

# Scene 1

*(As the **theme tune** plays (track 8), the cast enters and all sit in groups to the sides of the main stage, waving to the audience. As the music ends we hear a voice-over announcement.)*

**Announcer** Good evening everyone and welcome to tonight's spectacular show! Yes, it's the moment you've all been waiting for! Please put your hands together for the man with a razor-sharp wit and the funniest put-downs in the business! It's everyone's favourite host, Mr Graham Norty!

*(To big applause from the seated cast and audience, Graham enters carrying a microphone with a 'GRAHAM NORTY' name card on it. He is typically catty and sarcastic in all his remarks!)*

**Graham** Thank you! Yes, they've roped me in again this year, for my sins! What did I do to deserve this, eh? But seriously, it's lovely to see you here for this very special show. And why is it so special? Well, this is the 50th anniversary of The School-O-Vision Song Contest, coming live from *(name of your school)*. Now, without further ado, let me introduce you to my co-hosts who will give this evening's proceedings a truly international flavour. From France, please give it up for Nell Points *('Points' pronounced as the French)* and, from Sweden, Björn Yisturdy.

*(Nell, Björn and his 'translator' enter, each also carrying a microphone with their name on. NB – all the presenters have a lot of dialogue, so they could have music stands holding their scripts to refer to.)*

**Nell** *(with a French accent if possible)* Thank you, Graham. Thank you, everyone. Now, although I speak perfect English, Björn here is still getting to grips with your language, which is why he has his translator with him tonight.

**Graham** *(speaking loudly, slowly and rather patronisingly)* Hello, Björn. Welcome to Eng-land. It's lovely to have you here.

*(Björn whispers animatedly into his translator's ear, for what seems like a long time. As he whispers, the translator's face is one of confusion!)*

**Translator** *(after a short pause)* Err...Björn says 'Hi'.

**Graham** *(frowning at the translator)* Really? That's *all* he said? *(the translator shrugs)* Okay, moving swiftly along, tonight, you, our *(sarcastically)* beautiful audience, will suffer musical performances from six finalists, who represent different groups from our school community, all hoping to win this, ahem, prestigious competition...the School-O-Vision Song Contest.

**Nell** That's right, Graham. We'll hear from those whose contribution to school life makes this a vibrant and happy place to be. *(Each group waves as it is named)* Teachers, premises officers, kitchen staff and parents will all be represented on stage tonight!

*(Björn whispers a single word into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** *(after a short pause)* Err...Björn says we mustn't forget the children. Also competing tonight are the infants and, especially relevant to this time of year, the Year 6 leavers. Both are important groups within school and, as Björn quite rightly says, their contributions cannot be understated.

**Graham** He said *all* that? *(the translator shrugs)* But of course, the children, *(sarcastically)* how could we forget them? I mean, it would be lovely if we could, but...

**Nell** *(frowning at Graham for being rude)* Be nice, Graham!

**Graham** I’m trying my hardest, Nell! Now, I’m sure we all have something far more entertaining to look forward to after the show, so let’s get on with it, shall we? Without further ado, we’re kicking off the evening with a guest performance from the first-ever winners of School-O-Vision!

**Nell** Yes. Back in 1974, this group of Year 6 leavers walked away with the crown, after wowing the audience with a stunning performance! Now in their sixties, but still looking fresh out of the classroom, they’ve reformed for this 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary show, to sing their original winning song, ‘What A School’. Everybody, show your appreciation for the legendary...RABBLE!

*(The presenters stand back. To the first song’s fanfare intro (track 9), the members of RABBLE totter on stage with walking sticks. We’d suggest the group comprises 4 to 8 members, with an equal number of males and females. Their outfits resemble those of a certain Swedish group during their iconic era, although all members are visibly older! They each have grey hair and the men have grey beards and pot-bellies. They stand in the famous formation: one member face-on and the next in profile etc.)*

**NB – Although all the musical numbers in the show are led by specific groups, the whole cast should stand and sing to give the songs maximum impact.**

## Song **What A School!**

*(As the song ends and RABBLE lap up the applause, the presenters join the group.)*

**Graham** RABBLE there, everyone. Ah, bless them. Well, at least they had a go. *(to the group)* Wow! You guys don’t look a day over seventy-five.

**RABBLE** *(hands on hips, indignantly)* We’re sixty-one!

*(Björn whispers into his translator’s ear.)*

**Translator** Björn says, ‘Awkward!’

**Graham** Isn’t it just?! *(to audience)* So, let’s hear it again for the ‘legendary’ RABBLE!

*(RABBLE very slowly totter away on their walking sticks, waving to the audience. Graham watches them exit, impatiently looking at his watch as if to suggest they could move more quickly!)*

**Graham** *(as the last member leaves the stage)* Okay, good. Now that’s out of the way, let’s get on with the contest.

**Nell** So, the first act competing tonight is representing an important group of parents from our school community.

*(Björn whispers into his translator’s ear.)*

**Translator** Björn says you might know them as the PTA.

**Graham** Ah yes, the PTA...which we all know stands for 'pass the al...'

**Nell** *(interrupting)* Graham! Stop it! That's outrageous! Stick to the autocue!

**Graham** Oh, how dull. OK then...the PTA, a band of volunteers, *(sarcastically)* whose tireless money-raising efforts are greatly appreciated by all.

**Nell** We caught up with them during their last meeting, to see just what they get up to in their day-to-day lives. Roll VT....

## Scene 2

*(As the **intro music** plays (track 10), the presenters exit. 5 members of the PTA enter, carrying a table and 6 chairs, which they arrange facing the audience. Their names could be changed to any recognisable parents on your PTA. As the music fades, they sit down.)*

**Penny** *(folding her arms sulkily)* PTA meetings. Why on earth do we bother, Sandy?

**Sandy** But Penny, we make a real difference to this school. Don't you agree, Ronnie?

**Ronnie** *(distracted, looking at his phone)* Eh? What was that? So, will this meeting take long? The footie's already started. *(He carries on secretly looking at his phone.)*

**Gilly** *(standing and handing out printed agendas)* Thank you everyone. Now, as chair of the PTA committee, I call this meeting to order.

**Kev** Oh come on, Gilly. Do you have to be so official?

**Gilly** Now, look here, Kevin. I didn't get where I am today by pussyfooting about. Come along everyone, let's get started.

*(Mary enters, breathless, with a tin of cakes.)*

**Mary** Sorry, everyone! I was late getting these lemon drizzles into the oven.

**Penny** Ooh! Mary's brought lemon drizzles! *(standing)* I'll put the kettle on!

**Gilly** *(gesturing to Penny to sit)* Not now, Penny! We've too much to get through. So, first on the agenda, the recent quiz and chilli night. How do we think it went?

