend on what exactly we want them to do but ill will cost about 20.</i>
Teacher 1:	<i>Who are we talking about and how much are you talking about</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Oh no you haven't have you? You've not been in touch have you?</i>

<p>Parent 3:</p>	<p><i>Said I would Peter. As I say, depends on what programme we decide upon, but for 15 minute display It'll be 20.</i></p>
<p>Headmaster: By his expression he's asking 2o what</p>	<p><i>20?</i></p>
<p>Teacher 2:</p>	<p><i>You must be talking about 20 thousand is that right?</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>20 thousand?</i></p>
<p>Parent 3:</p>	<p><i>Yes that's right, 20 thousand</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Harold! how on earth can we raise 20 thousand?</i></p>
<p>Parent 3:</p>	<p><i>I was thinking maybe we could approach local businesses, maybe they could make a donation.</i></p>
<p>Teacher 2:</p>	<p><i>Peter, if the local guardian news paper wrote a report about the gala, and we were able to raise the funds from local firms, think of the publicity those firms would get. It would do local businesses much good to be involved.</i></p>
<p>Parent 1:</p>	<p><i>You mean local businesses would get a lot of publicity if they made a donation to help raise the money?</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Hmm maybe, we need to give this matter a lot of thought before we meet again.</i></p>
<p>Jenny who we met at the start comes to speak to the headmaster in his office while BB is teaching her class in classroom B</p>	
<p>Jenny: Hovering at the door</p>	<p><i>Oh hi Peter, sorry to interrupt, can you spare a moment?</i></p>

Headmaster:	<i>Of course Jenny come in, what can I do for you?</i>
Jenny:	<i>Well peter, Suzie and I and a few other teachers are becoming a bit worried about Busca. She's acting a little bit strange of late, and doing some really strange things. Sitting in her car outside the airport for hours, just looking up into the sky.</i>
Headmaster:	<i>I see!</i>
Jenny:	<i>She's also collecting bits of broken food mixers from the chef, and taking them home. She's got two broken desk fans from up in the art room. Pru' thinks she's started collecting all sorts of useless objects. Looks like she's taken up a weird hobby, modern art or something.</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Well, she asked me if she could have two old vacuum cleaners, since we've got three new ones. I thought that was a bit odd but we can't really...</i>
Jenny:	<i>Do you think you could persuade her to see a doctor?</i>
Headmaster:	<i>And ask what? What could her doctor do? Maybe she's taken up modern art in one of these college courses she's always going on.</i>
Jenny:	<i>I don't know what we can do to help her Peter but something is not right. We've got to do something!</i>
Prunella just comes back to the office	
Jenny:	<i>Oh hi Pru, I've just been talking to Peter about Busca and how odd she's been behaving lately, collecting old fans and motors and things.</i>

Prunella	<i>She's certainly been asking for a lot of bits and pieces off old and broken food mixers, vacuum cleaners and things</i>
Headmaster	<i>Ok ladies, I'll have a chat with her, she's certainly been working very hard lately, maybe she is doing too much.</i>
Prunella	<i>Yes Peter, if you could chat with her that may help. She will open up to you</i>
Jenny	<i>We'll let her know that we're all getting worried about her. If she has taken up modern art that may well help her relax, who knows.</i>
Headmaster	<i>Right I'll do that; I will let her know that some of the other teachers are a bit worried about her. I won't give her your names so don't worry. I will let you know when I've seen her</i>
Prunella	<i>Yes please do Peter.</i>
Jenny	<i>Leave it with you then Peter</i>
Headmaster	<i>It's what I'm here for.</i>
Jenny	<i>I'm so relieved that at least we've talked about it. I've been so worried.</i>
Headmaster nods his head	
Prunella looking at her watch	
Prunella	<i>What time is your meeting at the Town Hall Peter? Shouldn't you have left by now?</i>
Headmaster looks at his watch	
Headmaster	<i>Yikes you're right! I've got 10 minutes to get down there! (leaves the office for main</i>

<p>Jenny walks from the office towards the staff room</p>	<p><i>entrance)</i></p>
<p>Jenny</p>	<p><i>Drive carefully Peter</i></p>
<p>Jenny carries on walking towards the staff room as she goes she says to Prunella</p>	
<p>Jenny</p>	
<p>Off Jenny goes!</p>	<p><i>Oh I've got a lesson with class G3 now, I'll see you later Pru.</i></p>
<p>A loud clattering noise is heard coming from outside of the school from the direction of the main road that runs parallel with the school.</p>	
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>What on earth was that?</i></p>
<p>The clattering continues then stops</p>	
<p>Bus driver rushes into the school's main entrance and comes towards prunella</p>	
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Can I help you? Whatever's happened?</i></p>
<p>Bus driver:</p>	<p><i>Morning miss, I'm a bus driver taking school children to school. I think it's the exhaust, think it's worked loose</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Oh dear. Is anyone hurt?</i></p>
<p>Bus driver:</p>	<p><i>Oh no miss no one's injured but I've had to pull off the road. I've driven into the school car park hope that's alright, but I had to pull off the road.</i></p>

