



# Scene 1

(The school hall. As the **intro music** plays (**track 20**), the cast enters. Mrs Boots stands front and centre stage. Behind her, seated in a line, are the staff: Miss Spiggot, Mr Dodger (eating biscuits), Mr Longbottom (snoozing), Mrs Pepper, Miss Jones, Miss Daisy and the School Cook. A number of children, including the named Year 6 students, sit cross-legged facing Mrs Boots. Flash and Spice bounce to the front for their **DJ intro #1** (**track 1 - vocal demo, track 21 - backing**)

**Flash & Spice** Yo! Pop diggers!

**Flash** I'm DJ Flash!

**Spice** I'm DJ Spice!

**Flash & Spice** A tasty twosome – cool as ice!  
We keep the beat, we keep the flow,  
We're here to guide you through the show.  
So if you'll let us set the scene,  
It's school assembly – know what I mean?  
There's a bombshell about to drop!  
School of Pop, let's rock!



(Flash and Spice finish their rap and hold a gangsta pose!)

**Mrs Boots** Rupert and Jemima, stop all that silliness and sit down.

**Flash & Spice** (obediently) Yes, Mrs Boots. Sorry, Mrs Boots.

(Flash and Spice sit down with the other children, facing Mrs Boots.)

**Mrs Boots** So, at the end of our final assembly of the Spring term, sadly it is time to say goodbye to our longest-serving teacher, Miss Spiggot, who has taught Year 6 for an amazing forty-five years! (turning to Miss Spiggot) We will miss you so much, Miss Spiggot. Ditchwater Academy simply won't be the same without you. Perhaps you'd like to say a few words?

**Miss Spiggot** (sighing) If I really have to. (reluctantly taking centre stage) As Mrs Boots said, I have been plugging away here for forty-five long years, though it seems like centuries, during which time I have seen many members of staff come and go. So, I suppose I should leave you with some final thoughts about our time together here at Ditchwater. Firstly, Mrs. Boots, thank you for your leadership. You have guided the school well...under my supervision. And you, (pointing) Mr Baldy. Gary, we have worked together many years and...

**Mr Dodger** (spitting biscuit crumbs) Gary?! Gary Baldy?! My name is Jamie Dodger!

**Miss Spiggot** Yes, whatever. After a rather shaky start, you settled well into your role.

**Mr Dodger** Thank you, Miss Spiggot...I think.

**Miss Spiggot** And, of course, there's my dear, dear friend, Miss Jones. Now, Joanne, we have also known each other a long time...

- Miss Jones** It's Julie! Julie Jones!
- Miss Spiggot** Yes, whatever. You are an excellent Reception teacher. It's just a shame you are teaching Year 4.
- Miss Jones** Er...thank you?
- Miss Spiggot** And to the rest of you, Mr Shorthand...
- Mr Longbottom** *(nudged awake by Miss Jones)* It's Mr Longbottom. *(He dozes off again.)*
- Miss Spiggot** ...Miss Lily...
- Miss Daisy** Miss Daisy.
- Miss Spiggot** ...Mrs. Salt...
- Mrs Pepper** Mrs Pepper.
- Miss Spiggot** ...and our school cook, Maude...
- School Cook** It's Marge!
- Miss Spiggot** Whatever! Your approach to food preparation is certainly 'original'. All of you, good luck with this bunch *(pointing to the children)*. I really don't envy...
- Mrs Boots** *(stepping in)* Let's have a round of applause for Miss Spiggot. *(All applaud.)* Well, everyone, enjoy your Easter break. And, Year 6, you will have a new teacher for the summer term, who will be wonderful...I'm sure. His name is Mr Garlow, and he will see you through to the end of your time here at Ditchwater Academy. Thank you, everyone. You may go.
- (The children stand and form a huddle stage left. The staff form a huddle stage right.)*
- Freya** Mr Garlow? A man!
- Ricky** Sounds scary.
- Ash** What? Even more scary than Miss Spiggot?
- Alex** Good point. I wonder what this Mr Garlow will be like.

## Song **Mr Garlow**

*Track 2 - vocal demo*  
*Track 22 - backing track*  
**Lyrics p30**

*(As the song ends, the children exit)*

- Mr Longbottom** Mrs. Boots, what is this Mr Garlow like? How was he in the interview?
- Mrs Boots** Barry seems like a thoroughly decent chap, if a little 'enthusiastic'.
- Mrs Pepper** Sorry? Barry? Barry Garlow?

- Mrs. Boots** Yes. Barry Garlow. Why?
- Miss Daisy** Well, it's just that he has exactly the same name as the lead singer of Get This, the famous pop band from years ago!
- Mrs. Boots** Oh, yes. He did mention in his interview something about a previous career in music. Said he'd had a few 'number ones' and the occasional 'number two'. I thought he was just being rude.
- Mr. Dodger** Barry Garlow and Get This! Even I know they were the biggest pop band ever!
- Miss Jones** *(swooning)* The actual Barry Garlow...teaching in our school!

*(Miss Jones faints dramatically. As the **scene change music** plays plays (track 23), the staff members exit, two of them carrying off Miss Jones. The stage is made ready for the next scene.)*



## Scene 2

*(An interview room. Mrs Boots and 4 Governors sit at a table with 'GOVERNORS' clearly written on a sign. Opposite them is a single empty chair. Flash and Spice bounce to the front of the stage for their next **DJ intro #2 (track 3 - vocal demo, track 24 - backing)**)*

- Flash & Spice** Yo! Pop diggers!
- Flash** I'm DJ Flash!
- Spice** I'm DJ Spice!
- Flash & Spice** A tasty twosome – cool as ice!  
Now, pay attention to our rhyme,  
We're going one month back in time.  
We'll watch that interview procedure  
To find another Year 6 teacher.  
And so we're turning back the clock...  
School of Pop, let's rock!
- (Flash and Spice finish their rap and hold a gangsta pose!)*
- Mrs Boots** Rupert and Jemima, are you on the board of governors?
- Flash & Spice** No, Mrs Boots.
- Mrs Boots** Then would you kindly stop doing all that ridiculous bobbing about, and skedaddle? Oh, and send in the first candidate.
- Flash & Spice** *(obediently)* Yes, Mrs Boots. Sorry Mrs Boots.
- (Flash and Spice exit. Miss Bouncé flounces in.)*
- Governor #1** Ah, take a seat, Miss...