**Mary** I thought it was great fun, but I'd have preferred a quiz and cakes night.

**Sandy** There certainly would have been less of a queue for the toilets.

**Penny** True. It was a particularly spicy chilli.

**Kev** *(boastfully)* Nonsense! It was nowhere near spicy enough for me!

**Gilly** Is that why you had your tongue in the fridge all night when you should have

been in charge of the scoreboard? So, how much money did the event raise?

**Penny** Fourteen pounds and fifty-two pence...*(holding up a coin)*...plus a Euro.

**Gilly** Hmm, that's a bit embarrassing. Okay, well that brings us onto item 2 – treasurer's report. Penny, how much do we have in the PTA bank account?

**Penny** Bank account? Oh, I don't trust banks. *(producing a shoe box)* Our funds are better-off in here. I keep it under my bed.

**Ronnie** *(reacting to the football on his phone)* Oh, come on! That was clearly a dive!

**Gilly** What's that, Ronnie?

**Ronnie** Erm, erm... *(thinking on his feet)* I said I bet the bank balance has taken a dive.

**Penny** Well, I'll let you know exactly how much we have when it has all dried out.

**Sandy** Dried out?

**Penny** Yes. *(holding up wet notes)* My cat mistook the shoebox for her litter tray.

**All** Eeew!

**Gilly** Thank you, Penny. Let's move on to item 3 – the pending summer fete.

**Mary** Oooh! *(raising a hand)* I'll do the cake stall. Everyone thinks my cakes are...

**Ronnie** *(interrupting, reacting to the football on his phone)* Foul!

**Mary** Ronnie?!

**Ronnie** Erm...*(thinking on his feet)* foul...or fair weather, it'll be a great day with Mary's cakes. I'll do the barbeque again.

**Kev** Nice one! And I'll help you...again.

**Gilly** What?! After you burnt down the fence last year! We can't have a repeat of that!

**Kev** Well, since there's no fence to burn down anymore, it will be fine.

**Sandy** I'm doing well collecting the raffle prizes. We have a lovely scented candle donated by *(name of a local gift shop)*. It's quite unusual...essence of Brussels sprouts. There's a box of soft centre choccies...only three months past their sell-by date. And, as always, that unopened jigsaw of a plate of baked beans.

**Mary** Haven't we got rid of that jigsaw yet? It's been donated as a raffle prize every year since our eldest was in reception. It's absolutely...

**Ronnie** *(interrupting, reacting to the football on his phone)* Shoot!

**Gilly** Ronnie! But I agree. Maybe that jigsaw should go into the lost property bin! Now, the wet sponge throwing. We need a volunteer to go in the stocks.

- Sandy** May I suggest we raid Penny's shoebox to buy some new sponges for this? Last year a couple of the sponges Mr Dickinson took square in the face had previously been used to clean the infants' toilet! He wasn't happy when he found out and is flatly refusing to go in the stocks again this year!
- Gilly** So, we need a volunteer. Anyone? No? Even if we get new sponges?
- Ronnie** *(reacting to the football on his phone and punching the air)* Yes! Get in!
- Gilly** Thank you, Ronnie. Very generous of you.
- Ronnie** *(looking up)* Eh? What?
- Gilly** And finally on the agenda for the fete is Health and Safety. Thank you for offering again, Kev, but I think we need someone a little less 'enthusiastic.' The Air Ambulance crew wasn't too thrilled about being called out last year.
- Kev** But it was an emergency! There was blood everywhere! I was covered in it!
- Penny** It was tomato ketchup! Squirting yourself instead of the hot dog hardly constitutes an emergency!
- Gilly** Okay, well *(looking at her watch)* that's something to carry over to the next meeting, which will be one week from today. Time's up everyone – we all have homes and families to go to. But can I just say a big thank you and suggest we pat ourselves on the backs. Even though we have busy lives, we certainly work hard to give the school those little extras. This PTA really is...
- Ronnie** *(interrupting, reacting to the football on his phone)* Utter rubbish! What a useless bunch of talentless prima donnas! My 5-year-old could do better! I can't believe I dedicate my precious time to this, week in week out! And for what? Just to be let down again and again! Well, this is the last time. *(closing his eyes and clenching his fists)* I'm done!
- (The rest look at Ronnie in stunned silence!)*
- All** *(indignantly)* Well! If that's how you feel!
- (With noses in the air, they march out in a huff! It takes a moment for Ronnie to realise what has happened, then he apologetically runs after them.)*
- Ronnie** Ah...no...I didn't mean...hey, guys...listen...please.....guys? *(He exits)*
- (The wah-wah-wah sound effect plays (track 11). Graham, Nell, Björn and Translator enter.)*
- Graham** Ladies and gentlemen, singing their song 'Join The PTA', put your hands together for a fabulous group...
- Graham, Nell, Björn & Translator** Parent Power!

*(The presenters move to the side. To cheers, the parents re-enter as 'Parent Power', wearing shades and sparkly accessories, to lead the cast in their song. The chairs are*

*pushed back, the table is moved to the side and a sign is placed on it, reading 'RECRUITING.' A parent stands behind the table with a clipboard and during the song a steady stream of volunteers files past, signing their names and exiting. During the chorus, WW1-style placards are waved, reading 'YOUR PTA NEEDS YOU' and 'JOIN THE PTA'.)*

## Song Join The P.T.A.

*(Parent Power bow, wave and exit. They leave two chairs and the table, taking the other chairs off. The presenters move centre stage. Graham is visibly unimpressed.)*

**Graham** Parent Power there, ladies and gentlemen. You can take your fingers out of your ears now! What did you make of that, Björn?

*(Björn whispers, only very briefly, into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Björn said he particularly liked the uplifting chorus and the clever use of harmonies.

**Graham** Great. So, next...

**Translator** *(interrupting)* He says the lyrics were catchy and inspiring. He expects many adults in the audience will want to join the PTA after hearing this song.

**Graham** Okay. So, next...

**Translator** *(interrupting)* And he said he couldn't stop tapping his feet. It's going to be a hard act to follow.

**Graham** Björn said all that?

**Translator** Well, I left out all the unnecessary details!

**Nell** Right, next up is a fantastic group of people whom we could not do without – our premises officers. Arriving at the crack of dawn and not leaving until after dark, these unsung heroes ensure our school is clean, safe and secure. Let's see them in action. Roll VT...