<p>Prunella:</p> <p>Bus driver:</p> <p>Prunella:</p> <p>Bus driver follows prunella into the office</p> <p>8-10 school children enter the school one by one laughing and joking with each other Bus driver turns around and says almost shouting</p> <p>Bus driver:</p> <p>Prunella:</p> <p>Bus driver goes into the office, as prunella guides the way.</p> <p>Prunella:</p> <p>Bus driver:</p> <p>Prunella goes out of office and over to the school children who have all congregated at the entrance doors.</p> <p>Prunella:</p> <p>One lad runs out of entrance doors and onto the bus. He rushes back balancing his football his mate goes over to him</p>	<p><i>Bit of a pickle really. Can't drive the bus like this</i></p> <p><i>Well no, of course not</i></p> <p><i>Could I make a phone call miss? I'll ring the bus depot maybe bring a spare bus out.</i></p> <p><i>Well yes, yes of course you can make a phone call, come into the office</i></p> <p><i>I told you lot to stay on the bus. Why have you come into the school</i> <i>Sorry miss I'm just ringing the bus depot they will send another bus out. You lot quietly go and wait on the bus.</i></p> <p><i>That's ok, do you want to make your phone call?</i></p> <p><i>There you go, use that phone.</i></p> <p><i>Many thanks</i></p> <p><i>You can wait here if you want to, though you've got seats on the bus.</i></p>
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A noisy plane flies overhead

The two boys bounce the football to each other by the entrance door.

Headmaster walks down corridor from staffroom. Prunella goes to him silently she informs him about bus with exhaust problems

Headmaster then sees the boys balancing the football and goes over to them gesturing the bouncing ball is too noisy.

Somehow he gestures the ball is making too much noise.

One of the boys gestures back to him that the plane flying over head is making a lot more noise than they are

Bus driver comes out of the office.

Bus driver:

*Thanks miss, no spare buses at the moment but as soon as one becomes available they'll send it out.*

Headmaster:

*What do you think the problem is?*

Bus driver:

*I think an exhaust pipe has become loose and has been dragging on the road.*

Headmaster:

*I see well, you can certainly wait inside, if you wish, until you're mobile again.*

Bus driver:

*Well thanks, very kind of you.*

Prunella brings a few chairs out of the office

Schoolchildren from bus.

1 gets guitar out and starts strumming:

*Come on you lot. Know your music? I don't think so. What's the name of that song?*

1 gets books out and starts studying

1 chews gum makes bubbles with gum big ones

2 start arguing with each other

1 talking away on phone

Headmaster goes into 1B and has a quiet word with BB then comes out and says:

Bus driver:

A look of disgust toward children

Prunella:

Bus driver now alone with his passenger

Boy with guitar:

Gradually all the children form a group and sing a very melodic song.

Then resume previous positions.

During the song Jenny the teacher goes into classroom 1B and BB goes out of main doors by the end of the song she comes back in carrying overalls and wiping oil from hands on oily rag

BB nods towards prunella as she walks back to her classroom she goes into classroom and her lesson resumes . jenny excuses herself going from the classroom and walking up towards staff room

Prunella:

Bus driver:

*All the other children just can't think what it is.*

*Your welcome to wait inside the school until you're mobile again you know.*

*Very kind sir, though I might get this lot back on the bus to wait. Good for nothing lot!*

*Goes and answers the telephone. Long conversation (Unheard)*

*Come on you lot. What's the name of the song?*

*Bus driver comes back into school, just as singing finishes*

*You'd better make another phone call.*

*Who, me? Phone call to who?*

<p>Prunella:</p> <p>Bus driver:</p> <p>Prunella:</p> <p>Bus driver: Slowly walking towards entrance door</p> <p>Prunella answers a phone call</p> <p>Bus driver walks out of main doors as all the school children huddle by school door</p> <p>BB'S silent lesson continues with hands being raised. A lot of gesturing from BB an exciting lesson.</p> <p>Headmaster comes back down goes into office and carries on with work</p> <p>Bus driver rushes back into school goes to office. Prunella has just finishes her phone call.</p> <p>Bus driver:</p> <p>Prunella Comes to office door Phone rings Goes to answer phone Bus driver escorts his young passangers to the bus. We hear the engine and 2 or 3 toots of the horn.</p>	<p><i>I think we have had some success in repairing your bus.</i></p> <p><i>Sorry Miss what do you mean?</i></p> <p><i>Try your bus, see if its fixed</i></p> <p><i>Fixed? How could it be fixed, what do you mean?</i></p> <p><i>Miss, the bus is fixed. The silencer is silent. It's not dragging on the floor anymore, what's happened there?</i></p> <p><i>You've gone and fixed the bus. This is no ordinary school. Careful how you go.</i></p>
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<p>Prunella: Answers the phone</p>	<p><i>Oh yes I heard about that. Yes I do believe he did enquire. Has she? That's very kind. To be delivered to the school Yes we do have a playing field To be delivered today? Wow here to the school? You're going to let him know so he can collect it here? Someone to show him how to use it? Right ill let the headmaster know. Yes I've got all that. Thank you very much Goodbye Peter you'll never guess what</i></p>
<p>Headmaster: Busy at work</p>	<p><i>Hmmm sorry Pru, never guess what?</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Well you know when BB was called out to help the Queen with her helicopter that couldn't take off?</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Yes, yes I remember that. Fancy being asked to mend the Queen's helicopter.</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Well the Lord mayor told her majesty that he would love to have a helicopter as well</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Yes I heard</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>The Queen's only bought him one!</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>What!!</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>I'd like an ocean going liner. What are the chances? The Queen has bought the Lord mayor a helicopter, and it's to be delivered here today</i></p>