- Miss Bouncé** *(sitting)* Miss Bouncé. But please, call me Flouncy.
- Governor #1** So your name is...let me get this right...Flouncy Bouncé?!
- Miss Bouncé** Yes.
- Mrs Boots** Hmm. I think we'll stick with Miss Bouncé. Now, please tell the school governors and me why we should employ you as our new Year 6 teacher.
- Miss Bouncé** You should pick me because...*(thinking)*...I simply love little children. The littler the better.
- Governor #2** You realise you'd be teaching eleven-year-olds, Miss Bouncé?
- Miss Bouncé** And how little are they? *(standing, raising her hand to knee level)* This high?
- Governor #2** A little higher.
- Miss Bouncé** *(raising her hand to hip level)* This high?
- Governor #3** Miss Bouncé, Year 6 children are about...your height.
- Miss Bouncé** Oh well. Never mind.
- Governor #3** So, apart from wanting to teach little children, why else should we employ you?
- Miss Bouncé** *(skipping around)* Because I love skipping...and butterflies...and pretty flowers...and...
- Governor #4** And what about teaching English and Maths, Miss Bouncé?
- Miss Bouncé** *(Stops skipping)* Oh, goodness me, no! Small children don't want to do all that. I certainly don't.
- (Mrs Boots and the Governors look at each other in dismay.)*
- All** NEXT!
- (A little teary, Miss Bouncé exits, brushing past a track-suited Mr Beefy, who strides in confidently.)*
- Mr Beefy** Morning. Beefy's the name.
- Governor #4** Please take a seat, Mr Beefy.
- Mr Beefy** I'll stand, if you don't mind. *(patting his stomach)* Good for the core.
- Mrs Boots** As you wish. So, Mr Beefy, why should you be our new Year 6 teacher?
- Mr Beefy** Leave it out, Guv'nor! The state of those other candidates, it's a no-brainer. You might as well give me the job here and now!
- Mrs Boots** I'm actually not a governor, I'm the headteacher! And to be clear, Mr Beefy, we'll make a decision after we've interviewed *all* the candidates.

**Mr Beefy** Please yourselves. But it's a waste of time if you ask me.

**Governor #4** Why, Mr Beefy? What can you bring to the job that the others can't?

**Mr Beefy** Just look at me. *(flexing muscles)* I'm a perfect specimen. I would insist all the children follow my strict regimen to achieve a healthy mind and body. We would start the day with ten burpees and twenty press-ups, followed by a quick 5k round the field and 60 seconds in an ice bath. I'd bring in my own ice bath, free of charge of course.

**Governor #1** Mr Beefy, you're seriously suggesting our children take an ice bath before lessons?

**Mr Beefy** Knew you'd like it!

**Governor #1** I don't think we like it one little bit, Mr Beefy.

**Mr Beefy** No? Well, did I mention the face stretches?

*(Mr Beefy pulls a series of hilarious funny faces to the audience, finishing with holding a wide-eyed expression sticking his tongue right out at his interviewers! Mrs Boots and the Governors look at each other in dismay.)*

**All** NEXT!

*(Mr Beefy exits in a huff. Ms Harshly marches in.)*

**Ms Harshly** *(with authority)* I assume one sits here? *(She sits)*

**Governor #2** Yes, indeed. Please take a...oh, you have already! Now, *(looking at notes)* you must be Ms Harshly.

**Ms Harshly** That is correct.

**Governor #2** So, Ms Harshly, why should we pick you to be our new Year 6 teacher?

**Ms Harshly** Now, look here. In my book, there is only one way to educate children. You must challenge their young minds.

**Governor #3** Well, of course. I think we'd all agree with that. And how will you be challenging the minds of our Year 6 here at Ditchwater Academy?

**Ms. Harshly** I teach all my lessons speaking Ancient Greek. I never utter a word in English.

**Governor #3** All Ancient Greek? No English?

*(Mrs Boots and the Governors look at each other in disbelief.)*

**Mrs Boots** Thank you, Ms Harshly. We'll be in touch!

*(Ms Harshly marches off defiantly. The Governors and Mrs Boots pace about, frustrated that the interviews aren't going well. During the next song, the previous three interview candidates re-enter to rap their verse.)*

# Song **Hey, Guv'nor!**

*Track 4 - vocal demo*  
*Track 25 - backing track*  
*Lyrics p31*

*(Mrs Boots and the Governors point to the door and the candidates leave in a huff. After the final call of 'Next', Mr Garlow enters with a flourish, larger than life!)*

**Mr Garlow** You called? Barry Garlow at your service. *(air-guitar pose)* KERRANG!

**Mrs Boots** *(unimpressed)* Sit down please, Mr Garlow.

**Barry** *(sitting with a flourish)* Your wish is my command, oh esteemed leader!

*(The Governors and Mrs Boots look at each other with a 'who-is-this-guy?' expression!)*

**Governor #4** Mr Garlow, please tell us...

**Mr Garlow** *(interrupting)* Why you should pick moi? Well, I believe I was born to teach.

**Governor #4** Born to teach? So, that is what you've being doing since birth is it?

**Mr Garlow** BOING! *(pointing with both hands)* You got me, dude! I actually spent my younger years being the most spectacular pop star in the most excellent pop band, Get This.

**Governor #1** Ah, so you are *the* Barry Garlow? Sorry, but we didn't recognise you! You've changed quite a bit!

**Mrs Boots** *(shrugging at the Governor next to her and mouthing...)* Who is he?

**Mr Garlow** Well, my pop career was half a lifetime ago. I'm now a family man and I've recently retrained as a primary school teacher! I want to inspire children to go out into the world, full of confidence and aspirations. *(He stands and adopts a heroic pose)* To think big, aim high. To achieve amazing things, like I did. *(air guitar pose)* KERRANG!

**Governor #1** Well, that's good to know. Thank you, Mr Garlow. I think we've heard enough. You may go.

**Mr Garlow** Can I ask when I'll find out if I've got the job?

**Mrs Boots** The governors and I will discuss all the candidates and let you know. We won't be long. In my experience, it only takes a minute.

**Governor #2** Ha! Very good, Mrs Boots!

**Mrs Boots** *(confused)* Why? What did I say?

**Mr Garlow** Cool! In that case, I'll catch you later, dudes. *(air guitar pose)* KERRANG!

*(He exits. The Governors and Mrs Boots look slightly stunned. After a brief pause...)*

**Mrs Boots** Okay. So, who do we think should be given the job?

- All Governors** *(enthusiastically)* Definitely Mr Garlow!
- Mrs Boots** Not really my cup of tea and awfully unconventional. But...he does have a certain 'je ne sais quoi' that could go down well with the children.
- Governor #3** The actual Barry Garlow!
- Governor #4** Teaching at Ditchwater Academy!
- Governor #1** You couldn't make it up!
- Governor #2** *(to the audience)* Well, someone obviously did.
- Mrs Boots** I have no idea what you're talking about, but I think we're all agreed. Let's give him the news, shall we? *(calling out)* Mister Garlow!