## Scene 3

*(As the **intro music** plays (**track 13**), the presenters exit and three premises officers enter. Shirley sits on one chair, intently watching a laptop. Pete brings on two boxes, one labelled 'PTA RAFFLE PRIZES' and the other 'E-BAY' which he places on the table. Colin brings on an ironing board and sits behind it on the other chair, with an iron and a can of Febreze. He sprays a pair of trousers, irons them and hands them to Pete who folds them, then places them in the 'E-BAY' box.)*

**Pete** Thank you, Colin. Nice job.

*(We hear a knock. It is Rachel, another premises officer. Pete moves to the wing.)*

**Rachel** *(off stage in a hushed voice)* Quick, let me in!

*(Pete mimes opening the door and nervously ushers in Rachel, looking out to make sure she hasn't been followed! Rachel carries a large bin bag labelled 'LOST PROPERTY' which she puts down on*

*the table between the two boxes.)*

**Pete** Ah, Rachel. *(rubbing his hands in anticipation)* What goodies have we got today?

**Rachel** Hi, Pete. The usual lost property.

**Pete** All *unlabelled*, I presume?

**Rachel** Of course it is. *(wagging her finger at the audience)* It doesn't matter how many times parents are reminded to clearly label their children's belongings, it never seems to sink in, does it!? So, any action on E-Bay, Shirley? Anything shifted today?

**Shirley** *(glued to her laptop screen)* That Zara silver foil biker jacket that turned up last week...we've got ten watchers and the auction closes in 15 seconds.

**Rachel** Who wears a Zara biker jacket to school?

**Shirley** Isabella in Year 4.

**Pete** Honestly! Some people have more money than sense!

**Shirley** *(excited)* Ooh! Last-minute bidding...3, 2, 1...Get in! Fifty smackeroonies!

**Pete** *(punching the air)* Yes! That's another tidy sum to add to the *(making finger quotes)* 'premises officers' retirement fund'. *(winking and tapping his nose.)* That dream of a little place on the Costa del Sol might be coming true sooner than I thought!

**Rachel** Right, let's see what goodies we have today. A word of warning, guys, this lot is a bit 'ripe', if you know what I mean!

*(As the others gather round, she tips out the contents of the bag onto the table, in a pile between the two boxes. Everyone recoils at the smell!)*

**Shirley** Woohoo! I think we'll leave that for you to sort out, Colin!

*(Shirley sits down to look at her laptop, with Pete and Rachel looking over her shoulder. Colin pops a large clothes-peg on his nose and starts inspecting the lost property. He holds up a t-shirt and throws it onto the ironing board, then the same with a hoodie. He then holds up some dirty socks.)*

**All** *(turning to look)* Poo-eee!

*(Colin can't smell a thing and places the socks in the 'PTA RAFFLE PRIZES' box. He then picks up a baked beans jigsaw box – see previous scene – shakes it and also puts it in the 'PTA RAFFLE' box! He then holds up a pair of red Nike trainers.)*

**Colin** *(in an excited but indecipherable nasal voice)* Liminin-enishyun yair nyornon!  
*(which translates as 'Limited-edition Air Jordans!')*

**Shirley** Colin! Take the peg off your nose. We can't understand a word you're saying!

**Colin** *(He removes the peg - his voice is the same!)* Liminin-enishyun yair nyornon!  
*(They all rush over. Pete takes the trainers from Colin and holds them aloft as we hear the **holy grail** sound effect (track 14). They all stare in awe.)*

**Pete** Limited-edition Air Jordans! The holy grail of lost property!

**All** Ooooooh!

**Pete** Mark 4 retros...in red. Absolutely mint!

**All** Ooooooh!

**Pete** *(looking inside one of the trainers)* Ah. Hang on.

**All** What?!

**Pete** *(disappointed)* They have name tags glued onto the lining.

**All** *(also disappointed)* Oh!

**Shirley** Who do they belong to?

**Pete** *(squinting at the label)* Theo Mitchell.

**Rachel** Theo Mitchell. *(thinking)* Ah yes, he moved schools just last week 'cause his Mum got a new job up north. Guess he left these beauties behind!

**Shirley** Bingo! Then they're all ours! We'll get a fortune for them on eBay!

**Rachel** Not with name tags glued into them we won't.

**Shirley** Yeah, and those labels won't come off without leaving a sticky residue. We won't be able to sell them as 'mint condition' with a sticky residue.

**Pete** Hmm. This requires expert skills. Colin, go and fetch Fred. The old boy's outside weeding the sensory garden.

*(Colin exits. Shirley returns to the laptop while Pete and Rachel continue to stare in awe at the trainers. Colin re-enters, followed by a very doddering Fred. He wears brown overalls, a flat cap and is carrying a toolbox which he puts on the table.)*

**Fred** *(old, shaky voice)* Okay, tell me quickly what this is all about. I haven't got long. I need to be at boxercise in half an hour.

**Rachel** Okay, listen Fred. We've got this limited-edition pair of Nike trainers with sticky name tags that need removing. Do you think you're up to the job?

**Fred** *(sarcastically)* Pfft! Am I up to the job, indeed? Let the old dog see the rabbit.

*(Pete puts the trainers on the table. With the others gathered closely around, watching with bated-breath, Fred laboriously takes a pair of thick glasses out of his toolbox and puts them on. He then takes out another pair and puts them on over the first pair! The others look at each other, raising their eyebrows at Fred's slow progress! He then takes out a magnifying glass and a pair of tweezers. He looks through the magnifying glass at one of the trainers, takes a deep breath and is about to make the first incision with the tweezers, when...)*

**Colin** Achoooooo!

*(All jump and Fred drops the tweezers, magnifying glass and trainer. At least one pair of the glasses falls off his head!)*

**All** For heaven's sake, Colin!

**Colin** Syoyee. I goya cyow. (*‘Sorry. I’ve got a cold’ in a nasal voice*)

*(Fred repeats the laborious process of spectacling-up and painstakingly tweezers the label off the first trainer. He closely inspects the label through the magnifying glass, then slowly starts on the other trainer. The others twitch and sigh with impatience until he removes the second label! Again, we hear the **holy grail** sound effect (track 15) as Pete takes the trainers and holds them aloft.)*

**Pete** Great job, Fred...worth the wait!

**Fred** *(removing both pairs of glasses)* Okay, must dash. Boxercise starts soon!

*(Fred grabs his tool bag and leaves...very slowly, while all watch. He eventually exits.)*

**Pete** *(handing the trainers to Shirley)* Right Shirley, stick these on E-Bay with a reserve price of two-hundred quid. *(Rubbing his hands together, he breaks into song...)*  
‘Oh, this year I’m off to sunny Spain! Y viva Espana...!’

*(As flamenco music plays (track 16), the premises officers exit, patting each other on the back. Graham, Nell, Björn and Translator enter.)*

**Graham** Ladies and gentlemen, singing their song ‘Cleanin’ Up’, put your hands together for our next act of the evening...