<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>What! a helicopter? Of his own? Why, today? But, Why here?</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Because we have got a huge field. The Queen's personal secretary is contacting the Lord mayor and telling him he can come and collect it today. It's being delivered here. A gift from her majesty</i></p>
<p>Headmaster</p>	<p><i>There's a man coming to show him how to use it, he must be a pilot</i></p>
<p>Goes to later that day</p>	<p><i>I don't believe it, hey, where's he going to keep it? But, the Lord mayor hasn't got a pilot's licence. Maybe the helicopter comes with it's own pilot, like the Queens</i></p>
<p>Lord mayor is pacing up and down</p>	
<p>BBs class is in lesson, drawing or painting pictures</p>	
<p>Man to show Lord mayor how to use helicopter arrives</p>	
<p>Introductions</p>	<p><i>They all exchange pleasantries With Instructor</i></p>
<p>Headmaster, Prunella, and a few teachers In keen anticipation</p>	
<p>Instructor: In iuniform</p>	<p><i>Well lord mayor do you want me to go through the basics with you? Are you ready for this?</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor:</p>	<p><i>I can't believe this, I just can't believe it. The Queen has gone and bought me a helicopter. I told her majesty that I travel a great deal in my role as lord mayor . Must be due to that. How kind, how terribly kind. And my very own pilot as well, phew.... Yes, yes, I'm ready. Shall I( come out with you now? Can't wait for this. Let's do it. Who'd have thought..... I told her majesty I'd like to use a helicopter for recreation at weekends. Fantastic!</i></p>

<p>Instructor:</p>	<p><i>Alright, or I could bring the helicopter in to you if you prefer?</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor: Laughing</p>	<p><i>Oh yes, sure you could, in here? I'm sure you could.</i></p>
<p>Instructor:</p>	<p><i>Yes I'll bring her in here if you prefer. Show you the basics, how to use the controls.</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor: Still laughing</p>	<p><i>But, I could never fly it. I've had no training. I need my own pilot, like the Queen has.</i></p>
<p>Instructor:</p>	<p><i>I know, but why do you think I'm here? You'll be able to fly it yourself. It's easy I'll go and get it, I'll bring it in.</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>You won't get a helicopter in here!</i></p>
<p>Instructor:</p>	<p><i>You'll see.</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Go on then, let's see you get a helicopter in here.</i></p>
<p>Instructor: brings a model helicopter in. He places on floor then starts lifting it off of the ground</p>	<p><i>Look Lord Mayor, I'll start by showing you how to lift your helicopter off of the ground. Just lifting the helicopter up into the air and sitting it back down, we'll start with that.</i></p>
<p>Lord Mayor: Starting a childish tantrum</p>	<p><i>What's this? Where's my helicopter? This is just a toy. I'm not having this. Ohhhhh.</i></p>
<p>Scene closes - curtain closes. From behind the curtain is heard the sound of a parrot talking – talking to her owner</p>	

Setting

As curtain raises, B1 classroom is set for a Lesson. Children sat at desks and Busca stood at front of the class.

The parrot and it's owner are in Headmaster's office.

BB:  
Addresses her class

Monica Moon

BB:

BB is looking through the glass in top of door to classroom and sees a lady holding a cage with a parrot in coming from Headmaster's office.

BB:

Opens the door and welcomes her friend. Lady brings cage in, settles it on desk.

BB:

BB:  
walks to back of class.

*Special treat for you this morning you'll never guess what?*

*Can we try to guess miss? Can we try and guess what it is? Please, please.....*

*No point Monica you'd never get it. You see I've got a very special visitor for you this morning.*

*I can see them now.*

*Oh thanks for coming Barbara, and for bringing Polly with you. Come in, come in. Pop Polly on top of my desk Barbara.*

*Meet Barbara children, and her very special pet. Go on Barbara, get Polly out. Watch children, watch.*

Barbara:	<i>Now children, Polly is a very clever bird. Do you know why? Listen!</i>
Parrot climbs on top of cage. Silence.	
Barbara:	<i>Okay Polly, what is five and five?</i>
Parrot: Silence, no reply	.....
Barbara:	<i>Okay Polly, please tell us what five and five is?</i>
Parrot:	<i>Five and five is ten.</i>
Barbara:	<i>That's right Polly thank you. Could you please tell us what five and five, and five is?</i>
Parrot:	<i>Five and five , and five is fifteen.</i>
Barbara:	<i>Correct. Very clever Polly</i>
Barbara continues: Children ask Polly some basic arithmetic questions. Polly Always gets them right.	<i>Okay children, do you want to ask Polly to do some sums. But remember only single number sums, oh yes, but you must say please.</i>
To finish Barbara asks one more sum	
Barbara:	<i>Alright Polly shall we ask you one more sum. Could you please tell us what 20 times 20 is?</i>
Long pause	
Parrot:	<i>20 times 20 is 400.</i>
BB: All applaud	<i>How about that! A big thank you children for my friend Barbara and her very clever parrot, Polly.</i>
Barbara cages the bird and then turns and leaves the classroom, waving to children	