*(As the **scene change music** plays plays (track 26), the Governors and Mrs Boots exit and the stage is made ready for the next scene.)*



## Scene 3

*(The classroom. The named Year 6 children – see character list – plus extras if numbers allow, are in their classroom. They sit at tables facing a whiteboard. Flash and Spice bounce to the front of the stage for their next **DJ intro #3 (track 5 - vocal demo, track 27 - backing)***

- Flash & Spice** Yo! Pop diggers!
- Flash** I'm DJ Flash!
- Spice** I'm DJ Spice!
- Flash & Spice** A tasty twosome – cool as ice!  
A new school term, the kids are keen,  
Mr Garlow's on the scene!  
Wondering how he'll settle in?  
Will he sink or will he swim?  
Well let's find out, it's 9 o'clock...  
School of Pop, let's rock!

*(Flash and Spice finish their rap and hold a gangsta pose, then take their seats with the rest of the class. We hear the **school bell (track 28)** and Barry Garlow enters with a flourish. He struts over to the whiteboard and, as the spellbound class watches, writes 'MR GARLOW' in large letters. He then spins round with a huge smile and greets the children.)*

- Mr Garlow** Good morning, Year 6. My name is...*(pointing behind to the whiteboard)*... Mr Garlow! *(air-guitar pose)* KERRANG!
- Class** *(timidly)* Good morning, Mr Garlow.
- Mr Garlow** No! Like this... 'Good morning, Mr Garlow *(air-guitar pose)* KERRANG!'
- Class** *(with a little more confidence)* Good morning, Mr Garlow.

- Flash** (very unsure) Kerrang?
- Mr Garlow** (pointing at Flash) You. The cool banana. Hit me with your name, dude.
- Flash** It's...errr...Rupert, Mr Garlow.
- Mr Garlow** Well, Rupert. You are on my pop-tastic wavelength. (saluting) I salute you. The rest of you, shall we try again? Good morning, Year 6. My name is Mr Garlow, (air-guitar pose) KERRANG!
- Class** (standing) GOOD MORNING MR GARLOW! (air-guitar pose) KERRANG!
- Mr Garlow** POP-TASTIC!
- Spice** (shooting a hand up) Mr G! Is it true you used to be a real-life pop star?
- Mr Garlow** (modestly, but secretly happy to be asked) You got me! Time to 'fess up. Yes, you are looking at the one-and-only Barry Garlow, one-time member of the awesome pop band, Get This!
- Alex** (shrugging) Never heard of them.
- Flash** Alex, you're kidding! Get This were pop royalty back in the day!
- Spice** (putting an arm round Flash's shoulder) We love all kinds of music, Mr G. Even the old stuff. When we grow up, we're going to be radio DJs.
- Flash & Spice** School of Pop, let's rock! (holding a gangsta pose!)
- Mr Garlow** Loving the attitude! I wonder if anyone else has dreams for the future? C'mon the rest of you, tell us what you're gonna be when you grow up!

**NB - the characters associated with each 'dream job' in the following song can be changed to match any changes you have made to name and/or gender.**

## Song **What You Gonna Be?**

*Track 6 - vocal demo  
Track 29 - backing track  
Lyrics p32*

*(The song grinds to a halt as Alex refuses to sing. All sit back down.)*

- Joe** Alex doesn't sing.
- Mr Garlow** Alex! Is this true?
- Alex** I hate singing. I was once made to sing at my auntie's wedding. I was so bad, I made everyone cry. I have never been so embarrassed in my whole life. I will never, ever, ever sing again. Full stop!
- Mr Garlow** Hey, I'm cool with that. Note to self...Alex, he/she no sing.
- Sam** Can we do some maths now, Mr Garlow? Singing is fun, but we're not really learning anything, are we?

**Class** Sam!

**Mr Garlow** I beg to differ, Doctor Sam. Performing arts give you the confidence to face an audience, which is usually a bunch of strangers. When you're a doctor, your audience will be all your patients.

**Ricky** So, being a doctor is a kind of performance.

**Ash** You have to hold people's attention.

**Jody** Yeah. And you get to wear a doctor's costume.

**Freya** It's just like being on stage.

**Sam** I'd never thought about it like that. Interesting.

**Mr Garlow** You kids are A-MA-ZING. The future looks bright. Give me a KERRANG!  
*(All stand, apart from Alex who looks uncomfortable.)*

**Class** *(air-guitar pose)* KERRANG!

**Mr Garlow** Right. Time for some algebra!

**Class** Oh!

**Sam** *(punching the air)* Yay!

*(As the **scene change music** plays (track 30), all exit. The stage is cleared for the next scene.)*



## Scene 4

*(A forest. Wearing hi-vis bibs, the named Year 6 children, plus extras if numbers and space allow, enter with compasses and maps. They look lost. Flash and Spice, also in hi-vis bibs, bounce to the front of the stage for their next **DJ intro #4 (track 7 - vocal demo, track 31 - backing)**)*

**Flash & Spice** Yo! Pop diggers!

**Flash** I'm DJ Flash!

**Spice** I'm DJ Spice!

**Flash & Spice** A tasty twosome – cool as ice!  
The Year 6 class have all jumped ship  
And gone on their residential trip.  
They're hiking through the countryside,  
But which direction? They can't decide!  
They're suffering a mental block...  
School of Pop, let's rock!

*(Flash and Spice finish their rap and hold a gangsta pose.)*

- Alex** You two, stop messing about! We could do with some help here! Less than 24 hours into our residential trip and we're already lost!
- Flash & Spice** *(joining the others)* Sorry, Alex.
- Joe** They've given me a map of *(peering)* Klofron! I've never heard of 'Klofron'.
- Sam** Joe, you're holding the map the wrong way round!
- Joe** *(turning the map round)* Oh. Norfolk! That explains it! Thanks Sam.
- Freya** No wonder we're lost! Norfolk is so...big. It makes you feel so...small!
- Ricky** That's what it's gonna feel like at secondary school next term. We'll be the smallest kids again...*(pointing to the ground)* just like those ants.
- Ash** And, we'll have to go to different rooms to do different subjects! New subjects, like physics...
- Jody** ...and chemistry, and biology! It's going to be very hard.
- Flash** But guys, we'll get to do more of the cool stuff, like music!
- Alex** I'm not singing. No way!
- Spice** They might make you, Alex.
- Alex** If they do, I'll pretend to be ill or something. Anyway, I don't want to think about it. Come on, *(pointing at map)* we need to get here before dark.
- (The children try to look enthusiastically at their maps, but their faces betray an air of sadness.)*
- Jody** I was really enjoying this residential until we started talking about leaving Ditchwater Academy. Now I just want to go home.
- (Mr Garlow enters, also wearing a hi-vis bib and carrying a map and compass..)*
- Mr Garlow** Here you all are! I was getting worried! *(air-guitar pose)* KERRANG!
- All Children** *(unenthusiastically)* Kerrang.
- Mr Garlow** Hey, dudes. Why the long faces? What's the problemo?
- Ricky** Year 7. That's the problemo. Being the smallest kids in the school.
- Ash** Physics, chemistry and biology.
- Alex** Music!
- Mr Garlow** Oh, come on! Secondary school's an adventure! You should be excited.
- Sam** But we're not. We're actually scared.
- Mr Garlow** Hey, you'll have each other. You're all in this together, right?