**Graham, Nell, Björn & Translator** The Mop Tops!

*(The presenters move to the side. To cheers, the premises officers re-enter as the group ‘The Mop Tops’, wearing shades and sparkly accessories, to lead the whole cast in their song.)*

## Song : **Cleanin’ Up**

*(The Mop Tops bow, wave and exit. They take off the boxes, clothes and ironing equipment, leaving the two chairs and the table. The presenters move centre stage again. Björn is now wearing a yellow hard-hat and looking nervously at the ceiling.)*

**Graham** Well, it was good, but it’ll never replace singing!

**Nell** Graham, you’re always so rude!

**Graham** I know. *(pointing to the audience)* It’s why they love me. Hey Björn, what’s with the funky headgear? A hard-hat – far out!

*(Björn whispers into his translator’s ear.)*

**Translator** Björn said that, during the last song, his mother phoned him in a panic. She’d just heard that schools here in the UK are built with crumbly concrete and, being a concerned parent, she told him to take precautions in case tonight’s loud music causes the ceiling to come down!

**Nell** Well, Björn and his mother can rest assured that this school has all the necessary health and safety paperwork in place. *(looking up nervously)* I’m sure we’re all fine. So, Graham, who’s up next on School-O-Vision?

**Graham** *(also looking up nervously)* Well, we’ve already heard from the PTA and the

premises officers, so to take things to a new low...it's the teachers! Now, Have you ever wondered why teachers are always so tired? They'd have you believe that they're up all hours, planning lessons and marking, but is that really the case?

**Nell** Well, let's find out, shall we? We caught up with them on a typical Tuesday, at 4.30pm, in the staffroom. Roll VT...

## Scene 4

*(As the **intro music** plays (**track 18**), the presenters exit. The teaching staff enter, bringing on a display board on which is pinned a sign reading 'STAFFROOM' and typical posters and notices found on a staff noticeboard. A coffee table is placed centre-stage on which sits a large bowl labelled 'CONFISCATIONS', full of packs of crisps, cakes, sweets and cans of drinks. On the table, set back, is a set of turntables where Matt is DJ-ing, wearing shades, headphones and a sparkly jacket. **Dance music** plays throughout (**track 19**), quietly enough to hear the dialogue, as a cluster of smart-casually dressed teachers are bopping away! Seated on the two chairs to one side, Laura is crying as Maz comforts her. Bouncer Andy, wearing a smart suit, stands by a velvet rope to the other side. Dave, wearing a tracksuit and trainers, approaches Andy's velvet rope from off-stage.)*

**Andy** Sorry pal, you can't come in here. You're inappropriately dressed.

**Dave** Andy! It's me...Dave. I've just been taking after-school athletics club!

**Andy** Sorry, Dave. It's house policy. No trainers or tracksuits.

**Dave** Fine! Have it your way. I'll be back in a minute.

*(Dave exits grumpily. The action switches to Laura and Maz who are still seated.)*

**Laura** Oh, Maz. I can't believe he'd do this to me after all we've been through together.

**Maz** Oh, Laura. I'm so sorry, but it's clearly his decision.

**Laura** I just don't understand!

**Maz** I know, it must be awful for you. Come on, let's get you a drink.

*(Maz grabs a can from the confiscations bowl and gives it to Laura, rubbing her back sympathetically as Laura opens it and drinks.)*

**Matt** *(to the dancing staff)* Make some noise, party people! Put your hands in the air!

*(The dancing staff punch the air and give a loud 'Woo!' The action switches back to the velvet rope. Dave is back, having changed clothes. He points out to Andy his child's school jumper, trousers and black shoes, all of which are comically way too small for him! Andy laughs!)*

**Dave** Yeah, alright. I know I look like a wally, but it's all I could find in lost property!

**Andy** Ha! In you go, then. But don't give me any trouble.

*(Andy unfastens the rope and Dave goes over to Matt at the DJ table.)*

**Dave** Alright, Matt? How was Year 3 recorder group this afternoon?

**Matt** Awful! They make such a racket! Gives me a headache and earache every time. Plus, the music is such old-fashioned rubbish. I'm much more at home here, spinning some vinyl on the wheels of steel! *(to the dancing staff)* Come on everybody, let's D-I-S-C-O!

*(Dave joins in with the dancing. The action switches back to Laura and Maz.)*

**Laura** Oh, why did he do it, Maz? We were so good together.

**Maz** Look. Don't you think you're overreacting just a little bit?

**Laura** I just want to know why he would choose Mr Dickinson over me!

**Maz** *(glancing to the audience)* How long have you got?

**Laura** What?

**Maz** Nothing. *(standing)* Come on. Let's have a boogie. It'll take your mind off things.

*(Laura and Maz hit the dance floor. The action switches to the rope. Mrs Finton, a prim-looking teacher, has just arrived carrying a sheet of A4.)*

**Andy** Got any ID?

**Mrs Finton** I beg your pardon?

**Andy** Can I see some ID, please?

**Mrs Finton** For goodness' sake! It's me...Beatrice Finton...deputy head? Let me in. I just want to use the photocopier.

**Andy** Not without ID. It's the rules.

**Mrs Finton** *(annoyed, thrusting her lanyard in his face)* There. Happy now?

**Andy** Thank you, Mrs Finton! In you go.

*(Mrs Finton walks through the rope. She stops and looks disapprovingly at the party taking place.)*

**Matt** *(shouting over from the DJ table)* Yes! Mrs F in da house! Come on, show us your moves!

*(Mrs Finton glares at him sternly, then seems to change personality and boogies the width of the stage, exiting to use the photocopier! Dave goes over to the confiscations bowl and starts sifting through the contents.)*

**Dave** *(to one of the dancing teachers nearby)* Hey, Jane, are these going spare? *(picking up a sweet)* It's been a long day and I missed lunch.

**Jane** Help yourself. Danny in my class brought them in to give out after swimming. I *(finger quotes)* 'rescued' them from his bag!

**Dave** *(eating one)* Delicious! *(pointing)* And these cupcakes?

**Jane** Hannah Evans brought them in for her birthday. I told the class I'm sure I could

smell nuts in them, so I had to *(finger quotes)* 'remove them for health and safety reasons'!

**Dave** *(picking up a cake)* Hannah Evans? So, did her mum bake them?

**Jane** Her dad, I believe.

**Dave** *(replacing cake in the bowl)* Yeah...I think I'll give it a miss.

*(The dancing continues and the action switches back to Laura and Maz on the dance floor.)*

**Maz** Feeling any better?

**Laura** Yes thanks. I've just got to accept that he's Mr Dickinson's teaching assistant now. It's just that we worked so well together, but deep down I knew he always wanted to move to Year 3.

**Maz** Well listen, there's no reason why you can't still be friends. He's only two doors away. And on the plus side, your new TA seems nice. Emily, isn't it?

**Laura** Yes. And she brings her own Pritt Stick!

**Laura & Maz** *(high fiving)* Result!

**Matt** *(punching the air in time with the beat)* Let's see you tear the roof off this place, you cool cats! Can I get an 'ooh-a, ooh-a'!