<p>BB:</p> <p>No one answers</p>	<p><i>What a clever parrot Polly was. Don't you think? But here's a question for you children. Who do you think is the cleverer. Polly or her owner, Barbara?</i></p>
<p>BB:</p> <p>No answer</p>	<p><i>Well let me tell you, Polly would not be able to answer any questions without a lot , a very lot of hard work by Barbara. What is the lesson for us?</i></p>
<p>BB:</p> <p>Sally Crump puts her hand up</p>	<p><i>Well I'll tell you. We can all do great things if we work hard. Barbara has worked very hard with Polly for several years now. Many hours each week, to teach Polly how to count. What do YOU want to achieve children?</i></p> <p><i>If you work very hard I mean very hard, you can do great things. You'll surprise yourself with what you are able to do, if you are prepared to work hard at it.</i></p>
<p>BB:</p>	<p><i>Yes Sally?</i></p>
<p>Sally:</p>	<p><i>Miss can I ask how are you able to, well how you are able to fix things? All the things you repair mniss, how are you able to do it?</i></p>
<p>BB:</p>	<p><i>Well Sally, It's like I say. We can all, all of us, accomplish many things, great things, even surprise yourself with what we can do, if we work hard it. Make mistakes, we all do that, but then we learn from them. Always be keen to learn Sally, that helps. Also sally, children, you know I get a lot of pleasure out of seeing someone's face light up when I'm able to repair something that's special to them. That's what got me started.</i></p>

<p>Sally Crump:</p> <p>BB: continues,</p> <p>Classroom B1 door opens free flow of people around corridor.</p> <p>Some teachers, headmaster, Prunella, parents from earlier, residents from local houses and members of the press.</p> <p>Headmaster:</p> <p>Parent 3:</p> <p>Parent 3 continues:</p> <p>Parent 1:</p> <p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>But, my dad asked, where did you learn about electrics, and how to build walls?</i></p> <p><i>A lot, a great lot of college courses as well to learn how things work. You can't fix something if you don't know how it works.</i></p> <p><i>Sally, and all you children, believe me, you will be able to do some wonderful things, if you work hard. Apply yourselves to learning, Your time at school will soon pass, work hard kids, work hard.</i></p> <p><i>Ok let's just some up what we said earlier shall we?</i></p> <p><i>A sad day headmaster. A sad day for you and all your staff. We know you all worked so hard to keep the school open. You really did.</i></p> <p><i>I think we're all coming to terms with the decision to close the school, so right, we're going to go out with a bang . lets make this gala day a day for all our children to remember.</i></p> <p><i>Here Here! Yes indeed. How we doing for donations?</i></p> <p><i>Very well. Let's put it this way, we will have enough for a ten minute demo by the red arrows. We can afford three hot air balloons with pilots and we can afford to buy enough food to feed 2 thousand people. How's that?</i></p>
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Parent 1:	<i>We're not really going to have the red arrows? Are we. No, really THE Red arrows?</i>
Teacher 2:	<i>But of course we are. This is going to be a Gala day to remember after all. It's going to be a very special day. I just know it is.</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Got press cover, the two local papers will be here from the stoppem gazette and stoppem Herald. The editor from the Gazette said they aim to give it a full page spread.</i>
Parent 4:	<i>Headmaster I've ordered twelve banners with the words; 'Cabbage Street Junior school will live on.'</i>
Parent 2:	<i>Peter, I've managed to secure 1000 of those small note pads, so the children can exchange phone numbers and addresses. It would be good for all the children to stay in touch with each other, don't you think? It's so hard for the little ones.</i>
Suzzie:	<i>But it's all so sad</i>
Prunella:	<i>You're right Suzie, I feel so sorry for all the tots in the first year. They will be leaving a school that they were just getting used to and....</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Suzie we've been through all that. Let's keep this meeting upbeat. You'll have us all in tears in a minute. Okay, so we will have plenty of food as far as we know the weathers going to be fine sp we can all watch the red arrows from the car park or out in the street.</i>

Prunella:	<i>Oh I've just had confirmation from the chief of police traffic will be restricted from green pear close, lettuce view and caulliflower way, so the children will be safe outside.</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Oh yes we will have some music for the afternoon by the stoppem 4. Can't make it in the morning but they can play from 4pm.</i>
Prunella:	<i>Well let's start the day at 9. A time we should be starting lessons</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Yes. Nine am sharp as usual!</i>
Parent 1:	<i>Well let's just be grateful for the donations from those local businesses or we would never have been able to afford the red arrows or the hot air balloons</i>
Prunella:	<i>Here here. Well it sounds like were all prepared for the big day. Well let's make it a big day a day we will all remember for years to come</i>
Two members of the public enter the school and come to the office, Prunella recognises them. She goes into the office and pick up a coffee maker, then a food processor and hands one to each lady	
Prunella:	<i>There you go, all done.</i>
Lady (1)	<i>How much- oh I know,( she opens her purse)</i>

Lady (2) Takes her hand out of her pocket to show Pru she has bank notes in her hand  
They both say at the same time

Lady (1) and lady (2):

Prunella lifts a box up from the floor in the office

Both ladies drop their donations in. They both then turn to go, wave at Prunella:

Chef turns around and heads for the staff room - Pam walks with them, headmaster sits in the office – Pru makes a phone call.