- Sam** S'pose.
- Mr Garlow** S'pose?! Come on, let's lighten the mood with some fun-kee sounds.
- Joe** Music, you mean? But we're in the middle of a field!
- Freya** How can we do music? We don't have instruments or anything.
- Mr Garlow** Au contraire. Of course we have instruments!
- All** Where?
- Mr Garlow** *(waving his hands and wagging a foot)* Right here, dudes. Our hands and feet are perfect instruments!
- (The backing track to the next song starts (track 32). Mr Garlow starts clapping, counting out aloud after the 4<sup>th</sup> clap.)*
- One, two, three, four! One, two...come on, join in!
- All** One, two, three, four! One, two, three, four!
- (The children join in, clapping hands, stamping feet and visibly cheering up! All except Alex who steps to the side, looking unhappy. Mr Garlow shouts encouragingly over the clapping...)*
- Mr Garlow** There you go! Feeling better already! Whenever the world feels like a scary place, just remember all the great times you've had with your friends. Those memories will stay with you forever. Come on...

## Song Remember

**Track 8 - vocal demo**  
**Track 32 - backing track**  
**Lyrics p33**

*(All stamp and clap throughout. Alex doesn't join in, although we do see him/her gradually showing signs of being moved by the song. Then, after the second chorus (see lyric sheet p33) he/she is carried away by the moment and steps up to centre stage to sing a solo! The rest stop the rhythm and watch with wonder. We then launch into a triumphant final chorus, after which Alex receives high-fives, hugs and back-slaps. As the **scene change music** plays (track 33), all exit and the stage is made ready for the next scene.)*



## Scene 5

*(The canteen. The school cook stands behind a table on which there are plates, cutlery and food trays. A group of children queue-up to be served. These can be a new group if numbers allow, or the named Year 6 children – it's flexible and won't interrupt the continuity. Flash and Spice bounce in front of the table for their next **DJ intro #5 (track 9 - vocal demo, track 34 - backing)***

- Flash & Spice** Yo! Pop diggers!
- Flash** I'm DJ Flash!
- Spice** I'm DJ Spice!

**Flash & Spice** A tasty twosome – cool as ice!  
It's time we had a change of scene,  
So let's check out the school canteen.  
It's lunchtime for the kids and teachers,  
On the menu, funky pizzas!  
There's a meal that's hard to top...  
School of Pop, let's rock!

*(Flash and Spice finish their rap and hold a gangsta pose.)*

**School Cook** Rupert and Jemima, don't you have packed-lunches?

**Flash & Spice** Yes.

**School Cook** Then kindly go away! You're blocking this queue of hungry people!

**Flash & Spice** Sorry.

*(Flash and Spice exit. One by one the queuing children take a plate and cutlery and step forward.)*

**Child #1** *(pointing into a tray)* What's that with the yellow and pink bits on top?

**School Cook** *(batting away the child's finger)* No touching, thank you! That is what is known as Hawaiian pizza. It's a classic! The yellow bits are pineapple and the pink bits are ham. *(seeing Child #1's expression)* What's the matter? Is it the ham? You're not one of those...*(pulling a disapproving face)*... vegetarians, are you? I can't abide fussy eaters!

**Child #1** *(leaning in)* Ham and pineapple?! On a pizza?! Gross! Baked potato, sausage and beans for me, please.

**Child #2** Yeah, me, too!

*(The cook serves Children #1 and #2 their meals and they exit. Children #3 and #4 file by.)*

**School Cook** What can I get you? I can recommend the pizza.

**Child #3** *(pointing into the tray)* But it's got yellow stuff on top!

**School Cook** *(batting away the child's finger)* No touching, thank you!

**Child #4** *(sniffing the tray)* Is that...pineapple?!

**School Cook** *(pulling the tray away from the child's nose)* And no sniffing either! For your information, it's Hawaiian pizza. A classic, topped with ham and, yes, pineapple.

**Child #3** GROSS! Baked potato, sausage and beans, please.

**Child #4** Me too!

*(The cook serves Children #3 and #4 their meals and they exit. She addresses the remaining queuing children.)*

**School Cook** Right, the rest of you. We've just run out of baked potato, sausage and beans. All we have left is Hawaiian pizza.

**All Children** Hawaiian pizza? What's that?

**School Cook** Really?! You don't know?! It's a classic. Traditional pizza topped with ham and pineapple.

**All Children** Eurgh! GROSS!

*(All the children hurriedly exit. The teachers enter and form a queue - Mr Dodger first, then Miss Daisy and Mr Longbottom, who immediately dozes off on his feet. Mrs Pepper and Miss Jones bring up the rear.)*

**School Cook** *(to the audience)* Honestly! Children today have no manners...or taste! I'm sure the teachers will show a little more appreciation of fine dining.

**Mr Dodger** *(taking a plate and addressing the cook)* So, Marge, what's on the menu today? Any chocolate digestives?

**School Cook** *(sighing)* I'm afraid not, Mr Dodger. All we have left is what you see here.

**Mr Dodger** *(peering at the tray)* Wow! If I'm not mistaken, that looks like Hawaiian pizza! *(holding out his plate)* You can send a slice of that my way!

**School Cook** *(happily serving him a slice)* Delighted to, Mr Dodger. I'm glad you know a classic dish when you see one.

**Miss Daisy** *(pointing into the tray)* Marge, is that pineapple? On a pizza? Who does that?

**School Cook** *(sighing and batting her finger away)* It's a very popular topping, Miss Daisy!

**Miss Daisy** Really? It doesn't look very popular to me.

**School Cook** Well, it's popular in Hawaii. Anyway, it was a special request from Mr Garlow. *(swooning)* Oh, he's been like a breath of fresh air in this place. Someone with a bit of culture and breeding.

**Miss Daisy** Well, go on then. If it's good enough for the great Barry Garlow...*(holding out her plate)*...I'm sure I'll like it too.

*(Miss Daisy is served a slice. She and Mr Dodger stand to one side and bite into their pizza.)*

**Miss Daisy** Well, who knew? Hawaiian pizza is amazing!

**Mr Dodger** Indeed it is. Mister Garlow strikes again!

*(Mrs Pepper nudges Mr Longbottom to wake up and take his turn.)*

**Mr Longbottom** *(waking up, startled and confused)* What's that? Someone mention Mr Garlow?

**Mr Dodger** *(with a mouthful of pizza)* Yes. It appears his unconventional approach has extended to the school canteen. He requested Hawaiian pizza. You should have some. It's amazing!