*(The dancers respond with an 'ooh-a, ooh-a!' The music is turned up and the dancing gets more energetic. Mrs Finton then re-enters with a pile of A4 sheets which she slams down on the coffee table. The music track and the dancing immediately stop! All look at Mrs Finton.)*

**Mrs Finton** All I wanted was to photocopy one worksheet and there's no paper left! Someone has used it all on this! *(picking a sheet off the pile she slammed down)* So...who has been photocopying their bottom!?

*(All gather round the coffee table and pick up a sheet of paper each. They look at the image from different angles. After a short pause, they all agree and nod...)*

**All** Mr Dickinson! Definitely Mr Dickinson!

*(Mr Dickinson appears at the rope.)*

**Mr Dickinson** Err...hello...I...err...left my worksheets on the photocopier...so I've...err...

*(After a short pause, all erupt in laughter, waving the sheets, as Mr Dickinson covers his face! Matt returns to the DJ table.)*

**Matt** Come on, party people...let's CONGA!

*(The **dance music** starts up again, at full volume (**track 19**), Mrs Finton grabs Mr Dickinson's waist from behind, clearly checking-out his bottom! The others form a chain behind her and they joyfully exit, doing the conga! The presenters enter.)*

**Graham** Singing their song 'Boom! Boom! Boom! We're Rockin' The Staffroom', please make some noise for our next act of the evening...

**Graham, Nell, Björn & Translator** Hot Coffee!

*(The presenters move to the side. To cheers, the teaching staff enter as the group 'Hot Coffee', wearing shades and sparkly accessories, to lead the cast in their song.)*

## Song: **Boom! Boom! Boom!**

*(Hot Coffee bow, wave and exit. They take off the display board, chairs, coffee table, DJ equipment, bowl and velvet rope, leaving the table. The presenters move centre stage again.)*

**Graham** Let's look on the bright side. At least we'll never have to listen to that again!

*(Björn whispers into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Björn says that he thinks you are rather rude.

**Graham** Well, it's good to know that my insults can be appreciated internationally!

**Nell** Well, we all thought it was a magnificent performance, didn't we? And now, moving swiftly along, the next act is made up of our school's own culinary kings and queens, those chow-down champions...

*(Björn whispers into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Björn says, 'those heroes behind the hatch'.

**Nell** Very good, Björn! Yes everyone, it's time to hear from the kitchen staff, with whom we caught up during a recent hectic lunchtime service. Roll VT...

## Scene 5

*(As the **intro music** plays (**track 21**), the presenters exit. The kitchen staff, two women and two men, enter. They bring on another table which they place next to the one already there, to form a long table centre stage, which they cover with a white tablecloth. They place five trays of food on the table, along with serving spoons, a pile of dinner plates and a jar of cutlery. Head chef, Denise, stands to the side of the table, next to a white board on an easel, on which is written a menu of dishes – details to follow. The other three stand behind the table, ready for service.)*

**Denise** Are we all set, ladies?

**Alan** Ahem! How many times, Denise? George and I have been here since 2019!  
**Denise** Oh, Alan, I do apologise! George, I'm sorry. It's just that it was always 'dinner ladies' in my day.

**George** Don't you worry yourself, Denise. Times are certainly changing, eh? I find it hard to keep up too.

**Denise** Thank you, George. So, ladies...and gentlemen...are we all set? Hang on, where's the new girl? I thought you were looking after her, Janet? We could

really do with her here for service.

**Janet** Oh, you mean Kath? She's a strange one. Really bad-tempered, so I told her to stay out the back and peel potatoes, rather than serve the children.

**Alan** Good idea, Janet. Hey, did you know she trained under Gordon Ramsey? She comes very highly recommended.

**George** Gordon Ramsey? No way! I don't believe it!

*(We hear **Kath's tirade #1 (track 22)**. The others cock their heads, shocked at what they hear!  
NB - no children were harmed by knives, or indeed made to really swear, in the recording of this!)*

**George** Actually, I do believe it. She's definitely better off out the way of the children!

**Denise** Right ladies...

**Alan** Ahem!

**Denise** Sorry...and gentlemen, *(pointing to the words on the board)* let's recap on the menu we have prepared for lunch today. We have fishfingers, chips and beans. Sausages, chips and beans. Beef burger, chips and beans. Chicken burger, chips and beans. And the vegan option today...chips and beans.

**Alan** A classic school lunch menu. All dishes fit for kings!

**Janet** Ahem! And queens, Alan. You need to be consistent in your calling-out of sexism in the workplace!

**Alan** Sorry Janet. *(looking off-stage)* Ooh! Look busy, team! The head's coming!

*(The headteacher, Mrs Lomax, enters in a hurry.)*

**All** Good afternoon, Mrs. Lomax.

**Mrs Lomax** Hello, ladies...

**Alan** Ahem...

**Mrs Lomax** Sorry...and gentlemen! Just a quick reminder that the OFSTED inspectors are in this week and they are particularly looking forward to the 'Taste of France' menu you have prepared for our French Day today. And so am I! French Day is my absolute favourite day of the year! Ooh la-la!

*(Mrs Lomax exits in a hurry. The kitchen staff stand with mouths open, in a state of shock!)*

**Denise** French Day! I thought that was next Wednesday!

**George** And an OFSTED inspection!

**Alan** What are we going to do? The lunch bell is going to ring any second!

*(We hear the **lunch bell ring (track 23)**, and the kitchen look at each other, even more shocked!)*

**All** Sacre bleu!

**Janet** *(removing her apron and throwing it on the floor)* We may as well hand our notices in right now!

**Denise** Hang on, ladies...

**Alan** Ahem...

**Denise** NOT NOW, ALAN! Listen, I have an idea. Janet, get four strings of garlic from the storeroom. Alan, quickly go and grab four berets, which are conveniently kept in the KS1 dressing-up box! George, block the door and keep the kids out! I'm just going to make a quick adjustment to the menu.

*(Alan and Janet exit one side and return with the items. George stands to the other side, miming the blocking of the door. Denise takes a whiteboard pen from her pocket and quickly scribbles on the menu board, which she then places face-down on the table - to be revealed in a moment. She then hurriedly drapes the garlic strings around each of their necks and places berets on all heads. Then, with the marker pen she draws thin moustaches on top lips.)*

**Alan** Ahem...do you think we might be stereotyping the French here?

**Denise** NOT NOW, ALAN! Okay, are we ready? Right, George, you can let in les enfants, s'il vous plait!

*(George joins Alan and Janet behind the table, as they stand with serving spoons in hand. Four children line up to the side. Denise places the amended menu board back on the easel – all that has changed is the addition of the words 'le' and 'les' before the dish names! She joins the others behind the table, spoon in hand.)*

**Denise** Ah, bienvenue, everyone. For déjeuner today you have the choice of *(pointing to the menu board and speaking in a bad French accent)* les fishfingers, chips and beans. Les sausages, chips and beans. Le beef burger, chips and beans. Le chicken burger, chips and beans. Et le vegan option, les chips and beans.