Whilst we see BB taking a lesson and pupils putting hands up laughing and answering many questions we don't hear anything

We firstly hear what the teachers and others are saying

Headmaster:

Chef:

Headmaster:

Prunelle finishes phone call and then comes over. Prunella:

*Where's the donation box?*

*Well we encouraged her to see the doctor but she wouldn't, she says there is nothing wrong with her.*

*Oh Peter, of course there is something wrong, she has been going through old mixers, blenders, even my old kitchen summer desk fan. She's been taking part of this and that peter. This isn't normal behaviour now is it?*

*No Jim, it's not, it's not!*

*Well I'm worried Peter, you know my bill drives a fuel truck at stoppen airport*

<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Yes, yes I know</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>Well Bill has seen Busker sitting in her car just watching planes coming and going. She's never done that she's been watching them for hours.</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>No, I don't think she has.</i></p>
<p>Prunella: A member of the public walks in through the front entrance doors then joins herself to her friend Prunella and the headmaster.</p>	<p><i>Hi Pam with you in a mo'. It's all done for you. Its working fine, nice job</i></p>
<p>Pam:</p>	<p><i>Oh good thanks Pru', no rush</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>She should at least take a week off sick Peter, have a good rest. Wow Pam, I've tried it out, part of the job you understand, and it makes a lovely cup of coffee. Well and truly fixed.</i></p>
<p>Pam:</p>	<p><i>Oh, that's great, thanks Pru'</i></p>
<p>Prunella: Leaning on door frame Prunella walks into the office and brings out a coffee maker, and hands to Pam.</p>	<p><i>You don't need to thank me Pam, I'm only the messenger.</i></p>
<p>Pam: Hands coffee maker to Pam</p>	<p><i>Well great, convey my thanks will you to ehm..... Please do that.</i></p>
<p>Prunella: Pam hands prunella a five pound note Pam cradles he coffee maker as she walks out of entrance doors</p>	<p><i>I will, thanks very much , go easy Pam</i></p>
<p>Pam:</p>	<p><i>Always do Pru', as you well know. Bye</i></p>

Prunella goes back into office, puts the five pound in donation box and starts typing on a computer keyboard.

Headmaster:  
Goes and sits at his desk starts writing a letter.

**Maybe a quick close and open of the curtains**

GALA DAY A DAY TO REMEMBER

B1 classroom is awash with people. Teachers, public from around the school, parents and children.

Pictures being taken children exchanging addresses.

Entrance door wedged open. Banners waving.

Loud music being played, not too loud

Teacher Suzzie standing with Jerry the teacher

Suzzie:

*Just sorry you didnt have longer Jerry. You could have...*

Jerry:

*No, no, I've loved it . every minute and I have learnt so much I really have.*

Suzzie:

*Shame I could of seen myself working here till I retire, mean it!*

Jerry:

*Yer lovely school. Been great*

Suzzie:

*You still owe me a pen . no two actually*

Jerry:

*Don't*

Suzzie:

*You do, you know you've had two pens off me.*

<p>Jerry:</p> <p>Suzzie:</p> <p>Jerry: Looking at his watch</p> <p>Suzzie:</p> <p>Jerry:</p> <p>Both smile and blend in with the crowd</p> <p>Teacher with a camera</p> <p>Teacher:</p> <p>Teacher: All teachers huddle together</p> <p>1 2 3 click</p> <p>Parent 3: Looks at watch All rush outside the school through main entrance door Left behind we have chef headmaster prunella Jenny and Suzzie</p> <p>Prunella:</p> <p>Chef:</p>	<p><i>Okay I'll pay you back</i></p> <p><i>Anyway, so how's your watch?</i></p> <p><i>Oh its fine, working great. Keeping good time</i></p> <p><i>Yer, I've saved a fortune working here</i></p> <p><i>Can't believe it, this school's it's got the makings of a fairytale.</i></p> <p><i>Alright, have your attention please. Can you all, well no. Can I have all the parents please. All you teachers step aside please. Closer please closer. Push in..... say cheese</i></p> <p><i>How many teachers do we have? Could you all gather together please? Don't forget to smile Right I'll count to 3 then I'll take the photo.</i></p> <p><i>Shall we all go outside now. Got about 2 minutes to go.</i></p> <p><i>Of all days, why today, of all days?</i></p> <p><i>Told you there was something wrong I just knew it</i></p>
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<p>Headmaster:</p> <p>Sounds of jets overhead</p> <p>Parent (3) rushes back into the school</p> <p>Parent (3)</p> <p>Going back to the entrance doors and gesturing like mad, he rushes back out</p> <p>Not a flicker from those inside.</p> <p>Chef:</p> <p>Sound of swooping and rising jets sounds of – wooo, arrr. Wow, wow as red arrows go through display.</p> <p>The sounds of jets goes on for a few minutes. Chef, headmaster, Prunella, Suzzie and Jenny reluctantly go out through the entrance doors</p> <p>Nobody in the school</p> <p>We just hear jets swopping, revving, soaring</p> <p>And crowds clapping – wowing</p> <p>Wooing and whatever noises other crowds make.</p> <p>The show ends with lots of clapping – then all people come back inside</p> <p>Party atmosphere continues</p> <p>Photographers click away at teachers being interviewed without being heard.</p> <p>Young children being interviewed by journalists about their stay in this school</p> <p>Food being eaten.</p>	<p><i>Look I think everyone knew that there was something wrong, and we all tried to help, but there is only so much you can do, but what I don't understand is after all we've been through, all of us, after all SHE'S done to help, why but why is she....</i></p> <p><i>They're here, can't you hear them? Come on the show is about to start, Come on!</i></p> <p><i>I think we are done for now, this is it our last day and.....</i></p>
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Steamers and balloons fill the classroom and the headmasters office