- Mrs Pepper** Barry's certainly made an impression here at Ditchwater Academy.
- Miss Jones** *(dreamily)* Oh, how I wish I was eleven years old again and a pupil in his class. Mind you, I'd never get any work done. I'd just stare at him!
- Mr Longbottom** All my Year 5s can talk about is being in his class next year! He needs to know that being a good teacher isn't just about being popular!
- Miss Jones** Jealous, are we?
- Mr Longbottom** *(defensively)* Why, because he's an ex-pop star who everybody seems to adore? *(sulkily)* Well, maybe just a teeny bit.
- Miss Daisy** Well, I'll happily admit I'm a fan. I think he's amazing, just like this pizza!
- School Cook** *(enjoying the praise)* Well, I used my own bare hands to stretch my focaccia!
- Mr Longbottom** Ooh! Sounds painful!
- Mrs Pepper** No, silly! Focaccia's an Italian bread! Marge stretched the dough by hand to make the pizza base!
- Mr Longbottom** Is that so? Well, I never. Ha! Every day's a school day.
- School Cook** Indeed it is! Come on, I'll teach you how to make one...

*(The children join the cook and teachers on stage. During the song they could assemble model pizzas from assorted parts, holding them aloft and performing a simple choreographed routine.)*

## Song **Pizza Song**

**Track 10 - vocal demo**  
**Track 35 - backing track**  
**Lyrics p34**

*(As the **scene change music** plays (track 36), all exit and the stage is set for the next scene.)*



## Scene 6

*(The school hall. In a line facing the audience, each teacher sits behind a table, their name-card visible, ready for parental consultations. A vacant chair is at the end of each table, at a right-angle to the teacher. Mr Garlow's table is furthest right. A queue of parents - mostly female, holding Get This merchandise, and wearing Get This t-shirts - extends off stage! Nobody is queueing to see the other teachers, who tap their pens on clipboards expectantly, except Mr Longbottom who is asleep. Mr Garlow has lots of lines in this scene, which can be written on his clipboard as cues. Flash and Spice bounce to the front for their next **DJ intro #6** (track 11 - vocal demo, track 37 - backing)*

- Flash & Spice** Yo! Pop diggers!
- Flash** I'm DJ Flash!
- Spice** I'm DJ Spice!

**Flash & Spice** A tasty twosome – cool as ice!  
It's parents' evening in the hall,  
The teachers welcome one and all.  
He's popular, that Mr G,  
We're wondering why that might be!  
They're all queuing round the block!  
School of Pop, let's rock!

*(Flash and Spice finish their rap and hold a gangsta pose.)*

**Mr Dodger** *(spitting biscuit crumbs)* Rupert and Jemima. Parental consultations are not a place for children! How can we tell the truth about you if you're earwiggling? Off you go, please!

**Flash & Spice** Sorry, Mr Dodger.

*(Flash and Spice exit. Mrs Tipps is at the front of the queue and goes to sit at Mr Garlow's table.)*

**Mr Garlow** *(looking at his notes)* Good evening, Mrs Gibbs.

**Mrs Tipps** No. I'm Mrs Tipps, but call me Tiggy. *(excitedly)* I have all your albums!

**Mr Garlow** Tiggy Tipps? *(looking at his notes)* Sorry, I don't appear to have you on my list. Who is your child?

**Mrs Tipps** Barry Tipps. I named him after you! *(pushing a Get This album in front of him)* I don't suppose I could have your autograph on my Get This album? 'We Are on Fire' is my favourite song. I think you're amazing!

**Mr Garlow** Sorry, Mrs Tipps...

**Mrs Tipps** Tiggy!

**Mr Garlow** Sorry, Tiggy, I don't have a Barry Tipps in my class.

**Mrs Tipps** Yes, I know. He's in Year 5.

**Mr Garlow** Year 5? *(calling over to Mr Longbottom)* Mr Longbottom...

**Longbottom** *(snorting awake)* It wasn't me, officer...what?

**Mr Garlow** Mr Longbottom. I believe I have one of yours. *(signing the album and handing it back)* Mr Longbottom will see you now, Mrs Tipps.

**Mrs Tipps** Tiggy! Thank you, Barry! Thank you!

*(She stands, kisses the album, clutches it to her chest, then holds it up so everyone can see. She exits, straight past Mr Longbottom, who shrugs then dozes off again! Mrs Gibbs is now at the front of the queue and goes to sit with Mr Garlow.)*

**Mr Garlow** *(tentatively)* Mrs Gibbs?

**Mrs Gibbs** Yes, that's me.

- Mr Garlow** Fabulous. Amy is doing so well this term. I'm expecting...
- Mrs Gibbs** No, no! Different Gibbs! I'm William Gibbs' mum. He's in Reception.
- Mr Garlow** Mrs Gibbs, you do know that I'm the Year 6 teacher?
- Mrs Gibbs** Of course I do, but my William will be in your class in six years' time. He's ever so clever and has a lovely singing voice. You've probably seen him in the playground. And he's ever so cute...*(giggling)*...like you!
- Mr Garlow** *(calling over to Miss Daisy)* Miss Daisy? I have William Gibbs' mother for you. *(to Mrs Gibbs)* Now, if you don't mind Mrs Gibbs, I'm only here to see the parents of children I actually teach, so...*(gesturing for her to leave)*
- (Mrs Gibbs lets out a sob and rushes out, straight past Miss Daisy, who shrugs. Mrs Biddles is now at the front of the queue and goes to sit with Mr Garlow.)*
- Mrs Biddles** Ooh! It looks like it's me next!
- Mr Garlow** *(looking at his notes)* Mrs Biddles is it?
- Mrs Biddles** He said my name! *(She faints, sliding off the chair onto the floor!)*
- Mr Garlow** Oh, my goodness!
- (Mr Garlow rushes round and lifts Mrs Biddles by the armpits back into the chair. She comes round and gazes longingly into Mr Garlow's eyes, then at her own armpits.)*
- Mrs Biddles** Barry Garlow actually picked me up...by the armpits. *(dramatically)* I'm never washing them again!
- (Mrs Biddles runs off in an excited tizz. Mr Ripley is now at the front of the queue and sits down.)*
- Mr Ripley** Good evening, Mr Garlow. I'm Mr Ripley, Alex's dad.
- Mr Garlow** Ah, Mr Ripley. Your Alex has really turned a corner since our residential trip. What a fabulous singing voice!
- Mr Ripley** You're not wrong there. Gets it from me, of course.
- Mr Garlow** Of course. So, I'm also seeing a big improvement in Maths and Eng....
- Mr Ripley** *(interrupting)* Actually, you probably remember me.
- Mr Garlow** Have we met before?
- Mr Ripley** Have we met!? Wembley Arena, 2004? I jumped up on the stage, grabbed a microphone and sang 'We Are on Fire' with you and the band.
- Mr Garlow** Wembley Arena, 2004? Yes, but Mr Ripley, we're not here to talk about...
- Mr Ripley** *(interrupting)* I knew you'd remember! One of your security guys kindly escorted me off stage. Pleasant chap, if a bit clumsy. Accidentally caught me on the chin with a stray elbow. Anyway, good to catch up.