**Child #1** *(taking a plate and holding it up to George)* Sausages, chips and beans please.

**George** That's 'les' sausages, chips and beans...s'il vous plait.

**Child #1** Oh, sorry...'les' sausages, chips and beans, s'il vous plait.

**George** *(spooning food onto the plate)* Et, voila!

*(Child #1 exits, looking at the plate of food and shaking his/her head. Child #2 takes a plate and stands in front of Janet.)*

**Child #2** Erm...since when has burger, chips and beans been a French dish?

**Janet** It's 'le' burger, chips and beans! That's French the last time I looked! Now, do you want it, or are you going to stand here arguing?

*(Child #2 holds up the plate and Janet spoons-on the food.)*

**Child #2** Thank you.

**Janet** That'd be 'merci', I think you'll find. Off you go - allez!

*(Child #2 exits despondently. Child #3 and Child #4 excitedly bound up to the table together, take a plate each and address Alan.)*

**Child #3** Ah, bonjour Monsieur! Pour mon déjeuner je voudrais les bâtonnets de poisson avec des frites et des haricots, s'il vous plait.

**Child #4** Et pour moi, le poulet s'il vous plait, aussi avec des frites et des haricots.

*(Alan looks blankly at the children.)*

**Alan** Come again?

**Child #3** *(sighing, deflated)* Fishfingers, chips and beans for me, and s/he'll have the chicken burger, chips and beans.

*(Alan spoons out the food, then Child #3 and Child #4 exit.)*

**Denise** Well, team, so far so good! I think we might just get away with this!

*(Mrs Lomax enters with the OFSTED inspector.)*

**Mrs Lomax** And, here's the school canteen. This is our team leader, Denise.

**Inspector** Splendid! And I'm told that today you have prepared some French dishes?

**Denise** Oui, Monsieur/Madame! All part of le service.

**Inspector** My, what fun! Magnifique!

**Janet** And will you be dining chez nous?

**Inspector** Well, I wasn't planning to. I had an egg and cress sandwich in my car, but... well, okay then. Why not, eh? What are the choices? *(looking at the menu, then frowning)* Hmm. So this is your idea of a French menu is it? Les sausages, le burger, les fishfingers...all with chips and beans? Not very inspiring, is it?

**Mrs Lomax** Err...yes...well...we....*(floundering)*

**George** *(jumping in)* Actually, we have a new chef on the team. She's been classically trained in fine French cuisine, by none other than Gordon Ramsey!

**Inspector** Gordon Ramsey, you say? Well, I suppose that is something positive I can put in my inspection report. And where is she? I'd like to meet her.

*(We hear Kath's tirade #2 (track 24). All cock their heads, shocked at what they hear! Mrs Lomax smiles nervously at the inspector! Please see previous disclaimer re. the recording of this!)*

**Mrs Lomax** Err...yes...so, let me show you our new library. We're really very proud of it...

*(Mrs Lomax ushers out the inspector. The kitchen staff give a French shrug to the audience...)*

**All** C'est La vie!

(As the **wah-wah-wah** sound effect plays (**track 25**), they exit. The presenters enter.)

**Nell** With their brand-new euro-remix of a traditional folk song, 'Chips and Beans', please welcome on stage our next act of the evening...

**Graham, Nell, Björn & Translator** Haute Cuisine!

(The presenters move to the side. To cheers, the kitchen staff enter as 'Haute Cuisine', wearing shades and sparkly accessories, to lead the cast in their song.)

## Song: Chips And Beans

(Haute Cuisine bow, wave and exit, taking off the tables and all props. The presenters move centre stage again. Björn taps a mobile phone and whispers to the translator.)

**Translator** Björn says that song made him hungry and he's ordering a Whopper with cheese on Deliveroo. He wants to know if you guys fancy anything.

**Graham** No thank you. After that last performance, I feel a little nauseous.

**Nell** Graham! Be nice!

**Graham** Whatever!

**Nell** I'm sure, like me, everyone here thought Haute Cuisine were fantastic! Now, having heard from the largest members of the school community, it's now time to hear from the smallest, as we shine a spotlight on the infants!

**Graham** Do we have to? Grubby little things. Hasn't the audience suffered enough?

**Nell** We caught up with the reception class last Wednesday afternoon, during carpet time. Roll VT...

## Scene 6

(As the **intro music** plays (**track 27**), the presenters exit. Reception teacher, Miss Tilly, enters carrying a chair, which she sits on. She is followed by five infant children, who sit at her feet, ready for carpet time. The floor is covered with scrunched up paper, tissues, clothes and other mess!)

**Miss Tilly** Good afternoon, children.

**Children** Good afternoon, Miss Tilly.

**Miss Tilly** So, our carpet time chat today is about something very important. You'll be going into Year 1 after the holidays and your new teacher will be expecting to see that you've learned some special skills here in Reception.

**Child #1** I can count to 100! Listen.. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, 44, 67, 99, 100!

**Miss Tilly** Yes, very good, but...

**Child #2** (*interrupting*) I know all the days of the week! Mumday, Shoesday, Wemsday,

Fursday, Flyday, Saggyday and Sunnyday!

**Miss Tilly** Yes, not quite what I meant...

**Child #3** *(interrupting)* I can say a poem that my Daddy taught me. There once was a sailor called Billy, who...

**Miss Tilly** Stop right there! Fingers on lips, everyone! Right, the skills I'm talking about are all to do with keeping ourselves and our classroom clean and tidy. Now, first of all, let's look around us. Who would like to tell me what's wrong?

*(The children gaze around, innocently shaking their heads, oblivious to the mess on the floor!)*

**Child #4** *(picking up and shaking a carton of milk)* Someone hasn't finished their milk and that's a waste? We shouldn't waste precious food and drink.

**Miss Tilly** No. Well, yes, you're right about wasting milk. I was thinking more about where you found it. Anyone? *(blank faces)* The milk carton? *(blank faces)* The paper? The crayons? All on the floor? *(blank faces)* Can we not see anything wrong here?

*(Miss Tilly stands and starts walking through the seated children, pointing out things of concern.)*

...the glue pots? The paint brushes? The...*(peering)*...socks? Hang on, who's not got their socks on!?

**Child #5** Me, Miss Tilly. I stepped in some yoghurt and had to take them off.

**Miss Tilly** Yoghurt?! Why was there yoghurt on the floor?! You see, this is why we need to have an important chat, children. This can't go on!