Some teachers and residents of local housing estates start coming in the school from the main entrance – gesturing, holding onto rope sides and looking straight down. They gesture that they have been up in a hot air balloon

Headmaster walks around looking somewhat disappointed, he goes up to several teachers, Jenny, Suzzie and Prunella who just shrug their shoulders and shake their heads side to side as if they have been asked if they had seen BB but they gesture no!

If we can have a window at opposite side of B1 classroom, several children could hear out of window call, tell them to take a look out of the window. Slowly a group forms of children (class B1).

After some time one of the teachers goes out and brings the headmaster and Prunella over to the window

Now for no planes have been heard overhead

We gradually start to hear comments from children, parents and teachers:

Parent:

Prunella:

Headmast

Prunella:

Headmaster:

Prunella:

(while gesturing) Headmaster:

It isn't Though I suppose it could be.

It isn' Yes, Yes, I think it is. It is you know

It looks as if it is. No!

It does if you look closely, cos it is I tell you!

Yes I suppose it could be

It could.....I'm not positive, but It is look!

<p>few children stood by classroom window</p> <p>Someone says:</p> <p>Terry Treekle: (at the window in the classroom)</p> <p>Prunella:</p> <p>Jenny:</p> <p>Headmaster:</p> <p>Suzzie:</p> <p>Prunella:</p> <p>Jenny:</p> <p>Terry Treekle: (pointing up to a plane flying low)</p> <p>Suzzie:</p>	<p>Look she's driving closer She's stopped She's stopped opposite the school. What the....</p> <p><i>How sad</i></p> <p><i>We should have done something peter, it's that modern art thing. Call the doctor, or the ambulance. Call the lifeguard, or call the fire brigade, call someone, anyone. She's gone wacky.</i></p> <p><i>Can't believe it Pru, she has definitely lost it but why outside the school? Where everyone can see her? To put a vacuum cleaner on top of a car is not to me any expression of art</i></p> <p><i>Its modern art, Is it?</i></p> <p><i>She's pointing the hose high up in the air. What's Miss B up to? Hold it.....I get it!</i></p> <p><i>Come on, let's go and talk to her Its embarrassing – peter we saw the warning signs of this, I told you she wasn't well. Come on Peter and talk to her</i></p> <p><i>Look she's getting something out of the boot. Do you notice anything?</i></p> <p><i>Yeah, our last day at cabbage street is nearly over – you mean the day has gone really quick?</i></p> <p><i>Do you mean the noise, or should I say lack of noise?</i></p>
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<p>Jenny:</p>	<p><i>Yer Suzzie, there's been several planes fly over, didn't hear anything did you?</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>No, come to think about it, I've not heard a thing!</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>There's been five planes fly over, I've counted them, don't know why, but there's been no noise, no noise at all!</i></p>
<p>Terry Treekle:</p>	<p><i>Look at Miss Bludge's face Sir, she's beaming.</i></p>
<p>Prunella:</p>	<p><i>He's right Peter, look. Now she's looking up into the sky, look at her face, she's done something Peter, she's gone and done something!</i></p>
<p>Headmaster:</p>	<p><i>Go and ask her to come in Pru' what's she up to, she's done something, no wonder she's smiling. Look at the crowd of people out there Pru' there all looking up and clapping Buska, why?</i></p>
<p>Prunella goes out through entrance doors, and the crowd start coming in through the open doors. Parents, neighbours from local houses, and some school children</p>	
<p>Terry Treekle:</p>	<p><i>I think I know why Sir. She's made the planes go silent Sir, that's what she's done.</i></p>
<p>Headmaster: BB comes in with Prunella, BB is carrying what looks like a vacuum cleaner, with a loud speaker sticking out of it. She rests the machine on the table.</p>	<p><i>Yes, but how? That's the six million dollar question.</i></p>
<p>Parent1:</p>	<p><i>She's only gone and done it headmaster, she's fixed the planes, she's sorted the noise out.</i></p>
<p>Parent 2:</p>	<p><i>Pru,' Miss Bludge has sorted it out, she's gone and fixed things!</i></p>