*(Mr Ripley exits. Next in the queue, her arm in a cast and sling, Mrs Dibley sits with Mr Garlow.)*

**Mrs Dibley** Hello Barry. Could you autograph my arm? I broke it while practising one of your more challenging dance routines.

**Mr Garlow** Good evening, Mrs...

**Mrs Dibley** Just call me Jane.

**Mr Garlow** Good evening, Jane. So, who is your child?

**Mrs Dibley** Phoebe Dibley. She's in Miss Jones' class.

**Garlow** *(sighing, standing and addressing the queue)* Now, look here everyone. If I don't teach your child, can you please leave this queue?

**All** *(sadly)* Oh!

*(All exit, ignoring the other teachers, who watch them in disbelief.)*

**Teachers** Charming!

*(Mr Grimley remains. He approaches Mr Garlow but stays standing in a confrontational manner. He leans forward placing both hands on the table, glowering at Mr Garlow.)*

**Mr Grimley** Good evening, Garlow. I'm Grimley – Keith Grimley. I'm Sam's father.

**Mr Garlow** Ah, the excellent 'Doctor' Sam. A bright kid.

**Mr Grimley** Where to start? As you rightly pointed out, my child is going to be a doctor. This was decided before Sam even started here at Ditchwater Academy, a school at which standards seem to have seriously slipped in recent weeks. Perhaps you'd care to explain why the only thing my child seems to be interested in at the moment is performing arts?

**Mr Garlow** *(nervously)* I assure you Mr Grimley, Sam is still keen on maths and science, and is doing really well in both.

**Mr Grimley** Nonsense! If that's the case, why does Sam spend every evening dancing around the house and singing! I dare not imagine what her/his SATs results are going to look like!

**Mr Garlow** Err...*(looking at his notes)*...predicted to be pretty groovy. I wouldn't worry.

**Mr Grimley** And, what's all this Kerplunk business?

**Mr Garlow** Kerplunk? *(realising)* Ah, that. Well, you see, *(standing, about to demonstrate the air guitar KERRANG)* what you do is...

**Mr Grimley** *(interrupting)* Don't even think about it! Now, listen here, Garlow, this cannot go on! I have written to the school governors, demanding your immediate dismissal. I don't know who you think you are, but there's one thing you're certainly not...and that's A TEACHER! Good evening!

(Mr Grimley storms off and, as the other teachers exit, a despondent Mr Garlow walks to centre stage. Suggestive of a dream-sequence, the other members of Get This enter, wearing t-shirts displaying a band logo and each carrying a mic on a stand. They should be up to 6 in number, a combination of boys and girls. They line up behind Mr Garlow, heads bowed and hands clasped in front of them. After the first verse, they perform a simple dance routine and join in with the background vocals which can be sung live, or mimed using **track 39**.)

# Song I Used To Be A Pop Star



Track 12 - vocal demo

Track 38 - backing track

Track 39 – backing track with background vocals

Lyrics p35

(As the song ends, Mr Garlow and Get This remain with heads bowed and hands clasped. As the **scene change music** plays (**track 40**), they then exit and the stage is set for the next scene.)



## Scene 7

(The staffroom. The teachers and cook sit round the coffee table, talking animatedly, except Mr Dodger who is rifling through a biscuit tin and Mr Longbottom who is asleep. Flash and Spice bounce to the front for their next **DJ intro #7 (track 13 - vocal demo, track 41 - backing)**)

**Flash & Spice** Yo! Pop diggers!

**Flash** I'm DJ Flash!

**Spice** I'm DJ Spice!

**Flash & Spice** A tasty twosome – cool as ice!  
The staff are on their coffee break,  
They've had some news that's hard to take.  
Today they came to school to find  
That Mr Garlow has resigned!  
Now they're in a state of shock!  
School of Pop, let's rock!

(Flash and Spice finish their rap and hold a gangsta pose.)

**Mrs Pepper** Rupert and Jemima. This is the staffroom. It's where adults come to get away from children. Please leave immediately!

**Flash & Spice** (exiting obediently) Yes, Mrs Pepper. Sorry, Mrs Pepper.

**Mr Dodger** Well, (taking a biscuit) he's left all his custard creams, which is a bonus.

**Miss Daisy** (wistfully stirring her tea) It's such a shame. I hadn't even plucked up the courage to ask him to sign my 2002 Barry Garlow swimwear calendar.

**School Cook** (sighing) I'm glad he didn't turn out to be a vegetarian. You know, he regularly complimented me on my bangers and mash.

- Miss Jones** There was always laughter coming from the Year 6 classroom. *(raising her cup)* Here's to you, Mr Garlow. We shall all miss you.
- All** *(sadly)* Kerrang.
- Mr Longbottom** *(snorting awake)* What?! Oh yes, kerrang.  
*(Mrs Boots rushes in, waving a pile of printed emails.)*
- Mrs Boots** My inbox is on fire!
- Mr Longbottom** More complaints from parents?
- Mrs Boots** No. Quite the opposite! I've had hundreds of emails from parents asking if they can send their children to our school! Most are from outside the catchment area! Apparently news has spread about how brilliant we are! Listen to this...*(reading an email)* 'Dear Mrs Boots, I am enquiring as to the availability of a place for our son next September in Year 6 at Ditchwater Academy. Our friend, Dave Ripley, says his child, Alex, has blossomed this term at your wonderful school. Kerrang!' And this one...*(reading another)* 'Dear Mrs Boots, can I please, please, please, please, please...' that's five pleases! '...reserve a place for my daughter in Mr Garlow's class next term. I have heard such wonderful things about him. Kerrang!' *(waving the pile again)* There are loads more!
- Mrs Pepper** *(looking at her phone)* And look! The school is trending on social media!  
*(reading)* 'Ex-pop star is a hit at Ditchwater Academy!'
- All** *(enthusiastically)* KERRANG!
- Mrs Boots** There's simply no way I can accept Mr Garlow's resignation after all this!
- Mr Dodger** But it does sound like he's made his mind up.
- Mrs Boots** Well, we'll see about that. Mrs Pepper, give me your phone...
- (Taking Mrs Pepper's phone, she strides to the front of the stage and quickly dials. During the phone call, she unwittingly mentions a string of familiar song titles and lyrics!)*
- Mrs Boots** *(with authority)* Mr Garlow?... Mrs Boots here...yes, Bossy Boots...*(the staff giggle)*...Now, look here, I refuse to accept your untimely resignation... Yes...I'll explain why if you give me a second – please, **just have a little patience!** You see, things have gone crazy here at school this morning... yes...in a wonderful way! In fact, **today this could be the greatest day of our lives!** I don't know how you've done it...I'm asking myself, **could it be magic,** because you've certainly cast a spell over Ditchwater Academy and made it **shine!** Since you walked out, **all I do each night is pray** that you'll have a change of heart...So, I want you back in your classroom as soon as possible...and **I want you back for good!** Goodbye, Mr Garlow!