*(Miss Tilly gingerly steps through the children and through the mess, back to her chair. She crosses her legs and we see a tissue stuck to the sole of her shoe. She then notices it and picks it off, but it sticks to her finger! She is horrified and starts gagging, shaking her hand!)*

**Miss Tilly** Get it off me! GET IT OFF ME! *(The tissue is eventually flicked-off and she composes herself.)* Now, the next thing...*(calling)* come here please, Daisy. Could someone explain how Daisy ended up like this after this morning's art lesson?

*(Another child enters, covered head to toe in stuck-on bits of paper, their face painted in various colours...basically, as if the art cupboard has exploded over them!)*

**Children** *(gasping in awe)* Wow! She looks beautiful!

**Miss Tilly** No, she doesn't! She looks like a Christmas tree!

**Child #1** But Christmas trees are beautiful, Miss Tilly.

**Miss Tilly** *(getting frustrated)* Look, you're missing the point! We shouldn't...*(they are still looking in awe at Daisy)* Oh, never mind. Daisy, go and see Mrs Harris and get cleaned up. *(Daisy exits)* Children, eyes on me...*(they settle and look at her)* Thank you. Now, we need to...

*(Her words are interrupted by the sound of **breaking wind (track 28)**. The children don't respond, as if this is a totally normal occurrence! Miss Tilly sighs, before the smell hits and she again gags!)*

**Miss Tilly** Dear Lord in heaven above! Who did that?!

**Child #2** *(raising a hand)* I think it was me, Miss Tilly.

**Miss Tilly** You *think* it was you?! How can you not *know* if you...*(gagging again, then composing herself)* Children, this is something else we really need to address! If we're going to keep the classroom a pleasant place to be, you need to put your hand up and ask to leave the room if you think you are about to...

*(She is interrupted again by the sound of **breaking wind (track 29)**. Child #3 then raises a hand.)*

**Child #3** Miss Tilly, please can I leave the room.

**Miss Tilly** For the love of...*(gagging)*...I asked you to put your hand up *before* you needed to let it out!

**Child #3** But I think there's still some more to come, Miss Tilly.

**Miss Tilly** THEN GO! QUICKLY! *(Child #3 exits. Miss Tilly wafts the air.)* Now, before we continue, does anybody else need...*(all hands go up)*...well that's just silly! You can't *all* possibly need to leave the room at the same...

*(She is interrupted again by the sound of mass **breaking wind (track 30)**. She looks horrified!)*

**All** Sorry, Miss Tilly.

**Child #4** So please can we leave the room, Miss Tilly?

**Miss Tilly** No need, children...*(standing)*...I'm leaving!

*(With her hand over her nose and mouth she dashes off. The children look bewildered then stand and exit after her. The headteacher, Mrs Lomax then enters with the inspector from the previous scene.)*

**Mrs Lomax** And this is our Reception class...*(noticing the empty room)*...Oh! There doesn't seem to be anyone at home. I wonder where they are.

*(She looks at the mess on the floor and is shocked. She then sniffs and looks in horror at the audience, then at the inspector!)*

**Mrs Lomax** *(panicking)* So, did I mention we have a new library?! We're really very proud of it! Come and see...

*(As the **wah-wah-wah** sound effect plays (track 31), she turns and pushes the protesting inspector back out. The presenters enter.)*

**Nell** Aaah. Those little ones are so sweet.

*(Björn whispers into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Björn says they're certainly not sweet on the nose! If this was the *smell-O-vision* song contest, he says they'd be outright winners!

**Graham** Oi, Björn! You're nicking my lines! The witty put-downs are my department, thank you very much!

**Nell** C'mon, boys! Let's not fall out. We have the next act to introduce. Ladies and

gentlemen, from the streets, keepin' it real, straight outta reception, it's...

**Graham, Nell, Björn & Translator** Tiny T and the Chaos Crew!

*(The presenters move to the side. To cheers, the infants re-enter, wearing baseball caps and bling, fronted by rapper, Tiny T, who is flanked by Stinky G and DJ Dirt.)*

## Song: Total Chaos

*(The crew bow, wave and exit. The presenters move centre stage again.)*

**Graham** Oh, my word! Pick a key. Any key. I wish I'd picked the key that locked them in their classroom!

**Nell** Graham!

*(Björn whispers into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Bjorn said there's so much love in the room.

**Graham** I doubt there's very much for those infants! *(to the audience)* Are you enjoying the show so far, everybody? You can be honest.

**Nell** Graham! I'm sure they're loving it! And there's still one more act to come.

**Graham** I was afraid you'd say that.

**Nell** Our final group to feature in this year's School-O-Vision Song Contest could be described as big fish in a little pond. Ready to spread their wings and fly to pastures new, let's lift the lid on what it really means to be a Year 6 leaver. We recently caught up with some of them in the park after school. Roll VT...

## Scene 7

*(As the intro music plays (track 33), the presenters exit. Four friends enter wearing primary school uniform. Friend #1 has his/her back to the audience, facing the other three friends. S/he is miming tying a tie as the other three chant...)*

**3 Friends** "Fat over thin, fat around again, fat into keyhole, right down the drain".

**Friend #2** No, that's terrible. Try it again.

**3 Friends** "Fat over thin, fat around again, fat into keyhole, right down the drain".

**Friend #3** *(who is male)* No, that's even worse! Give it another go. Slowly, this time. Now come on, concentrate.

**Friend #1** *(frustrated)* What's the keyhole again?

**Friend #4** *(pointing)* That bit there. That's the keyhole.

**3 Friends** *(more slowly)* "Fat over thin, fat around again, fat into keyhole, right down the

drain".

*(Friend #5 enters.)*

**Friend #5** What are you doing, guys?

**Friend #2** We're practising how to tie a tie for big school.

**Friend #5** And how's it going?

**Friend #1** *(turning round to reveal a big bow tie!)* What do you think?

**Friend #5** Yeah, I think you need a bit more practice!

**Friend #4** At this rate you'll have to get up at 6 in the morning to make it to school on time.

**Friend #1** I hope the rest of the uniform isn't as tricky as this.

**Friend #5** I've just come from Sam's. S/he was trying on her/his new school uniform with her/his mum, so I left them to it. S/he should be here in a minute.

**Friend #2** They're a bit keen! We haven't even broken up for the summer yet!

**Friend #3** At least s/he's getting a *new* uniform. I've got to have a hand-me-down.

**Friend #4** What's wrong with that? Loads of people get hand-me-downs.

**Friend #3** It was my big sister's! Anyway, I don't want to have to think about it just now. We've got summer to look forward to first. What's everyone got planned?

**Friend #1** I'm planning on doing a lot of growing. I'm not looking forward to being one of the smallest kids in the school again.