Headmaster:	<i>What exactly have you done Buska, what have you fixed exactly?</i>
Prunella:	<i>Yes Buska, don't keep us all in suspense. What have you done?</i>
BB:	<i>Well, a short time ago I was sitting in ,my car and watching the planes coming into and going out of Stoppem airport. I thought to myself, what if.....what if we could suck up all the noise coming from the planes engines? I thought, can that be done? Could I do that? Would't that make the whole area a lot quieter? Could we do that? So I started experimenting with old vacuum cleaners, bits of loud speakers, and other bits and pieces.</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Go on Buska</i>
BB:	<i>Well, I just carried on trying to suck all that noise up, until one day, I did it!</i>
Prunella:	<i>Buska, we were all getting really worried about you. We thought you had gone, well, a bit loopy!</i>
BB:	<i>I thought that if I could make the classrooms a lot quieter, maybe Cabbage Street junior school could remain open!</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Wow, I'm speechless Buska, explain this machine to us would you? What's that sticking out of it?</i>
BB:	<i>Oh, well I should say that much of this work I need to keep secret, at this stage. You see, by means of this machine, I'm sucking all the noise coming from the engines of all planes flying overhead. I've used this loud speaker from the school's old PA system, I call it a big ear, it draws the noise up this hose. hose all the noise.</i>

Headmaster:	<i>What's your machine called Buska?</i>
BB:	<i>This dial here, can you see it? can be turned up or down, so the suckability of the machine can be increased, or decreased, I call that variable suckability. Of course for a big airport such as Stoppem has become, we need a few of these machines. So far, I've built four.</i>
Parent 1:	<i>What's it called, did you say?</i>
BB:	<i>Once the noise has been sucked up, it is collected in one of these brown bags, reinforced bags. Then the bags must be burned, can't just throw them in a bin. They would explode.</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Buska, does this machine have a name at all? And, I never asked you, but why are you called Buska? It's a strange name, don't you think?</i>
BB:	<i>Oh yes, it certainly does. This is my variable audiosonic suckomatic vaculator. And Peter, if you must know, my dad sang songs and played his guitar in an underground station in London. He told my mother that if he ever had a daughter, he would call her Buska,.... so now you know!</i>
Prunella:	<i>Will our school stay open now then? Will my little Jimmy be staying here? Will Cabbage Street junior school stay open?</i>
BB:	<i>Well, it's a bit soon to say for sure, but I jollywell think it probably will!</i>
Headmaster:	<i>Do you know, I think this school has just confirmed it's future, or, I should say, This extraordinary lady, Buska Bludge has just given this school a bright future!</i>

All present now just grab hold of BB and hoist her up in the air. They carry BB around the passageway and classroom singing 'For she's a jolly good fellow, for she's a jolly good fellow, for she's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us.

All now is quiet and serene and everyone's manner is clearly more relaxed

**CURTAIN COMES DOWN BRIEFLY**

***CURTAIN FALLS PRIOR TO END OF SCENE***

Last scene starts with Martha and Ethel brushing up the deserted school passageway and classroom on their own. No eye contact and initially no talking.

After about a minute, they start chatting as they work.

Martha:

Must have been some shindig, this Gala Day, wish I'd have been here, I mean....

Ethel:

But we don't start work until six, we've come in early as it is.

Matha:

Oh Ethel, I'd of come in a lot earlier, I'm sure you would have done too, if we'd have known it was going to turn out like this! Ethel we've still got our jobs, we should be jumping for joy. I just can't believe what Buska's done. It looked like she'd gone off the rails for a while. But to build a machine from all sorts of spare parts that sucks up noise!, it's, well it's just unbelievable.

Ethel:

How long will we be here now, cleaning this mess up? I told Bill I wouldn't be long.

Martha:

Oh Ethel, wouldn't you willingly work all night long. We've been given our jobs back!

Ethel:

These bags, the noise is sucked up into. I hope we're not going to be asked to dispose of them. Yes they have to be burned, do they? To destroy all the compressed sound, well I'm not burning them. No way. Bill wouldn't stand for it.

Martha:

Ethel here you go again. Look we've just been handed our jobs back thanks to Peter ringing up the minister for schools and all you can say is "I'm not going to burn the bags"

Ethel:	Well it's not my job!
Martha:	There were journalists here yesterday taking pictures of happy relieved children with their parents of teachers happy to have their jobs back. Don't you feel excited by it all?
Ethel:	I'll be excited if I don't have to burn those bags. Well, anyway, I wouldn't burn them. My Bill wouldn't want me to burn them either.
Martha:	Ethel, history has been made here today! What's happened here has never been done before!
Ethel:	Hey?
Martha:	Can't wait to see this machine, this variable (thats cause you can up or down the suckas onit ness of it). Audiomatic suckasonic vacumeter.
Ethel:	Got it wrong! The machine is called the variable audiosonic suckomatic vaculator, see.
Martha:	And how do you know?
Ethel:	Cause I phoned Pru' up before see . Needed to speak to her and she told me. I wrote the name of the machine down. If it goes commercial like, they may bring a small one out. I could do with one round at our house. Here, we haven't got to clean the toilets have we? After so many people being here I mean?
Martha:	Where are you Ethel? The greatest feat in engineering known to man has just taken place in your back garden.
Ethel:	Hey? My back garden?