*(All applaud Mrs Boots, who takes a bow. As the **scene change music** plays (track 42), they then exit and the stage is set for the next scene.)*



## Scene 8

*(The classroom. The named Year 6 children, plus extras if numbers allow, sit miserably at tables with textbooks, facing the whiteboard, where Miss Spiggot now stands. Flash and Spice bounce to the front for their next DJ intro #8 (track 14 - vocal demo, track 43 - backing)*

**Flash & Spice** Yo! Pop diggers!

**Flash** I'm DJ Flash!

**Spice** I'm DJ Spice!

**Flash & Spice** A tasty twosome – cool as ice!  
Now, since Garlow's little flip,  
Miss Spiggot's back to crack the whip!  
We're in the final week of term,  
But still Miss Spiggot's standing firm!  
The Year 6 class are fit to drop!  
School of Pop, let's rock!

*(Flash and Spice finish their rap and hold a gangsta pose.)*

**Miss Spiggot** Rupert and Jemima! Have you forgotten where you are?! Sit down!

**Flash & Spice** Yes, Miss Spiggot. Sorry, Miss Spiggot.

*(Flash and Spice take their seats. Miss Spiggot addresses the class.)*

**Miss Spiggot** Good morning, Year 6.

**All** *(unenthusiastically)* Good morning, Miss Spiggot.

**Miss Spiggot** Now, I know this is your last ever week here, but this is still a school, and a school is a place of learning. So, maths books open at page 14.

**Joe** If it's our last ever week here, why do we need to do maths?

**Miss Spiggot** Silence! Whatever happened to putting your hand up before speaking? Goodness knows what has been going on here with that Mr Garbo.

**Sam** *(raising a hand)* Miss Spiggot, as you know I'd usually be dead keen on a maths lesson first thing. But is there really any point?

**Miss Spiggot** I cannot believe the impertinence! If this is the effect Mr Gumbo had on you, then it's a good job he's gone!

**Alex** *(raising a hand)* Miss Spiggot, could we maybe start the day with a song, before we hit the textbooks?

**Miss Spiggot** A song? You're the last person I'd expect to want to sing, Alex!

*(Mr Garlow bounds on!)*

**Mr Garlow** *(air-guitar pose)* KERRANG! Hold on to your wig, Miss Spiggot. I'm back!

- Class** YEAH!
- Miss Spiggot** Mr Gaga! Do you mind? We were just about to do some algebra.
- Mr Garlow** In their last week at primary school? They should be chilling, surely?
- Miss Spiggot** I suppose you'd prefer they did some of your *(dismissively)* pop music?
- Mr Garlow** Now, that's not such a bad idea.
- Miss Spiggot** If you insist on doing music, can't we do something more suited to a school? A spot of Beethoven or Mozart, perhaps?
- Jody** Boring!
- Mr Garlow** Au contraire, dude. Ludwig Van B and Wolfgang 'Rock Me' Amadeus were the pop stars of their day. I love those guys! I know, let's mash it up. *(talking to smart speaker)* Alexa...play Funky Classics.
- Alexa** **(track 44)** I will add fluffy pancakes to your shopping list.
- Mr Garlow** *(slightly annoyed)* No. Alexa. Play...Funky...Classics.
- Alexa** **(track 45)** Sorry. I cannot find Monkey Magic on your playlist.
- Mr Garlow** *(more annoyed)* No, for goodness' sake. Alexa. Play Fun.. ky...Class...ics.
- Alexa** **(track 46)** Calling Chunky Gladys from your contacts.
- Mr Garlow** *(panicking)* No, Alexa! Alexa, STOP! I said 'Funky Classics!' Oh, forget it!
- Alexa** *(short pause, then...)* **(track 47)** Playing Funky Classics on Spotify...

## Song **Funky Classics**

**Track 15 - vocal demo**  
**Track 48 - backing track**  
**Lyrics p36**

*(During the song, Miss Spiggot thaws and starts to really get on down! By the end, she is dancing on a table. As the song ends, Mrs Boots enters.)*

- Mrs Boots** What is all this noi...*(seeing Miss Spiggot)* Miss Spiggot!
- Miss Spiggot** *(still singing & dancing on the table)* Give me funky classics, Ludwig!
- Mrs Boots** *(seeing Mr Garlow)* Mr Garlow! I wasn't expecting you back until tomorrow.
- Mr Garlow** Ah, Mrs Boots. Well, I came back early to give you some news. Good news and bad news, actually. I felt so bad about resigning, I called my old band mates from Get This. The short story is they are coming to Ditchwater to perform at the leavers' barbecue tomorrow evening!
- Mrs Boots** A Get This reunion? At our school?! So, what's the good news?

**Mr Garlow** That is the g...ah, very funny, Mrs Boots! Well, Unfortunately, the press got hold of it and now The One Show is turning up to cover the event.

**Class** We're going to be on the telly!

**Miss Spiggot** It's a shame I won't be here. I'll miss my favourite member of Get This, Jason Banana. But I'm off to Glastonbury with the girls and a case of prosecco. The benefits of retirement. Must dash...toodle pip!

*(Miss Spiggot exits, dancing and singing Funky Classics.)*

**Mrs Boots** The One Show at our school! *(She pulls out her phone)* Hello! À La Mode Beauty Salon? It's an emergency! Can you fit me in for a full makeover tomorrow at 3.30? Great. See you then. *(She puts her phone away)* Chop, chop. We have work to do. We're going to be on the telly!

*(As the scene change music plays (track 49), all exit and the stage is set for the next scene.)*



## Scene 9

*(The school field or playground. The cook is tending to the barbecue. Mr Longbottom sleeps on a deckchair. The One Show director and camera operator are in a huddled discussion. The children, plus extras, mingle with the teachers, parents and governors, drinking and eating. Flash and Spice bounce to the front for their next DJ intro #9 (track 16 - vocal demo, track 50 - backing)*

**Flash & Spice** Yo! Pop diggers!

**Flash** I'm DJ Flash!

**Spice** I'm DJ Spice!

**Flash & Spice** A tasty twosome – cool as ice!  
Oh, what a story this has been,  
And now we're at the final scene!  
So, we'd like to welcome you  
To the leavers' barbecue.  
Will it slay, or will it flop?  
School of Pop, let's rock!