**Friend #2** I'm really going to miss everything about Year 6, especially Mrs Richards.

**Friend #3** Yeah, she's a great teacher. Everyone's going to miss her.

**Friend #4** You know, she said she was going to miss us, too.

**Friend #5** Did she?

**Friend #4** Yeah, she said she was going to miss us "like a hole in the head".

**All** *(misunderstanding the simile)* Ahhh, that's nice.

**Friend #5** When I told her that there were 2 weeks, 14 hours and 37 minutes until we leave primary school for good, I'm sure I saw a tear in her eye.

**Friend #2** Hey, you'll never guess what. I found out she's going to be at the same hotel as me and my family when we on go holiday! When I told her, I'm sure I saw a tear in her eye too! It was obviously a tear of joy.

**All** Yes, she's definitely going to really miss us.

**Friend #1** So guys, do you think we can practise this tie thing again. I'm sure I'll crack it this time.

**Friend #2** Of course. Hey, we're going to look so grown-up in our big school uniforms!

**Friend #4** Yeah. It'll be so cool. People are going to take us much more seriously.

*(Friend #6, Sam, enters wearing a comically oversized school uniform! There is a moment of silence when everyone has a chance to take in what they are looking at. They then smile sympathetically.)*

**Friend #3** Don't worry, Sam...

**All** You'll grow into it.

**Friend #6** I think I look stupid.

**Friend #3** Then, we'll look stupid together. We're all in the same boat.

**Friend #6** But won't the older kids tease us?

**Friend #5** Nah! They were in Year 7 once. They know what it's like. And, anyway, we've got each other's backs. Through good times and through SATs, we've always been there for each other.

**Friend #1** And we always will be. Come on, time to go. My mum's waiting to teach me how to fasten shoes that don't have Velcro! Growing up is sooooo hard!

*(They fist-bump and/or hug and exit. The presenters enter, all dabbing their eyes and sniffing!)*

**Nell** Aah, well that was very emotional.

*(Björn whispers into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Bjorn says there's not a dry eye in the house!

**Nell** No catty comment from you Graham?

*(Graham takes a giant spotted hanky from his pocket and blows his nose loudly into it.)*

**Graham** Honestly, the dust in this place! It really is... *(his voice trails off into sobbing!)*

**Nell** Well, we need to keep that energy up, so it's a good thing that the final song of the evening is something we can all dance to! Singing 'Moving On', their toe-tapping tribute to this school, ladies and gentlemen, we give you...

**Graham, Nell, Björn & Translator** The Be-Leavers!

*(The presenters move to the side. To cheers, the friends return as 'The Be-Leavers', wearing shades and sparkly accessories, to lead the cast in their song.)*

## Song: Moving On

*(The group bow, wave and exit. The presenters move centre stage again.)*

**Nell** The Be-Leavers there – the last act of the evening. Now, we mustn't forget that this is a competition and, like any other competition, we need to find a winner.

*(Björn whispers into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Björn says it's a difficult decision and one not to be taken lightly, so we are asking you, the audience, to decide who that winner will be.

**Graham** *(looking at the audience)*. Are you sure that's wise? Look at the state of them! One brain cell between the lot of them! A few fries short of a Happy Meal! Looks like they fell out of the stupid tree and hit every branch on the way down...

**Nell** Graham! That's too much! Even for you!

**Graham** Sorry, I don't know what came over me. It must be all the excitement!

**Nell** Ladies and gentlemen, you must decide which act is your favourite. We will call out the name of each one in turn and when you hear your favourite you should clap and cheer as loudly as you can! The act who generates the most noise will be declared the winner and invited to close the show with an encore of their song! So, without further ado, let's hear it for... Parent Power and their song 'Join The PTA'!

*(A member of each group stands and waves as their name is mentioned. You could also display the backdrop of each act's logo in turn. The audience is given time to clap and cheer each act.)*

**Graham** The Mop Tops with 'Cleanin' Up'!

**Nell** With 'Boom! Boom! Boom! We're Rockin' The Staffroom' we had Hot Coffee!

**Translator** And singing 'Chips And Beans' we had Haute Cuisine!

**Graham** Tiny T and the Chaos Crew with 'Total Chaos'!

**Nell** And finally, singing 'Moving On', let's hear it for The BeLeavers!

*(Björn whispers into his translator's ear.)*

**Translator** Oh, why the heck not?! Björn says he'd love to hear from RABBLE again, so if you think their performance of 'What A School' was the highlight of the evening, make some noise for RABBLE!

*(During the cheers and applause, the presenters huddle in conversation, then emerge as it fades.)*

**Graham** *(finger in his ear listening to the producer)* Well, it's a very close call, but the winners of the 2024 School-O-Vision Song Contest are...

*(We hear a drum roll (track 35), during which Björn whispers into his translator's ear. The drum roll then comes to a sudden stop...)*

**Translator** Graham, just one moment. Björn has asked if *he* could announce the winners?

**Graham** What? Björn? Really? But he's about as much use as...

**Nell** Graham!

**Graham** Okay, okay, okay! Whatever. But don't say I didn't warn you.

*(Björn takes centre-stage and we hear a sharp intake of breath from all! He composes himself, takes a sheet of notes from his pocket, then speaks slowly and confidently...in perfect, eloquent English!)*

**Björn** Most esteemed guests and viewers, what a sensationally-spectacular evening we have had the pleasure and honour to be a part of. *(More gasps from all!)* Music is truly a uniting force in our lives. It transcends all boundaries and brings light to the darkest of places. Indeed, to borrow a quote from four of my famous countrymen and women, 'Who could live without it? I ask in all honesty.' Our most sincere thanks go to those who have performed for us tonight, giving generously of their talents so that we might be so wonderfully entertained. But we must also extend our gratitude and appreciation to those who have worked behind the scenes to ensure the success of this show, and to those who are behind every other achievement our school has enjoyed this year. Our community relies on all of you to play your part, and with your invaluable help we continue to flourish. *(Allow a moment for applause.)* As for those of us who are leaving for pastures new, we will take with us the happiest memories of our time in your company. We will miss you, but we promise to continue to do everything we can to make you proud of us. For everything you have given us to set us on our way, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts. *(Allow a moment for applause.)* And now, the moment you have all been waiting for. It gives me great pleasure to announce that the winners of this year's School-O-Vision Song Contest are.....

*(The winners are announced and, as the intro music plays (track 36), they take to the stage.)*

**Feel free to end the show how you see fit. If there is a clear winner from the previous cheers and applause from the audience, perform that song again. Or you may think that another rendition of 'What A School' or 'Moving On' is more fitting for the occasion.**

**Whatever you choose, the whole cast should give it their all and the audience should be encouraged to get up on their feet to dance and sing along. As the song ends, the whole cast should wave and shout out together, 'THANK YOU AND GOODNIGHT!'**

# THE END