<p>Martha:</p>	<p>I'm speaking telescopically! Here! right in the heart of stoppem! Our very own school. Our very own school that was closing down I may add. And you don't get it. Ethel our jobs have been saved!</p>
<p>Ethel:</p>	<p>It's the school of our children that's been saved Martha, this school! That's what's really important. That's what's been saved.</p>
<p>Martha: Pointing to shelves with repaired items on</p> <p>Ethel goes to shelves and picks up a clock</p>	<p>I could throttle you sometimes Ethel, quite readily. Oh! Wow, look! Ethel!</p>
<p>Ethel: Takes a note stuck to face of clock and reads it</p>	<p>Can't believe it. It's been repaired. 'Had to make two new cogs. One with fourteen teeth, and one with sixteen, so sorry for the delay' Can't believe it! Marth.' Busca's fixedy cuckoo clock! Look, it's fixed.</p>
<p>Martha:</p>	<p>Well, there you go. See, no expense spared. So your cuckoo clock lives on hey! She's fixed it!</p>
<p>Ethel:</p> <p>In the school walks (skips) a schoolgirl looking around</p>	<p>Cor, d'yer know, this clock must be well, over a hundred years old, and it's fixed.</p>
<p>Martha:</p>	<p>Well, let's hear the bird sing Ethel.</p>
<p>Ethel:</p>	<p>Okay, just let me wind it up. Oh I do love this clock. B's made my day. Come up trumps yet again!</p>
<p>Martha:</p>	<p>You may have had to wait Ethel, but, you should have known, she never fails.</p>
<p>The cuckoo clock strikes six o'clock, bird sings, schoolgirl watches closely.</p>	

Ethel:  
Schoolgirl looking around  
Martha:

Ethel:

Schoolgirl:  
Burst of enthusiasm

Ethel:

Martha:

Schoolgirl:

Ethel:

Schoolgirl:  
Taking bag from Ethel

Martha:  
Picking bag up

Schoolgirl:

Martha:

Schoolgirl:

Anyway, I'm not burning those bags.

Hello chucks what's up? Lost something?

We'll be here till eight, it's a right mess

Left my bag when we all went out before. I forgot my bag. Wowee, have you heard about this afternoon. Do you know what's happened?

You means the variable audiosonic suckomatic vaculator? It's fantastic isn't it. Miss B's saved this school.

Is miss Bludge your teacher dear?

Yes, I'm in 1B

Well let's have a look round where did you leave your bag? What colour is it?  
Is this it dear? It's a red one.

Yes, yes that's it, thanks. Didn't know I'd left it. It was with all the excitement of this afternoon.

Where's your mum dear?

She's in the car in the playground.

Well, what do you think of your teacher? Isn't she clever.

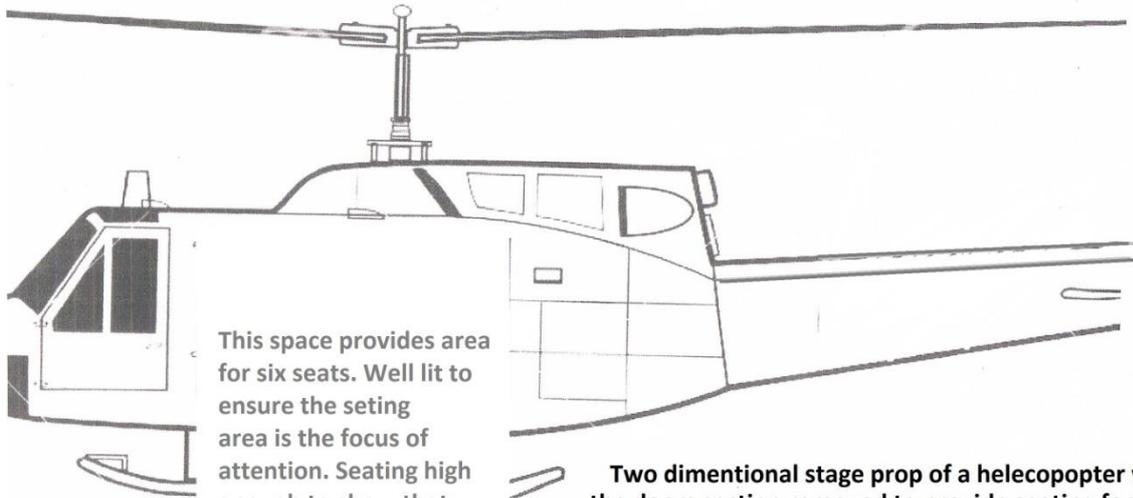
What do you think of Miss. Buska Bludge?

Well I think she's,...she's....., well I'd say she's one gifted lady!

**THE**

**END**

The 'Wow' factor, Helicopter scene



This space provides area for six seats. Well lit to ensure the setting area is the focus of attention. Seating high enough to show that all are actually sitting on the helicopter.

Two dimensional stage prop of a helicopter with the doors section removed to provide seating for about six people. Centre, slightly raised up, is the Queen's seat. Either side of the Queen are her personal Aides. To the side of the Queen is a seat for the Lord Mayor. That leaves two seats that remain un-occupied.