*(Flash and Spice finish their rap and hold a gangsta pose. The director approaches them.)*

**Director** Oi! We're trying to sort our camera angles here and it's impossible with you pair bouncing around and ruining the shot! Clear off!

**Flash & Spice** Sorry!

*(Mr Garlow enters and stands protectively by Flash and Spice.)*

**Mr Garlow** Hey, director dude, don't be dissing DJ's Flash and Spice! They're the coolest cats in this place! *(to all)* So, do I get a *(air-guitar pose)* KERRANG!

**All** *(enthusiastically)* KERRANG!

**Mr Longbottom** *(startled out of his sleep)* It just came off in my hand, honest! What?

**Mr Garlow** *(to the cook)* So Marge, *(sniffing the air)* what's cookin', good lookin'?

**School Cook** *(giggling)* Oh, Mr Garlow! Well, this hot dog has your name on it. *(handing him a hotdog)* Plenty of mustard...extra hot...like you!

*(Mrs Boots flamboyantly enters, sporting a complete makeover! All look at her open mouthed, just as Mr Garlow takes a bite of his hotdog...)*

**Mr Garlow** Mmmm! Hot-dog-licious!

**Mrs Boots** Well, thank you Mr Garlow. One does like to make an effort. *(inspecting the BBQ)* So, Marge, what do we have here? Anything for us vegetarians?

**School Cook** Of course, Mrs Boots. Chicken burger?

**Mrs Boots** Hmm, I think I'll leave it for now, Marge. Thank you anyway.

*(Mrs Boots goes to mingle. Mr Garlow gathers the Year 6 children around him.)*

**Garlow** So, this is it. Primary school's done and dusted. How are you all feeling?

**Ricky** Pop-tastic! I can't wait for big school.

**Freya** It's going to be such an adventure.

**Ash** We're moving onwards and upwards.

**Joe** More maths, physics and chemistry! What's not to look forward to?

**Mr Garlow** Why, that sounds like Doctor-Sam-heaven! *(They hi-five.)*

**Mr Grimley** *(striding towards Mr Garlow)* Garlow!

**Mr Garlow** Oh! Mr Grimley! *(nervously)* Sam and I were just...

**Mr Grimley** Relax, Garlow. I'm here to give you a long-overdue apology. I got you wrong. I now realise you're an excellent teacher. I might go so far as to say, inspirational. I was out of order accosting you at parents' evening and then demanding your dismissal. I'm truly sorry. And furthermore...  
*(clearing his throat and adopting an awkward air guitar pose)...KERPLUNK!*

*(Everybody laughs, including Mr Grimley. Mr Garlow shakes his hand.)*

**Mr Garlow** Thank you, Mr Grimley. Apology accepted. *(His phone rings - track 51. He answers it.)* Hey!...Say again, dude...You're all stuck where?...On the motorway in the Limo with the One Show presenter, Roland Kamp?... Dude! That's a disaster!...Yeah, keep me informed. *(to all)* Get This and Roland Kamp from the One Show are stuck in traffic!

**Mrs Boots** But in two minutes, millions of viewers are expecting to see a Get This reunion! And I've had my hair done especially!

**Alex** *(stepping forward)* Mrs Boots. Maybe we can help. The Year 6 class has written a song about our time at primary school.

**Sam** Mr Garlow inspired us! We've spent all our break and lunchtimes on it, putting the words and music together!

**Jody** And we've been practising performing it too. We could sing it now... if you like?

**Mrs Boots** Director? Can we do this?

**Director** Sure. Why not? But hang on...we don't have a presenter!

**Flash & Spice** *(bouncing forward)* Oh, yes you do! You've got TWO!

*(Flash and Spice deliver their final **DJ intro #10 (track 17 - vocal demo, track 52 - backing).***

*The camera operator takes position and starts filming, continuing to capture the action until the end.)*

**Flash & Spice** Yo! Pop diggers!

**Flash** I'm DJ Flash!

**Spice** I'm DJ Spice!

**Flash & Spice** A tasty twosome – cool as ice!  
Coming in at number one,  
Here's a song Year 6 have done!  
Cameras roll, we're going live  
With...*(The beat stops)*

**Spice** *(aside to Alex)*...errr, what's the band called?

**Alex** *(shrugging)* I dunno!

**Spice** Okay, cool! *(The beat starts again)*

**Flash & Spice** Cameras roll, we're going live,  
With 'I Dunno'! Hi five!

*(Flash and Spice finish their rap with a hi-five, hold a gangsta pose. Their classmates step forward to join them and lead the cast in the song.)*

## Song **Friends Forever**

*Track 18 - vocal demo  
Track 53 - backing track  
Lyrics p37*

*(Mrs Boots barges her way through in front of camera, determined to have her moment on TV.)*

**Mrs Boots** You heard it here first, folks! Here at Ditchwater Academy! Where I, Christine Boots, am headteacher! Everyone, please show your appreciation again for our magnificent Year 6 band, 'I Dunno'!

*(As all applaud, Roland Kamp and Get This enter to gasps and swoons from the ensemble.)*

**Roland Kamp** Don't panic! We're here! And that sounded great! Okay, *(taking a microphone from his pocket and speaking to the camera)* Good evening viewers. Well, wasn't that a treat? Hey Barry, come on over and let's have a chat.

**Mr Garlow** *(joining him)* Hi Roland! Good to see you. It's been a while.

**Roland Kamp** Well, well, well! Barry Garlow, the 'schoolteacher'. Who knew? That was quite the epic performance from your class. They're a credit to you!

**Mr Garlow** Thanks, Roland. They really are a fab bunch of cool dudes. They've all got such big dreams – they told me about them – and I know they're gonna go on to do great things! We're sure gonna miss them here, but they're ready for different challenges and different adventures. We just know they're gonna smash it at their next school...and beyond!

**Roland Kamp** I could chat with you all night, Barry, about how fantastic these kids are and what a special place this school is, but we have a Get This reunion waiting over there! Anything you'd like to say before the performance?

**Mr Garlow** Just one thing, yes. *(to the cast and audience)* IT'S BEEN POP-TASTIC! GOODBYE, YEAR 6!

**Class** *(enthusiastically)* GOODBYE MISTER GARLOW!

**All** *(air guitar pose)* KERRANG!

*(Mr Garlow takes up his position at the front of Get This, with the whole cast around them.)*

**Roland Kamp** Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, for the first time in over twenty years, supported by these fantastic kids, fantastic parents and fantastic staff from this fantastic school, we give you Get This with their classic hit, 'We Are on Fire'. Take it away...



## Song **We Are On Fire**

*Track 19 - vocal demo  
Track 54 - backing track  
Lyrics p38*

# THE END